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BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES
of
“Eccentric”
CHARACTERS.



Boston.

N.H. Whitaker.

1832.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

LORD CAMELFORD.

WE cannot survey the circumstances of the life of Lord Camelford, without regretting that the virtues and good qualities which he occasionally manifested were obscured by passions often dangerous to the peace and welfare of society. At the same time, these mischiefs were not the result of a bad heart, for when reason and reflection recovered the dominion which the love of every species of extravagance had usurped in his mind, he thought no sacrifice too great to repair the injuries which the gratification of his humor had occasioned. He exhibited a truly singular compound of human virtues and frailties ; being distinguished for eccentric boldness and in-

trepidity of spirit; for many acts of noble, but oddly irregular, beneficence; for a love of frolic; and a passion for national and scientific pursuits; at one time, for uncommon dignity, good sense, and enlargement of sentiments; at another, for unreasonable positiveness; for liberality of expense without foolish vanity or mad profusion; so that those who studied his character with the greatest attention, knew not whether they ought to admire his virtues and rectitude of understanding, or to lament his dangerous eccentricities.

Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, was the great-grandson of the famous Governor Pitt, who acquired the greater part of an ample fortune in India, by the advantageous purchase of a diamond, which was sold in Europe, with great profit, to the duke of Orleans, regent of France. He was allied to some of the first families in the kingdom; his father, who was elevated to the peerage in 1784, being the nephew of the late earl of Chatham, and his sister having married Lord Grenville.

Lord Camelford was born February 26th, 1775. In his spirit and temper, when a boy, there appeared something which, though vigorous and manly, was, however, peculiar and unmanageable. He received at Berne, in Switzerland, the first rudiments of his education, which he afterwards completed at the Charter-house. In compliance with a predilection of his own, he was suffered, at an early

age, to enter the royal navy as a midshipman. In this capacity he sailed, in the year 1789, in the *Guardian* frigate, commanded by the late gallant Captain Riou, and laden with stores for the new colony of convicts settled at Botany Bay. The calamity which befel that ship was well calculated to inure the youthful seaman to the perils of the element which he had chosen for the theatre of his professional life. At that early period, he manifested the same contempt of danger which so particularly distinguished the whole of his career. It is well known that when all endeavors to save the vessel appeared to be fruitless, her commander gave permission to such of the crew as chose to avail themselves of it, to consult their safety and betake themselves to the boats. On this occasion, Lord Camelford was one of those who, to the number of ninety, resolutely resolved to remain in the ship, and to share her fate with their gallant commander. After a passage little less than miraculous in the wreck to the Cape of Good Hope, his lordship, in September, 1790, arrived at Harwich, in the *Prince of Orange* packet.

So far from being daunted by the hardships and dangers he had encountered in the *Guardian*, Lord Camelford, soon after his return, solicited an appointment in the voyage of discovery which was then fitting out under the command of the late Captain Vancouver. He accompanied that officer in the ship *Dis-*

covery, during part of his circumnavigation; but in consequence of his refractoriness and disobedience of orders, the result rather of a certain peculiarity of temper than of either badness of heart or want of understanding, he put Captain Vancouver under the necessity of treating him with a severity of discipline which he would not endure.

He accordingly left the *Discovery* in the Indian seas, and entered on board the *Resistance*, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, by whom he was appointed lieutenant. During his absence his father died, and he, consequently, succeeded to the title and family estates. On his return home in October, 1796, he sent a challenge to Captain Vancouver, for the ill treatment he alleged he had received while under his command. The captain replied, that his lordship's misbehavior had obliged him to resort to the measures of which he complained, and that they were absolutely necessary for the preservation of discipline. At the same time, the captain offered to submit the affair to the judgment of any flag-officer in his majesty's navy, and if the latter conceived that, by the laws of honor, he was liable to be called upon, he would willingly give his lordship any satisfaction required. This method of settling the dispute, was by no means congenial to the fiery disposition of Lord Camelford, who now threatened the captain with personal chastisement. It was not long before

an opportunity presented itself for the execution of his menace ; for, meeting Vancouver in Bond Street, he was only prevented from striking him by the interference of his brother. The chagrin of this unmerited disgrace is said to have preyed with such violence on the spirits of that worthy officer, as to have accelerated his death, which happened not long afterwards.

Having attained the rank of master and commander, his lordship was appointed to the command of the Favorite sloop. That vessel and the Perdrix were lying in English Harbor, Antigua, on the thirteenth of January, 1798. At this time, Captain Fahie, of the Perdrix, was absent at St. Kitts, and had left his first lieutenant, Mr. Peterson, in charge of his ship. Lord Camelford, who was, consequently, the commanding officer at English Harbor, issued an order which Mr. Peterson refused to obey, conceiving that his lordship had no right of command over the vessel of a senior officer. The two ships were hauled alongside each other in the dock-yard to be prepared, and the companies of each vessel collected round their respective officers at the commencement of the altercation. High words ensued, the lieutenant still refused to obey, and soon afterwards twelve of the crew of the Perdrix arrived at the spot armed. These men Mr. Peterson drew up in a line, and placed himself at their head, with his sword drawn.

Lord Camelford immediately called out his armed marines, and ranged them in a line opposite Lieutenant Peterson's men, at the distance of about four yards. His lordship retired, but soon returned with a pistol, borrowed from an officer in the dock-yard, and, advancing towards the lieutenant, asked him whether he still persisted in not obeying his orders. "Yes, I do persist," was his reply; on which Lord Camelford immediately put the pistol to his breast, and shot him through the body. The unfortunate Peterson fell backward, and neither uttered a word nor moved afterwards. After this decisive measure, the crews retired quietly to their respective ships, and Lord Camelford surrendered himself to Captain Matson, of the Beaver sloop.

This fatal event excited the most lively sensation at Antigua, especially as Lieutenant Peterson was a native of a neighboring island, of a respectable family, and much esteemed. The populace of St. John's were restrained from personal violence against his lordship, only by the most solemn assurances that a judicial investigation should be instituted. The verdict of the coroner's jury, summoned to inquire into the circumstances of the death of the lieutenant, was, "that he lost his life in a mutiny."

In the Beaver sloop, Lord Camelford was conveyed to Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, where a court martial assembled on board the

Invincible. The court continued to sit from the 20th to the 25th of January, when he was unanimously and honorably acquitted accordingly.

After this acquittal, his lordship reassumed the command of his ship, which he soon afterwards resigned, together with the naval promotion. His personal appearance, while in the service, was marked by the same eccentricity by which he was distinguished through life; his dress consisted of a lieutenant's plain coat, without shoulder-knots, and the buttons of which were as green with verdigris as the ship's bottom; his head was closely shaved, and he wore an enormous gutta serena cocked hat. In his professional duties he was a severe disciplinarian, and, to his honor, be it mentioned, he was particularly attentive to the comfort and relief of the sick.

His lordship had not long returned to England, when he conceived an idea which could scarcely have entered into the head of any other person; this was nothing less than to repair to Paris, and, in the midst of their capital, to attack the rulers of the hostile country. In pursuance of this plan, on the night of Friday, the 18th of January, 1799, he took a place in one of the night coaches to Dover, where he arrived early the following morning, and went to the City of London inn. After taking his breakfast, he walked about the pier, and inquired for a boat to convey him

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deal; a man named Adams offered to take him thither for a guinea; Lord Camelford led him aside, and after some conversation, told him he thought he should have occasion to go to the other side of the water, and that he wished to be landed at Calais, as he had some watches and muslins which he wished to dispose of in France. He then bargained for what he should pay to go to Calais. The boatman asked fifteen guineas, but his lordship told him his goods would not afford a larger sum than ten; at length it was agreed that he should pay twelve guineas. Some other conversation passed, in the course of which Lord Camelford observed that Turnbull (a soldier who shortly before had robbed the mint) had made a bungling business of it, and did not know how to set about an affair of that kind, or he might have effected his escape. Having appointed six o'clock in the evening to go off, they parted; Adams was to call for him at the inn.

During this interval, Adams consulted on the business with his brother, who had a share in the boat, and they both agreed to acquaint Mr. Newport, the collector, with the conversation which had passed with the stranger; Mr. Newport accordingly planned, that the person should be suffered to enter the boat, and then be seized. At the time appointed, Adams called at the inn, and his passenger accompanied him to the water side.

he recommended him to put on one of his great coats, as he would be cold, which he did. Lord Camelford then entered the boat, in which were four men, and having seated himself, Mr. Newport seized him, saying, "You are my prisoner." He surrendered without opposition, and was immediately taken to the custom-house, where, on being asked his name, he replied, "Camelford." Those, however, who held him in custody, were totally ignorant of the rank of their prisoner, nor did they know who he was till their arrival with him at the secretary of state's office in London. When taken, they found on him a brace of pistols, and a two-edged dagger, about eight inches in length, and rather curved. In his pocket he had also a letter in French, addressed to some person at Paris.

On Saturday, the 19th of January, about eleven o'clock at night, he was put into a post-chaise, and the next morning was escorted, by Mr. Newport, and the two Adamses, whose boat he had hired, to the duke of Portland's office, where he was recognized. A privy-council was immediately summoned.

His lordship, after several examinations, was discharged from custody; the lords of the council being fully satisfied that his intentions were such only as he had represented, and that he had been influenced by no other motive than the wish to render a service to his country. His majesty's pardon was issued under

the great seal, to discharge his lordship from all the penalties of the act passed during the preceding session, which, without reference to motives, made the mere act of embarking for France a capital crime.

It was not long after this extraordinary whim, that his lordship again obtruded himself upon the notice of the public, though in a different manner. On the night of the 2d of April, 1799, during the representation of the farce of *The Devil to Pay*, at Drury Lane theatre, a riot took place in the box lobby, occasioned by the entrance of several gentlemen, who appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, and who began to break the windows in the doors of the boxes. They were proceeding to demolish the chandeliers, when the ringleader was taken into custody, by one of the constables belonging to the theatre. Lord Camelford was, at the same time, taken into custody, and likewise conducted to the watch-house, being charged, by a Mr. Humphries, with assaulting and wounding him; his lordship being well known to the constable of the night, the latter took his word for his appearance the next morning at the police office in Bow Street.

Mr. Humphries there stated, that he went to look into one of the boxes for some friends, when his lordship came and pushed him away; he remonstrated against this rude conduct, when Lord Camelford, instead of making an

apology, struck him a violent blow on the face, which knocked him down some stairs near the box door, and when he got up, his lordship again knocked him down the stairs, and afterwards gave him several violent blows on the face and head. His lordship denied the charge, and asserted that Mr. Humphries had first assaulted him by endeavoring to push him from the box door, but the evidence against him being confirmed by the testimony of one of the box-keepers, and a fruit-woman belonging to the theatre, the magistrate observed that he was bound to believe it, and called upon his lordship for bail, to answer the complaint at the Westminster sessions; two gentlemen who attended his lordship offered to become bail, but not being house-keepers they were rejected by the magistrate; application was then made to the master of the Spring Garden coffee-house, who became bail for his lordship. The magistrate, by the desire of Lord Camelford, applied to Mr. Humphries to know if he would be satisfied with an apology, but the latter declined it, saying he was determined to bring it into court for the sake of public justice. He was then bound over to prosecute, and afterwards preferred a bill of indictment, which was found; soon after he gave notice to his lordship that he would not follow it up, but would bring an action against him for the assault.

The cause accordingly came on to be tried

before Lord Kenyon, and a special jury, on the 16th of May. Mr. Gibbs, who was counsel for the plaintiff, stated the case of his client, as follows:—On the 2d of April, the nephews of the late Mr. Montgomery Campbell, the East India director, who were at Eton school, were on a visit in town, and, in the evening, were taken to Drury Lane theatre, whither Mr. Humphries went for the purpose of meeting them: he went to the front boxes by the way of Vinegar Yard: it was necessary to ascend about four steps to get into the lobby; these the plaintiff had ascended, and was looking through the glass of the door of one of the boxes to see whether his company was there; at that moment, Lord Camelford advanced, and pushed him away; he inquired the reason of this conduct, when his lordship, without any other provocation, struck him with his fist in the face, and knocked him down the steps; he got up, and again asked the cause of this treatment, but the only answer he received was another blow, which again knocked him down the steps. Mr. Humphries, as soon as he was able to rise, again requested to know the reason of such strange conduct, told him his own name, and desired to know who it was that so grossly insulted him; having repeated his question, and no reply being made, he told him he was a "scoundrel." Lord Camelford instantly returned to the

attack, and again knocked him down, and at last left him with one of his eyes almost beaten out, and wounded over the eye near the temple. For this assault Mr. Humphries, conceiving himself entitled to large damages, demanded redress of the jury.

Mr. Gibbs then proceeded to call his witnesses: James Bennet, the box-keeper, stated, that before the first blow was struck, he saw the two gentlemen looking through the glass door of the box, and heard one of them say, he had as much right to look through as the other, on which he was immediately knocked down: he corroborated all the other particulars. Being asked whether Lord Camelford struck or only pushed Mr. Humphries, he repeated it was a blow he gave, and said that Mr. Humphries, after being knocked down, inquired, in the mildest tone of voice, the reason of his conduct. On his re-examination, he said the defendant was a tall, powerful man, nearly six feet high, and the plaintiff, a short man, and comparatively weak. His testimony was confirmed by Catherine Brown, a fruit-woman, and Mr. Joseph Cooper, who had gone into the house that night at half-price. The personal injury sustained by Mr. Humphries was proved by Mr. Borlase, the surgeon, who had attended him.

Mr. Erskine for the defendant stated, that his lordship had been uniformly desirous to refer the affair to private arbitration; but that

in the snape in which the question was then brought forward, it was impossible for the jury to discover who had provoked the quarrel. The fact was, these gentlemen were both standing up, and looking into the boxes, when a dispute arose, but which had given the first provocation there was no evidence to prove. Mr. Erskine seemed chiefly to rely upon the argument, that the plaintiff after receiving the first blows, ought to have appealed to the by-standers, instead of provoking the defendant by the expression he had used. After some observations from Lord Kenyon, the jury retired a very short time, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £500.

To detail all the adventures in which Lord Camelford was concerned, would far exceed our limits; the following account of one out of the many nocturnal frolics with which he diverted himself, will serve to show the eccentricity of his character. Returning home one morning about one o'clock, accompanied by his friend Captain Barrie, and passing through Cavendish square, they took it into their heads to chastise the guardians of the night, for not exercising due vigilance. Four watchmen, whom they found asleep at their posts, were soon awakened by the powerful impression made by the assailants on their shoulders; two of them started up, but were soon extended on the ground; meanwhile the other two, springing their rattles, brought

a whole-host of their colleagues to the attack. A contest of an hour ensued, when they at length succeeded in taking their fashionable antagonists into custody, after many blows and bruises had been inflicted on both sides. The captive heroes, guarded by nearly twenty watchmen, all armed, were conveyed to the watch-house, where his lordship seemed to feel himself quite at home; the captain, who had been the greatest sufferer in the fray, by no means liked his birth or the treatment he had received; he furiously threatened to cut a port-hole through the side of the cabin, and was proceeding to execute his menace, when a second scuffle ensued, but being overpowered by the number of his enemies, he was obliged to make himself contented with his situation. The next day the watchmen carried their prisoners in triumph to the police-office in Marlborough street, where they were gratified with a present of a guinea each, and his lordship and the captain being discharged, returned home to refit the damages their rigging had sustained in the unequal encounter.

This, however, was far from being the only night his lordship passed in a watch-house; he was often an inmate of those at the west end of the town, and on such occasions he generally prevailed, either by force or more persuasive methods, on the constable of the night to resign his place to him; he would then, with the utmost gravity, examine all

delinquents that were brought in by the watch, and rejoiced in the opportunity of exercising the lenity of his disposition, by invariably directing the offenders to be discharged; in a word, there was no whim, no caprice, however eccentric and irregular, but what he determined to gratify, let the consequences and the cost be what they might.

In 1801, when the return of peace was celebrated by a general illumination, no persuasions could induce Lord Camelford to suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, at a grocer's in New Bond street; in vain his landlord represented the inconveniences that would result from this singularity; his lordship continued inexorable; the mob assailed the house, and a shower of stones was discharged at the windows; irritated by this attack, his lordship sallied out, armed with a pistol, which he, however, prudently exchanged for a stout cudgel; with this weapon he maintained a sharp contest for a considerable time, till, overpowered by numbers, he was severely beaten, and, after being rolled in the kennel, was obliged to retreat in a deplorable condition. The windows were completely demolished: it is said, that on the succeeding nights of illumination his lordship had in waiting a party of sailors, ready to let them loose on his opponents in case of a repetition of the outrage.

The presence of his lordship was ofte

known to have a powerful effect in repressing the impertinence of the *petit-maitre*, and the insolence and contumely of the coffee-house buck, and, indeed, in inspiring all with a cautious selection of language, lest they should afterwards be called to expiate a slip of the tongue with their blood. Of the terror which the very name of Lord Camelford struck to the minds of the would-be gentlemen of the day, the following is a ludicrous example, while it instances in his lordship a degree of moderation which, from his general character, we should scarcely have supposed him to possess.

Entering one evening the coffee-house in Conduit street, which he frequented, meanly attired as he often was, he sat down to peruse the paper of the day; soon after came in a dashing fellow, a first-rate blood, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with his lordship, and, in a most consequential tone, hallooed out, "Waiter! bring a pint of Madeira and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and set himself to read; his lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but again directed his attention to his paper; the waiter soon after re-appeared, and, with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box.

Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph called out, mimicking the tone of the butler, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the other box, snuffed out both the candles, leisurely returned to his seat; boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared—"Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow, that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, sir," replied the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" he turned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. "I am Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually stole away without daring to taste Madeira.

His irritable disposition, which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes of length paved the way to the final and fatal catastrophe. Lord Camelford had for some time been acquainted with a Mrs. Simm who had formerly been in the keeping of Best, a friend of his lordship; some official person had represented to him, that Best had said something to this woman to his prejudice; this information so much incensed his lordship that, on the 6th of March, meeting with

Best, at the Prince of Wales's coffee-house, where his lordship usually dined, he went up to him and said, loud enough to be heard by all who were present: "I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms;" Mr. Best replied that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs. Sinmons, and declared him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian."

In the course of the evening Mr. Best transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expressions he had made use of; but this his lordship absolutely refused to do. Mr. Best then left the coffee-house in considerable agitation, and a note was soon after delivered to his lordship which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. A regular information was accordingly lodged at Marlborough street, but, notwithstanding this precaution, such was the tardiness of the officers of the police, that no steps were taken to prevent the intended meeting till near two o'clock the following morning, when some persons were stationed at Lord Camelford's door, but it was then too late.

From the coffee-house Lord Camelford went,

on Tuesday night, to his lodgings in Bond street; here he inserted in his will the following declaration, which strongly marks the nobleness of his disposition:—"There are many other matters, which at another time I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present, than that in the present contest I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in the letter of the word; should I, therefore, lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the king, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

Agreeably to the appointment made by their seconds, his lordship and Mr. Best met early in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford street, and here Mr. Best made another effort to prevail on him to retract the expressions he had used: "Camelford," said he, "we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature; upon my honor, you have been imposed upon by a strumpet; do not insist upon expressions under which one of us must fall." To this remonstrance

Lord Camelford replied, "Best, this is child's play; the thing must go on."

Accordingly, his lordship and Mr. Best, on horseback, took the road to Kensington, followed by a post-chaise in which were the two seconds; on their arrival at the Horse and Groom about a quarter before eight, the parties dismounted, and proceeded along the path leading to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and they took their stations at the distance of thirty paces, which measured exactly twenty-nine yards; Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect; a space of several seconds intervened, and, from the manner and attitude of Mr. Best, the people who viewed the transaction at a distance imagined that he was asking whether his lordship was satisfied; Mr. Best then fired, and his lordship instantly fell at full length. The seconds, together with Mr. Best, immediately ran to his assistance, when he is said to have seized the latter by the hand, and to have exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man; you have killed me, but I freely forgive you." The report of the pistols had alarmed several persons who were at work near the spot, and who hastened towards the spot, when Mr. Best and his second thought it prudent to provide for their own safety. Meanwhile a chair was procured, and his lordship was carried to Little Holland House, the residence of Mr. Ottey.

Lord Camelford continued in agonies of

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in the first day; towards the evening his offerings somewhat abated; and, during the second day, his hopes revived considerably; yet the surgeons, who were unremitting in their attentions, would not give his friends the slightest hopes; to the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, who remained with him till he expired, his lordship expressed his confidence in the mercy of God; he said, he received much comfort in reflecting that however he might have acted, he had never really felt ill-will towards any man; in the moments of his greatest pain he cried out, that he sincerely hoped the agonies he then endured might expiate the sins he had committed.

He lingered free from acute pain from Thursday till Saturday evening about half past eight, when, a mortification having taken place, he expired, apparently without sense of pain.

On the morning after his decease, an inquest was taken at the White Horse, Kensington, before George Hodgson, Esq., coroner for Middlesex, when the jury, after viewing the body, unanimously returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown; a bill of indictment consequently preferred against Mr. Best the seconds, but it was thrown out by grand jury.

His lordship bequeathed the principal of his fortune to his sister Lady Grenville

was the sole executrix, together with the family estates, producing near £20,000 per annum ; and afterwards, in default of issue, to the earl of Chatham's family, who are next in the entail ; the title is extinct. Exclusive of bequests to Captain Barrie and Mr. Accum, the chemist, who assisted him in his laboratory, his lordship left considerable sums to be devoted to charitable purposes.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE celebrated dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, was the son of an attorney, and born in 1667. He was an illustrious poetical, political, satirical, and miscellaneous writer. He was a posthumous child, and his mother had but a scanty provision left her to provide for herself and two children. He was first educated at Kilkenny school, from whence he was taken to Trinity college, Dublin, where, from a natural dulness in the early part of life, or from neglecting the usual studies of the university, he did not obtain his degree of A. B. without much difficulty. On the death of his uncle, by whom he had been principally supported, he was left destitute ; he, therefore, paid a visit to Sir William Temple, in England, who received

him very kindly, and employed him in correcting his works. In 1692, he was admitted to his degree of A. M. at Oxford; but, in 1694, on a disagreement between him and his patron they parted. Entering into orders, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, of the annual value of about 100*l*. But Sir William Temple, having been much use to his company, was uneasy in his absence and made overtures of concession to him. A reconciliation immediately took place, and Swift returned to England. Sir William Temple was so well pleased with his conduct on this occasion, that when he died, he left him his posthumous works and a legacy in money. Having lost his friend, Mr. Swift endeavored to procure some preferment in England, but was disappointed: he was, however, appointed chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkeley, one of the lords justices of Ireland; but was soon after dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin. He fixed his residence at the first of these places, and decorously performed the duties of a parish priest. In this habitation he invited over the celebrated Stella from England. This lady was daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, to whom Sir William had bequeathed 1000*l*. in consideration of her father's service. She accepted Swift's invitation, and resided with a female friend, who accompanied her at his house when he was absent, but when he came home

they removed to another in the neighborhood. In 1701, he took his doctor's degree, and, on the accession of queen Anne, commenced political writer, by which he became a conspicuous character. In 1713, he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's, which was a great disappointment to him, as he thought it inadequate to his deserts; he looked higher, and thought himself entitled to a bishopric. On the death of the queen, the Tories lost their influence, and the dean became unpopular in Ireland; but he afterwards became the idol of the nation, by zealously opposing the introduction of Wood's halfpence. In 1716, he was privately married to Stella, but they continued to live as they had done before. The dean's conduct, in this respect, is supposed to have preyed upon that lady's spirits, and eventually to have broken her heart. His treatment of another lady, on whom he bestows the name of Vanessa in his works, was also extremely ungenerous. She was the daughter of a Dutch merchant in Dublin, whose affections he had gained by his promises and caresses; but, when she pressed him to marry or refuse her, he disclosed his real situation; which had such an effect upon her, that she survived the shock only a few weeks. The dean was subject, through life, to a giddiness in the head, which increased toward the close of it, and brought on a total privation of reason, in which condition he died in 1745. In his

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

At intervals he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to erect an hospital in Dublin, for lunatics and idiots. His remains were interred in St. Patrick's cathedral. The principal works of Dean Swift are "The Tale of a Tub;" "Gulliver's Travels, a moral and political romance;" "Letters, Poems, Sermons, Political Treatises;" and "The Four last Years of Queen Anne." As his company was courted by persons of the first rank in life and literature, the following peculiarities may be related of him.) It was a rule with him never to speak more than a minute at a time, and to wait for others to take up the conversation. He was particularly happy in punning, and used to say, "that none despised that talent but those who were without it." He greatly excelled in telling stories, but in the latter part of his life repeated them too often. He was offended at a *double entendre* or profaneness in religious subjects. He was pleased at having ladies in the company, because it preserved the delicacy of conversation: though we may venture to assert that, in his writings, there are greater indelicacies, than any *double entendres* can amount to. When the dean was at Quilca, a country seat of Dr. Sheridan's, he went one Sunday to a church, at the distance of more than two hours' ride.—The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, that it was too far ride home afterwards; no, I shall dine w

my neighbor Reilly, at Virginy, which is half way home. Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honor, and immediately despatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a dutchess, making several *conges* down to the ground, and then handed her, with great formality, to her seat.—After some high-flown compliments, he addressed his host, “Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne.” “Estate!” says Reilly, “devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come.” “Well, but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?” “Why, don’t you see her there before you?” “That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer’s wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it. Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and, taking the hint, immediately

withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlor in her common apparel. The dean saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand, and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. This husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat; with his pen-knife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to show that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him. However, as he soon resumed his good humor, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people), they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you, Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat lace; I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and

thanks for your good entertainment." When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life; in consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support. During his residence at Quilca he wrote a great part of his *Gulliver's Travels*, and prepared the whole for press. While he was upon the subject of the Brobdignaggs, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty, who lived in that neighborhood, to dine with him. He was of a gigantic stature; and supposed to be the strongest man in Ireland, as well as the most active. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were of so extraordinary a nature, that I should be afraid to relate them, lest it should impeach my credibility. Among these, the dean asked him whether he could carry on his back a man's horse which happened to be in the court yard at that time. Doughty, after having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him on his shoul-

ders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking at all under his burthen. It happened one day that a gentleman of that neighborhood, well known in the country by the name of Killbuck Tuite, dined with the dean at Quilca, when Doughty was there. He was a blunt, free-spoken man, no respecter of persons, and stood in awe of no one, let his rank or character be what it would. After dinner, the dean asked him whether he could direct him the road to Market Hill. Tuite said he did not know it. "That is the way," said the dean, "with all you Irish blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill." "Why," answered Tuite, "I never was at Market Hill; have not you been there, Mr. Dean?" He acknowledged he had. "Then what a damned English blockhead are you," replied Killbuck, "to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there!" Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terror, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty, who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him against that wild man, and skulking behind him, like a child, with a well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, however, were not sorry that the dean had met with his

match. And the fame of Killbuck, for this bold retort on the dean, of whom all the world stood in awe, was spread through the country.

MICHEL SCHUPPACH.

THE PHYSICIAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

MR. COXE, in his Tour through Switzerland, says, "You have heard, perhaps, of Michel Schuppach, the famous Swiss doctor, of whose intuitive sagacity, in discovering the seat of disorders, and applying suitable remedies to them, many wonderful stories are recounted by travellers, and which generally, I suppose, have increased in the marvellous, like Virgil's Progress of Fame, in proportion as they receded from the scene of action. I am now lodged in the house of this celebrated *Æsculapius*; it is situated above the village of Langenace, on the side of a steep mountain; and, from that circumstance, he is generally known by the appellation of the *physician of the mountain*."

"Upon our arrival here, we found the doctor in his apartment, surrounded by a number of peasants, who were consulting him upon their respective complaints, each having brought with him a small bottle, containing some of his water, for it is by inspecting the

urine that this medical sage pretends to judge of the state of the patient. His figure is extremely corpulent; he has a penetrating eye, and one of the best-humored countenances I ever saw. He sets himself opposite to the person who consults him, one moment examining the water, and the next the patient; and continues regarding attentively the one and the other for some time; always whistling during the intervals. He then opens the state of the case, acquaints the consultant with the nature of his complaints, and has often the good fortune to hit upon the true cause. In a word, his knack of discovering disorders by urine, has gained such implicit faith in his skill, that one might as well doubt in the pope's infallibility, before a zealous Catholic, as of the doctor's, in the presence of his patients. He has certainly performed several great cures; and the rumor of them has brought him patients from all quarters of Europe. There are, at this time, in his house, and in the village, several English and French people, together with many Swiss, who are come hither for his advice.

"The doctor was formerly, it seems, a village surgeon, has a slight tincture of anatomy, and is esteemed a proficient in botany and chemistry; but his reputation as a physician has now been established for some years. He is said to have but little acquaintance with the theory of physic; the greatest part of his

knowledge being derived from his extensive practice, notwithstanding he never stirs a quarter of a mile from his own house ; for he would not take the trouble of going to Berne even to attend the king of France.

“It is more than probable, that much of this extraordinary man’s success, in his practice, is owing to the great faith of his patients, to the benefit they receive from change of climate, to the salubrious air of this mountain, and to the amusements arising from that constant succession of different company which assemble in this place, in order to apply to him for assistance. But, whatever may have been the causes of his celebrity, it has come to him, as all accounts agree, unsought for by himself. He has, certainly, many excellent qualities ; humane and charitable to the highest degree, he not only furnishes the indigent peasants, who consult him, with medicines *gratis*, but generally makes them a present in money besides ; and he always appropriates a certain portion of his gains to the poor of his parish. His wife, as also his granddaughters, who live with him, are dressed like the peasants of the country ; and he has shown his good sense by giving the latter no better than a plain education ; the eldest he bestowed in marriage, when she was but fifteen, upon one of his assistants, and gave with her 1300*l.*, no inconsiderable portion for this country. He procured a match so early for her, he said, to

prevent her being spoiled by the young gentlemen telling her she was pretty, and inspiring her with the ambition of marrying above her rank.

“If domestic harmony, and the most perfect simplicity of manners, have any pretensions to please, you would be highly delighted with this rural family. The wife is a notable, active woman, and not only superintends all the household affairs with remarkable cleverness, but even performs great part of the business with her own hands ; she assists her husband, likewise, in making up his medicines ; and, as he talks no other language than the Swiss-German, she serves occasionally as his interpreter ; and, as a proof of his confidence in her administration in his affairs, she acts also as his treasurer, and receives all his fees ; which, in the course of a year, amount to a considerable sum ; for, although he never demands more than the price of his medicines, yet no gentleman consults him without giving him an additional gratuity. Many presents have, likewise, been made to herself, from persons who have reaped benefit by her husband’s prescriptions ; several of these consist of valuable trinkets, with which, on the days of ceremony, she decks herself forth to the best advantage, in the simple dress of the country.

“This singular man is very often employed in giving his advice from eight in the morning till six in the evening, with no other intermis-

sion than during the time he is at table. His drugs are of the best kind, for he collects the simples as well as distils them himself. His house, like those of the peasants, is constructed of wood ; and, though always full of people, is remarkably neat and clean. In short, every thing about him has the appearance of the pleasing simplicity of former ages.

“I had almost forgotten to tell you, that I consulted him *this morning* myself ; and assuredly I have reason to be highly flattered with his prescription, for he told me I was in such good health, that the only advice he had to give me was ‘to eat and drink well, to dance, be merry, and take moderate exercise.’”

TARRARE.

THIS man's voracity would stagger all belief, were not the truth of the circumstances guaranteed by the most unquestionable testimonies, among which it is only necessary to mention professor Baron Percy. At 17 years of age, Tarrare weighed only one hundred pounds, and yet he could devour, in the space of twenty-four hours, a quarter of beef as heavy as his body ! At the commencement of the revolutionary war, he entered the army ; but

here he was so scantily supplied with food, that he soon fell ill, and was conducted to the military hospital at Soultz. On the day of his entrance, he got four rations, which, only serving to whet his appetite, he devoured every kind of refuse victuals in the ward, then searched the kitchen, dispensary, &c., devouring every thing, even the poultices, that came in his way! In the presence of the chief physician of the army, Doctor Lorence, he ate a live cat in a few seconds, leaving nothing but the larger bones! In a few minutes, he devoured a dinner prepared for fifteen German laborers, and composed of various substantial dishes. After this *tiffin*, his belly appeared like a small balloon! As the French in those days turned every thing to account, the commander-in-chief had him brought before him, and, after treating him with thirty pounds of liver and lights, he caused him to swallow a small wooden case, in which was enclosed a letter to a French officer, then in the hands of the enemy. Tarrare set off, was taken prisoner, beaten and confined. He passed by stool the case with the letter, before he could see the officer, but immediately swallowed it again, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. In another hospital where he was confined, the nurses frequently detected him drinking the blood which had been drawn from the sick; and when all other source failed, he repaired to the dead-house, an

satisfied his frightful appetite on human flesh ! At length, a child of fourteen months old disappeared all at once, and suspicions falling on Tarrare, he also disappeared for four years, when he was recognized again in the civil hospital of Paris, where he ended his miserable career.

DR. AKENSIDE.

MR. DYSON and Dr. Akenside were fellow-students, the one of law, and the other of physic, at Leyden ; where, being of congenial tempers, a friendship commenced between them, that lasted through their lives. They left the university at the same time, and both settled in London. Mr. Dyson took to the bar ; and being possessed of a handsome fortune, supported his friend, while he was endeavoring to make himself known as a physician ; but, in a short time, having purchased of Mr. Hardinge, his place of clerk of the House of Commons, he quitted Westminster Hall, and for the purpose of introducing Akenside to acquaintance in an opulent neighborhood near the town, bought a house at North End, Hampstead, where they dwelt together during the summer season ; frequenting the long room, and all clubs and assemblies of the inhabitants.

At these meetings, which, as they were not select, must be supposed to have consisted of such persons as usually meet for the purpose of gossiping, men of wealth, but of ordinary endowments, and able to talk of little else than news and the occurrences of the day, Akenside was for displaying those talents which had acquired him the reputation he enjoyed in other companies; but here they were of little use to him—on the contrary, they tended to engage him in disputes that betrayed him into a contempt of those that differed in opinion from him. It was found out that he was a man of low birth and a dependant on Mr. Dyson, circumstances that furnished those whom he offended with a ground of reproach, that reduced him to the necessity of asserting, in direct terms, that he was a gentleman.

Little could be done at Hampstead, after matters had proceeded to this extremity; Mr. Dyson parted with his villa at North End, and settled his friend in a small house in Bloomsbury Square, assigning for his support such a part of his income as to enable him to keep a chariot.

In this new situation, Akenside used every endeavor to become popular, but defeated them all by the high opinion he every where manifested of himself, and the little condescension he showed to men of inferior endowments; and by his love of political controversy, his au-

thoritative censure of the public councils, and his bigoted notions respecting government—subjects foreign to his profession—he not a little added to the public obloquy which was, as he became more known, heaped upon him. In the winter evenings, he frequented Tom's coffee-house, in Devereux Court, then the resort of some of the most eminent men for learning and ingenuity of the time; with some of whom he became entangled in disputes and altercations chiefly on subjects of literature and politics, that fixed on his character the stamp of haughtiness and self-conceit, and often drew him into disagreeable situations.

There was at that time a man of the name of Ballow, who used to pass his evenings in the society above-mentioned, a lawyer by profession, but of no practice; he having, by the interest of some of the Townshends, to whom he had been a kind of law tutor, obtained a place in the exchequer, which yielded him a handsome income, and exempted him from the necessity of attending Westminster Hall. He was a man of deep learning, but of vulgar manners; and being of a splenetic temper, envied Akenside for that eloquence which he displayed in his conversation, and set his own phraseology very low. Moreover, he hated him for his republican principles; and finally, being himself a man of solid learning, affected to treat him as a pretender to literature, and made it his study to provoke him.

One evening, at the coffee-house, a dispute between these two persons rose so high, that for some expression uttered by Ballow, Akenside thought himself obliged to demand an apology; which not being able to obtain, he sent his adversary a challenge in writing. Ballow, a little deformed man, well known as a saunterer in the Park about Westminster, and in Parliament Street, though remarkable for a sword of an unusual length, which he constantly wore when he went abroad, had no inclination for fighting, and declined an answer. The demand of satisfaction was followed by several attempts, on the part of Akenside, to see Ballow at his lodgings; but he kept close till, by the interposition of friends, the difference could be adjusted. By his conduct in this business, Akenside acquired but little reputation for courage; for the accommodation was not brought about by any concessions of his adversary, but by a resolution from which neither of them would depart, for one would not fight in the morning, nor the other in the afternoon: all that he got by it was, the character of an irascible man; and thus, many who admired him for his genius and parts, were shy of becoming his intimates. Yet, where there was no competition for applause or literary reputation, he was an easy companion, and would bear with such rudeness as would have almost angered any other person. Saxby, of the custom-house,

who was every evening at Tom's, and by the bluntness of his behavior, and the many shrewd sayings he was used to utter, had acquired the privilege of Thersites, of saying whatever he liked, was once rather coarsely inveighing against the profession of physic, which Akenside took upon him to defend. This railer, after laboring to prove it was all imposture, concluded his discourse with this sentiment: "Doctor," said he, "after all you have said, my opinion of the profession of physic is this—the ancients endeavored to make it a science, and failed; and the moderns to make it a trade, and have succeeded." Akenside took this sarcasm in good part, and joined in the laugh which it occasioned.

Dr. Akenside's example shows that no higher a character than is attainable by any one who with a studious taciturnity will keep his opinions to himself, conform to the practice of others, and entertain neither friendship for, nor enmity against, any one, a competitor for the good opinion of the world, nay for its emoluments and even dignities, stands a better chance of success than one of the most established reputation for learning and ingenuity; for Akenside, in a competition for the place of physician to the Charter house, was unable to prevail against an obscure man, devoid of every quality that might serve to recommend him, and whose sole merit was that of being distantly related to the late Lord Holland.

ISAAC NEWTON.

NATURE has her phenomena, her earthquakes, her comets, and her meteors; they appear perhaps once in the lapse of a thousand years, and strike the beholders with awe and astonishment: so, also, is it constituted with the human race; a century may elapse undistinguished by the existence of some commanding genius, when on a sudden a Newton or a Shakspeare bursts forth, original in their conceptions, unparalleled in their discoveries. A new era then dawns upon the human race; the bounds of their knowledge are extended; the sphere of their utility is enlarged; the sum of their happiness is augmented. Future generations hallow the memory of their benefactor, and history inscribes his name on a tablet which will only perish with the universe itself.

The manor of Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Colsterworth, was the birth-place of Isaac Newton. He was born on the 25th December, 1642 (O. S.), his father dying three months before his birth, by which the manor of Woolsthorpe, of which his family had been in possession several years, became his heritage. His mother married again in a short time, but this new alliance did not interfere with the performance of her duties towards her son. She sent him at an early age to the school

of his native village, and subsequently, on his attaining his twelfth year, to the grammar-school of the neighboring town of Grantham, with the view of his being instructed in the classics. He was there boarded in the house of an apothecary, named Clarke, where the extraordinary capacity of his mind, and the particular bent of his genius, soon became conspicuous. Caring little for the society of other children, he provided himself with a small collection of tools, by means of which, when his companions were at play, he made several models of wood, particularly one of a windmill, which about that period was erected in the vicinity of Grantham. Into this model he sometimes put a mouse, which he called his miller, and by the power of whose action he could turn the mill round whenever he pleased. He introduced the amusement of paper kites amongst his school-fellows, and he took particular pleasure in drawing the portraits of the scholars; but the most curious anecdote of his boyhood is that which describes him in the act of rudely determining the force of the wind, by comparing how much farther he could leap with it than against it. He also watched the motions of the sun with great diligence, and, by means of pegs placed in the wall of the house in which he lived, and particular marks for the hours and half hours, the time of the day was shown to every person, and Isaac's dial, as it was called, was general-

ly referred to in the regulation of the parish clocks. The walls of his closet were literally covered with designs of all sorts, either copied from others, or taken from nature; and so deeply absorbed was he in these mechanical pursuits, which already implied considerable powers of invention and observation, that he neglected his studies in the languages; but, on finding himself once surpassed by a youth of very mediocre talents, he felt mortified at his inferiority, and in a very short time placed himself at the head of all his juvenile companions.

After passing through the usual courses of study at Grantham, his mother detained him at home with the view of instructing him in the management of the farm; and he was often sent to Grantham, accompanied by some confidential servant, for the purpose of disposing of the produce of the farm; but on these occasions, young Newton, immediately on entering the town, allowed his attendant to execute the business on which he had been sent, whilst he himself retired to the house of Mr. Clarke, and employed his time in reading, or in his favorite mechanical pursuits, until the hour had arrived when it was necessary for him to return. At other times, he did not proceed even so far as the town, but seated himself under the shelter of a hedge, and there, immersed in study, awaited the return of the domestic. This irresistible passion, which

urged young Newton to the study of science, at last overcame the obstacles, which the habits or the prudence of his mother had thrown in his way. One of his uncles happened one day to go into a hayloft, and there discovered the future celebrated philosopher abstracted in a mathematical problem, which he was working on the wall. This accident may be said to have determined his future destiny: his friends now saw that he was fitted for higher things than sowing and reaping; and in his eighteenth year he was sent to Cambridge, and, in 1660, was entered at Trinity College. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, a taste for the cultivation of mathematical knowledge had exhibited itself among the members of that university; and the elements of algebra and geometry generally formed a part of the system of education. The chair of mathematics was at that time filled by Dr. Barrow, a man who, in addition to the merit of being one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, joined that of being the kindest instructor as well as the most zealous protector of the young genius then growing up under his care.

After Newton went to Cambridge, the process of the unfolding of his intellect, a subject so interesting in the study of the human mind, is so distinctly described by himself, or established in his literary monuments, that we are enabled accurately to trace its progress.

The epoch in which Newton lived was distinguished by a constellation of genius, which has never been equalled, and which probably will never be surpassed. Conspicuously amongst the rest shone Descartes and Leibnitz, the former of whom bore the sway in speculative and natural philosophy. The authority of the metaphysical systems of his daring and fertile mind having succeeded to the empire which those of Aristotle had previously exercised, caused his method and his works to be adopted also in mathematics. Hence the geometry of Descartes was one of the first books which Newton read at Cambridge. He then studied Kepler's Optics and Dr. Wallis's *Arithmetica Infinitorum*. Upon this latter work, it has been conjectured, that he already began to found the new method of infinite series and fluxions, which originally appeared in Latin, but subsequently became better known by the translation of Mr. Colson published in 1736. In the year 1664 he took the degree of bachelor of arts, and in 1666 that of master, having been elected fellow of his college the preceding year.

About this period, Newton observed that the most eminent mathematical professors were unremittingly employed in discovering improvements in telescopes; and he determined to throw aside all abstracted speculations, for the purpose of engaging in this more useful study. Descartes, adopting the commonly re-

ceived opinion that light was homogeneous, had upon this principle first discovered the laws of refraction, and had demonstrated that the perfecting of telescopes depended on finding out the way of making the glasses in elliptic, parabolic, or hyperbolic figures. Newton therefore applied himself to the grinding of optic glasses of other figures than spherical, having no distrust as yet of the homogeneous nature of light; but not succeeding to his mind, he procured a glass priam, in order to try the celebrated phenomena of colors, not long before discovered by Grimaldi. He was much pleased at first with viewing the vivid brightness of the colors produced by this experiment; but after some time, applying himself to consider them with that circumspection which was natural to him, he was surprised to see them in an oblong form, which, according to the received rule of refractions, ought to have been circular; yet at first he thought the irregularity might possibly be no more than accidental. This was a question he could not leave without further satisfaction; he therefore invented an infallible mode of deciding it, and this produced his new theory of light and colors; thereby establishing the principle that light was not, as Descartes supposed, homogeneous, but heterogeneous, being created by a union of rays differently refrangible.

He was still immersed in this subject when the plague broke out, and compelled him to

take refuge in the country, where he spent two years, removed from all congenial associations, and severely devoted to his books. In this rustic retreat, an event, simple and fortuitous as it is possible to conceive, prompted him into a speculation upon which he founded the great law of gravitation, and established his theory of the universe. The anecdote is related by Pemberton, the contemporary and friend of Newton; and Voltaire, in his 'Elements of Philosophy,' says that Mrs. Conduit, Newton's niece, attested the fact.

One day, as he was sitting under an apple-tree, an apple fell before him; and this incident awakening in his mind the ideas of uniform and accelerated motion, which he had been employing in his Method of Fluxions, induced him to reflect on the nature of that remarkable power which urges all bodies to the centre of the earth; which precipitates them towards it with a continually accelerated velocity; and which continues to act, without any sensible diminution, at the tops of the highest towers and on the summits of the loftiest mountains. A new idea darted across his mind,—“Why,” he asked himself, “may not this power extend to the moon, and then what more would be necessary to retain her in her orbit about the earth?” This was but a conjecture; and yet what boldness of thought did it not require to form and deduce it from trifling an accident! Pursuing, however, t

line of observation, and comparing the periods of the various planets with their distances from the sun, he ascertained that if any power like gravity retained them in their courses, the strength of that power must decrease in a duplicate proportion to the distance of its action. Such, in issue, was the foundation of his celebrated theory; but, at the beginning, he was not satisfied with his experiments, and for some time laid aside the idea, but it was afterwards resumed, and gave rise to the treatise which he published in 1687, under the title of 'Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,' a work which the Marquess de l'Hopital said, he regarded as the production of a celestial intelligence rather than of a man.

Having remained in his solitude for about two years, he returned to Cambridge, all fear of the plague having subsided; and in 1669 he was appointed lecturer on optics, in the place of Dr. Barrow, who generously retired in order to make way for him. Newton then endeavored to mature his first results, and was led to a multitude of observations, no less admirable from their novelty and importance, than for the sagacity, address, and method, with which he perfected and connected them. He composed a complete treatise, in which the fundamental properties of light were unfolded, established, and arranged, by means of experiment alone, without any admixture of hypothesis, a novelty at that time almost as sur-

prising as those properties themselves. This formed the text of the lectures he began in Cambridge, 1669, when scarcely twenty-seven years old; and thus it is apparent, that **THE METHOD OF FLUXIONS, THE THEORY OF UNIVERSAL GRAVITATION, and the DECOMPOSITION OF LIGHT**,—the three grand discoveries which form the glory of his life,—were conceived in his mind before the completion of his twenty-fourth year.

Although the lectures of Newton on optics must inevitably in the end have given publicity to his labors on light, he still refrained from publishing, wishing probably to reserve to himself the opportunity of adding a complete analysis of certain curious properties, of which, as yet, he had but a slight glimpse. It was not until two years had elapsed that he made known some of his researches, and soon afterwards he was induced to give them publicity. In 1671 he had been proposed as a fellow of the Royal Society of London, and was elected on the 11th January, 1672. In order that he might be qualified to receive this distinction, the rules of the society required that he should declare himself desirous of becoming a fellow; and he could not effect that end in a manner more honorable to himself, and respectful to the society, than by transmitting to them some communication of a scientific and original nature. Accordingly, he forwarded to them a description of a new arrangement for reflecting

telescopes ; but, in regard to this invention, Newton was not aware that he had been anticipated by Gregory, the Scotch mathematician, and by Cassegrain, a Frenchman : nevertheless, the presentation of the model made a great impression among the members of the society in favor of Newton ; and the close of the letter which he wrote to the society on this occasion, is strongly indicative of the modest and unassuming character of the great philosopher. " I am very sensible," says he, " of the honor done me by the Bishop of Sarum, in proposing me a candidate, and which I hope will be further conferred upon me by my election into the society ; and if so, I shall endeavor to testify my gratitude by communicating what my poor and *solitary* endeavors can effect towards the promoting philosophical designs."

Newton now devoted himself almost exclusively to the composition of his Principles, which were sent from the press, in 1687, under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. This was indeed a work mighty and profound, but one which was at first neither well received nor understood. It was an abstruse labor, requiring the deepest study from the most scientific ; and even now that it has been ably explained, and, in a manner, amply paraphrased, is far from intelligible to ordinary understandings. The argumentation is by no means perspicuous and consecutive ; the schol

ar is aided by nothing like that simple order which delights so much in Euclid. The *Principia* are not arranged according to the logical preciseness of definition, theorem and corollary, but are to be comprehended and mastered by study, deep and long, patient comparison, and original application. To possess himself fully of the genius of Newton is an enterprise for which a man must bring with him no mean talent of his own. Of the opinions which were provoked by such a mass of profound thought and immense penetration one anecdote may supply an idea. The Marquess de l'Hopital, himself a skilful mathematician, is said, speaking of the work, to have asked an Englishman, "Does Monsieur Newton eat, drink, and sleep like other mortals? To me he appears a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

The same year in which the '*Principia*' were published, the privileges of the university of Cambridge were attacked by King James II. who sent a mandamus to admit Francis Bacon, an ignorant monk, to the degree of M. A. Newton was on this occasion one of its most zealous defenders, and was nominated one of the delegates of that university to the convention of the high commissioners. In the following year he was chosen one of their members in the convention parliament, in which he sat till it was dissolved. In 1696, Mr. Montague, the chancellor of the exchequer, and afterwar

earl of Halifax, obtained for him the office of warden of the mint, in which employment he was of signal service, when the money was called in to be re-coined: three years afterwards he was appointed master of the mint, a place of very considerable profit, which he held till his death. In 1699 he was elected one of the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.

His constant occupation at Cambridge was the investigation into the important phenomena of nature; and along with the study of chronology and history, they were the only relaxation he allowed himself when fatigued with his mathematical studies. He had constructed a small laboratory for prosecuting such pursuits; and it appears that, in the years immediately following the publication of the 'Principia,' he devoted almost his whole time to them. But a disastrous accident deprived him in an instant of the fruits of so much labor, and lost them to science for ever. He had a favorite little dog, called Diamond. One winter's morning, while attending early service, he inadvertently left this dog shut up in his room, and on returning from chapel, he found that the animal, by upsetting a taper on his desk, had set fire to the papers on which he had written down his experiments; and thus he saw before him the labors of so many years reduced to ashes. It is said that, on first perceiving this great loss, he contented himself

by exclaiming, "Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." The grief caused by this circumstance, and which reflection must have augmented, had a very visible effect upon his health, and for some time impaired his understanding. Of his mental abstraction in general, and his indifference to the common course of things, the most amusing anecdotes are recited. He would sometimes rise at his usual hour, but sit thinking for half the day on the side of his bed, with his clothes half on. Superior, in a manner, to the wants of nature, he has been known, when occupied with an idea, to abstain for a whole day from food; and at other times, when he did obey the summons to a meal, he would sit down to the table, but, forgetting what he came for, leave the dishes untouched before him for hours together. An extraordinary instance of his mental abstraction is related, that being once seated by the side of a lady to whom he was attached, whilst he was smoking a pipe, he sank suddenly into a fit of musing, and taking the hand of his inamorata, he actually converted her fore-finger into a tobacco-stopper.

In 1705, Queen Anne distinguished him by particular notice, and conferred on him the honor of knighthood; but his peace was soon afterwards disturbed by a controversy highly unpleasant to him. M. Leibnitz had, since the year 1684, endeavored to impress the world

with the persuasion that Newton had borrowed the Method of Fluxions from his differential method: when, therefore, our illustrious countryman laid claim to his own discovery, it led to much altercation; but the learned world in general decided in favor of Newton. In the year 1715, M. Leibnitz attempted to baffle Sir Isaac Newton's mathematical skill by his famous problem of the trajectories, which he proposed to the English by way of challenge; but although it was the most difficult proposition which his ingenuity was able to devise, the solution of it proved scarcely more than an amusement to Newton. This problem was received by him at four o'clock in the afternoon, as he was returning from the mint, and, although he was extremely fatigued with business, he finished the solution of it before he retired to bed.

On the accession of George I. to the British throne, Sir Isaac Newton was particularly distinguished at court. The Princess Caroline of Wales, afterwards Queen Consort of England, used frequently to propose questions to him; and it was her general boast, that she was born in the same age as Newton. It was to this princess that he communicated the manuscript of a chronological work, which he had composed for his private satisfaction, but with no intention of publication. Her royal highness, however, thinking highly of the performance, and being anxious to extend the

reputation of Newton, permitted a copy to be taken, which was soon afterwards surreptitiously printed at Paris, with the name of another author. The man who perpetrated this daring piracy was the Abbé Conti, and he had the confidence to justify his conduct, by pretending that some alterations which he introduced materially improved the volume. A literary dispute was excited by the circumstance, which raged with some violence ; and, though it greatly mortified Newton, finally established his right to the work.

This great and illustrious man enjoyed a settled state of health to the age of eighty, when he began to be afflicted with the stone, at which time the fits of pain were so intense, that large drops of perspiration would run down his face while they lasted ; yet he never uttered the least complaint, nor expressed the smallest degree of impatience, but, as soon as the paroxysm ceased, he would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness. He had the perfect use of all his senses and understanding till the day before he died, which was on the 20th March, 1727, at the age of eighty-five. His obsequies were solemnized with considerable pomp : the body lay in state at the Jerusalem Chamber, and was escorted into Westminster Abbey by a long train of exalted admirers, amongst whom, two dukes and three earls supported the pall : the former were the dukes of Montrose and Roxburgh ; the latter,

the earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield. The corpse was interred at the entrance into the choir, where a noble monument is erected to his memory.

Sir Isaac was of middling stature, and, in the latter part of his life, inclined to be stout. His countenance was pleasing, and, at the same time, venerable. He was a great lover of peace, and would rather have chosen to remain in obscurity, than to have the calm of life ruffled by those storms and disputes which genius and learning commonly bring on those who are peculiarly eminent for them. His genius was not more remarkable than his humility. If any friend hinted the extraordinary nature of his discoveries, he would say, that if he had done the world any service, it was by industry and patient thought, rather than by any extraordinary sagacity. It has also been observed, that he never talked either of himself or others, nor ever behaved in such a manner as to give any reason to suspect him of vanity. He was never married, not, as Fontenelle says, ever having had leisure to think of it. He writes of himself as follows: "I know not what the world will think of my labors, but to myself it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the sea-shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated, than another, while the immense *ocean of truth* extended itself *unexplored* before me."

JOHN BENBOW.

It has often been remarked, that British seamen are distinguished for a species of eccentricity peculiar to themselves; among the number of instances that might be adduced to justify this observation, is to be ranked that meritorious officer Admiral Benbow.

He was descended from a very respectable family in the county of Salop, and born in 1650; his uncle, Thomas Benbow, Esq., and his father, John Benbow, Esq., possessed moderate estates in that county. On the rupture between Charles and his parliament, these two brothers were among the first to venture their lives in the royal cause, and they were both colonels in the king's army. The two Benbows greatly impaired their fortunes by their adherence to this prince, whose distresses did not shake their loyalty; for when Charles II. attempted to regain the crown, they were very active in his cause. In the well-known battle of Worcester they were both made prisoners; Thomas was found guilty of being in the king's service, and was shot at Shrewsbury, on the 19th of October, 1653. John, however, contrived to make his escape, and concealed himself till after the restoration, when he obtained a small appointment in the tower, very inadequate to his sufferings and deserts, and which

was barely sufficient for the scanty support of himself and family.

His son John, the subject of the present article, was bred to the sea, and brought up in the merchant's service; the cause of his introduction into the royal navy was not the least remarkable circumstance of his life. The particulars of this circumstance, related by Campbell, are as follow :

Benbow was master of a vessel in the Mediterranean trade, when, in 1686, he was attacked in his passage to Cadiz by a Sallee rover, against whom he defended himself, though very unequal in the number of men, with the utmost bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him, but were quickly beat out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off and thrown into a tub of pork-pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz, he went ashore, and ordered his negro servant to follow him with the Moors' heads in a sack; he had scarcely landed before the officers of the revenue inquired of his servant what he had in his sack; the captain replied, salt provisions for his own use. "That may be," answered the officers, "but we must insist upon seeing them." Captain Benbow alleged, that he was no stranger there; that he did not use to run goods; and pretended to take it very ill that he was suspected. The officers told him that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and that if they were

satisfied with his word, his servant might carry the provisions where he pleased ; but that otherwise it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation.

The captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the custom-house, Mr. Benbow in the front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Captain Benbow with the greatest civility, told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle, but that since he had refused to show the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employment obliged them to demand a sight of them, and that as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the showing of them could be of no great consequence one way or the other. "I told you," said the captain, sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use ; Cæsar, throw them down upon the table ; and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service." The Spaniards were exceedingly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who with so small a force, had been able to defeat such a number of barbarians. The gallant of this action being reported to Charles of Spain, he invited the captain to court, where he was respectfully received, and dismissed with a handsome present. His Catholic majesty also wrote a letter of recommendation to

James, who, on the captain's return, gave him an appointment in the navy.

After the revolution he eminently distinguished himself by several successful cruises in the Channel, where he was employed at the request of the merchants; and not only did his duty by protecting the trade and annoying the enemy, but was also remarkably careful in examining the French ports, gaining intelligence, and projecting schemes for disturbing the French commerce, and securing our own. For this reason he was generally chosen to command the squadrons employed in bombarding the French ports, in all which expeditions he displayed an equal share of bravery and conduct, being always present in his boat, as well to encourage as to instruct the seamen and engineers. His valor and activity soon procured him a promotion to a flag.

When it was resolved, in 1701, to send a squadron to the West Indies, Benbow was mentioned to King William as a fit officer to command it; but his majesty observed, that Benbow was only just returned from that station, where he had met with nothing but difficulties; and that it was reasonable some other officer should take his turn; some others were accordingly proposed, but either their health or their affairs were so deranged, that they most earnestly desired to be excused. "Well then," said the king jocosely to some of his ministers, "I find we must spare our beaux,

and send honest Benbow." His majesty therefore sent for him, and asked him whether he was willing to go to the West Indies, assuring him, that if he had any objection, he would not take it at all amiss if he desired to be excused. The gallant admiral bluntly replied, that he did not understand such compliments, that he had no right to choose his station, but he would cheerfully execute his majesty's orders to whatever quarter he might think proper to send him.

Benbow was accordingly appointed to the command of the West India squadron, and, soon after his arrival on that station, fell in with the French admiral Du Casse, near Santa Martha, on the coast of Spanish America. On the 24th of August, 1702, he brought the enemy to action, and during the engagement, in which he was shamefully deserted by some of his captains, the gallant admiral's right leg was shattered by a chain shot. He was carried from the deck to be dressed, and while the surgeon was performing the operation, one of his lieutenants expressed great concern for the unfortunate accident. "I am sorry for it too," replied the intrepid Benbow, "but I would rather have lost them both, than have seen this dishonor brought on the English nation; but, do you hear, if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." He then ordered himself to be carried up, and placed with his cradle on

the quarter-deck, where he continued giving his orders.

The fight was continued till night, and next morning the admiral sent to the captains of the ships under his command, desiring them to keep their line, and behave like men; upon which Captain Kirby of the *Defiance*, went on board the admiral, and told him that he had better desist, the French were very strong, and from what had passed, he might guess that he could make nothing of it. Benbow, not a little surprised at this language, calmly replied, that this was only one man's opinion, and immediately made the signal for the other captains to come on board; to his no small mortification, however, they all concurred with Kirby, and, together with him, signed a paper, purporting that nothing more could be done. Being thus deserted by his officers, the brave admiral was obliged to desist from the pursuit of the enemy, and returned to Jamaica, though he could not forbear declaring publicly, that it was contrary to his own judgment, to the prejudice of the service, and the greatest dishonor that ever happened to the English navy.

The French admiral, on his arrival at Carthage, sent Benbow the following letter, which proves the little prospect he had of escaping :

"Sir,—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin; it pleased God to order it otherwise, and I am thankful for it.

As for those cowardly captains, who deserted you, hang them up, for, by God, they deserve it.

Yours, DU CASSE."

Benbow having reached Jamaica, was there joined by rear-admiral Whetstone, and indignant at the conduct of his captains, he issued a commission to that officer to assemble a court-martial for their trial. Captains Kirby and Constable were tried first; the former being convicted of cowardice, breach of orders, and neglect of duty, was condemned to be shot; Constable was convicted on the two latter charges, and sentenced to be cashiered and imprisoned. Captain Wade was convicted on the same charge as Kirby, in addition to which, it was proved, that he was drunk during the whole of the action; Captain Hudson died a few days before the trial commenced, and thus escaped the ignominious fate of his associates. Captain Vincent, of the Falmouth, and Captain Fog, of the admiral's ship, the Breda, were also tried for having, by Kirby's persuasion, signed a paper, purporting that they would not fight under Benbow's command; this was proved; but as the admiral testified that they behaved with gallantry during the action, the court mitigated their sentence, but for the sake of discipline, they were suspended till the lord high admiral's pleasure should be known. The boisterous manners of Benbow, who was a rough seaman, but remarkably brave, honest, and experienced, had produced this infamous

confederacy, in which Captain Walton, of the *Ruby*, while heated with the fumes of intoxication, had also joined ; but he afterwards renounced the engagement, and fought with the greatest intrepidity till his ship was disabled.

Kirby and Wade were sent home in the *Bristol* ; great interest was made to the queen in their favor, but to no purpose ; warrants for their immediate execution was sent to all the ports, and they were accordingly shot on the 16th of April, 1703, the same day they arrived at Plymouth.

As for Benbow, his health continued to decline, principally from the chagrin occasioned by this miscarriage, and, on the 4th of November, 1702, he expired.

Benbow was one of those officers whom the tars have been remarkably fond of claiming as their own. He and his contemporary, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, were, indeed, deserved favorites with them ; they were both sailors, rose by being sailors, and were more proud of that character than of their flags ; by a long course of obedience they learned to command, and directed those who served under them as much by their example as by their orders ; and though they were highly distinguished in their profession, yet, after many years' employment, they left behind them small fortunes, but great reputations.

CHARLES PRICE,

ALIAS the Social Monster, was descended from a ——— salesman in Monmouth Street. The father, presaging, perhaps, that his son Charles was designed to make a conspicuous figure in the world, placed him under the tuition of a French teacher. But, at that early period, he gave many proofs of those great talents, which afterwards rendered him so eminent; for, stealing a strip of old gold lace from the shop, he artfully dressed himself in his brother's clothes, and sold it to a Jew; in consequence of which, the robbery was afterwards fixed on the innocent youth, for which he suffered a severe flagellation. We cannot, however, progressively give a detail of all the villanies which are placed to the account of our hero, as some are not perfectly ascertained, and others are not sufficiently interesting. In the engraved likeness, with which this article is embellished, he is represented in the character of a gentleman, a part which he often performed with considerable success. At the age of twenty-five, he had been a barker in Monmouth Street; servant to a hatter and hosier in St. James's Street; clerk to a city merchant, of extensive foreign connections; and engaged in the same capacity to a diamond merchant in Amsterdam, whose daughter he debauched; and, lastly, manager to the gentle-

man who conducted his majesty's small beer brewery at Weovil, in Hampshire. At intervals, this great man sometimes engaged in lottery offices, and at others in advertising for wives with such and such fortunes, qualifications, &c., and thus obtaining considerable sums from unthinking youth, to procure them what never existed but in idea. But this hero's grand and most successful scheme was to appear in different characters to one person, by which means the injured party, more than once, employed Mr. Price, to detect Mr. Patch, for in this latter habit, he generally placed a black patch over one of his eyes. Thus disguised, he is said to have actually received money from the bank directors, in order to discover *himself*. Having, under the name of *Wilmot*, paid Mr. Spilsbury for some medicines (and received the change) with a forged note, that gentleman one day related the circumstance at the Percy coffee-house, in the presence of the culprit, who kept frequently crying out, "Lack a day! Good God! who could conceive such knavery could exist! What, did the bank refuse payment, sir?" "O yes," said Mr. Spilsbury, "and yet the bills were so imitably well done, that the nicest judges could not distinguish them!" "Good God! lack a day!" said Price, "he must have been an ingenious villain! What a complete old scoundrel!" Price had often been at the shop of a Mr. Roberts, grocer, in Oxford Street.

Here he now and then bought a few articles, and took many opportunities of showing his importance. One day he called there in a hackney coach, disguised as an old man, and bought some few things. In a day or two afterwards he repeated his visit; and on a third day, when he knew Mr. Roberts was from home, he went again, with his face so painted, that he seemed diseased with the yellow jaundice. The shopman, to whom he enumerated his complaints, gave him a prescription for that disorder, such as had cured his father of it. Price gladly accepted of the receipt, promising that if it succeeded, he would very liberally reward him for his civility. In a few days, he called again, when he appeared perfectly free from the complaint, and acknowledged his great obligations to the shopman, to whom, after he had expatiated on his affluent circumstances, the short time he had to live in the world, and the few relations he had to leave any thing to, he made a present of a ten pound bank note. The reader need not be told it was a counterfeit one; but, at the same time, he said, that he wanted cash for another, which was a fifty pound note, and the obliging shopman got change for it of an opposite neighbor. The next day, in Mr. Roberts's absence, he called again, and entreated the lad to get five other fifty pound notes changed for small ones; who, telling him his master was not in the way, Price begged he would take them to

his master's banker, and there get them changed. This request the servant complied with. The bankers, Harley, Burchall, and Co. complied with Mr. Roberts's supposed request, changed them without suspicion, and small notes were that day given for them to Mr. Price. Having found out a fit object to practise his deceptions on in the person of Mr. E., who was an eminent merchant in the city; and having traced his connections at Amsterdam, even to the obtaining a letter which came from a merchant there to Mr. E.; he began his attack on that gentleman as follows; accosted him on the 'Change in another disguised character, and told him, that he had received a letter from a correspondent of theirs at Amsterdam, whose name he mentioned, which informed him that a person of the name of Trevors, who frequented the 'Change, had defrauded the Dutch merchant out of one thousand pounds, and that the latter requested Mr. E.'s assistance in the recovery of the whole, or any part of it he could get. Having thus opened the business, he then produced the letter to Mr. E., who, having read it, did not entertain the least suspicion but it was the hand-writing of his Amsterdam correspondent: he, therefore, offered his assistance most readily, in any plan that might be pursued to favor his Dutch friend. After thus paving the way, he began to advise Mr. E. how to manage the matter. "To-morrow," said Price, "Trevors,

most likely, will be upon 'Change ; he always frequents the Dutch walk, and is dressed in a red surtout, with a white wig ; he has also square toed shoes, and very small buckles. Your best way will be to accost him, get into a conversation with him, introduce the mercantile affairs of Amsterdam, and, by pretending that he can be of service to you, invite him home to dinner. You may then mention the business, show him the letter, and inform him, that, unless he refunds the whole, or part of the money, immediately, you will expose the matter to the merchants. By such a step, you may, probably, procure a return of the greater part of the property, as he is rich, and has always cash or notes about him, and will rather pay, than be exposed." Mr. E. highly approved of this plan, and was very much pleased with an opportunity of doing, as he thought, such an essential service to his Dutch friend. The next day appeared our hero on the Dutch walk, and in the dress he had so minutely described the day before. Mr. E. followed the advice he had received ; the result of which was, an invitation to dinner, and an acceptance on the part of our great man. When the cloth was removed, and the family retired from table, Mr. E. begged to open to Mr. Trevors, in as delicate a manner as he could, the purpose of the invitation. Our hero acknowledged the charge in part, affected great remorse, declared his intention was to

pay, begged he might not be exposed on 'Change, and offered to pay five hundred pounds down, if Mr. E. would bury the matter in oblivion. This being readily promised on Mr. E.'s part, Mr. Trevors then produced a thousand pound note, which he said he would give to Mr. E. if the latter would return to him the other moiety. Not having sufficient cash and notes in the house, Mr. E. gave him a draft for five hundred pounds on his banker, soon after which our hero took his leave. The next morning Mr. E. discovered that the thousand pound note he had received was a forged one, and ran to the bankers to stop the payment of his draft; but, unfortunately, too late; for a porter, who seemed to have been followed by a tall, thin woman into the banking house, had obtained notes for the draft four hours before Mr. E.'s application to stop payment. The depredations of this monster on society, amounted in the whole to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds; and yet, before he hung himself in Tothill Fields prison, he wrote a letter to a gentleman whom he had defrauded of more than two thousand pounds, recommending his wife and eight children to his protection. Price's disbursements must either have been great, or the prudence of his female coadjutor excessive; for at her lodgings were fixed all the apparatus for manufacturing the paper, and printing bank notes; the plates for which were also engraved by this ingenious

villain. Being thus papermaker, engraver, printer, and circulator, we need not be surprised that he contrived to spin out existence to the age of fifty-five; ~~the~~ years of which were passed in hostilities against the bank directors, whose emoluments by fire, shipwreck, and other accidents, Mr. Price conceived were much too enormous.

EPHRAIM LOPES PEREIRA D'AGUILAR.

THE late Baron d'Aguilar may justly be classed among the most singular characters of the age in which he lived. "The elements were so mixed up in him," as to form a truly extraordinary combination of vice and virtue; of misanthropy and benevolence; of meanness and integrity; of avarice and liberality; of pride and humility; of cruelty and kindness: courted during the early part of his life in the walks of elegance and fashion, he rendered himself despised toward the conclusion of it by his meanness and degeneracy.

Ephraim Lopes Pereira d'Aguilar, descended of Jewish parents, was born about the year 1740, at Vienna; his father was a native of Portugal, but, in 1722, quitted that country on account of his religion, and went to England.

In 1736 he went to Vienna, where he submitted to the imperial court proposals for farming the duties on tobacco and snuff. In this undertaking he was so successful, that he afterwards became not only a confidant of the empress Maria Theresa, but was appointed her cashier. About the year 1756 he returned to England with a family of twelve children, and in 1759, died, very rich, leaving his title to his eldest son, the late baron, and the subject of these pages.

In 1758 the baron was naturalized, and married the daughter of the late Moses Mendes da Costa, Esq., whose fortune was stated, by report, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was settled on her previous to marriage. By this lady the baron had two daughters, both of whom were living at his death, and inherited his large property.

Having been left a widower in 1763, the baron a few years afterwards married the widow of Benjamin Mendes da Costa, Esq., who likewise brought him a considerable fortune. During his first, and for some time after his second marriage, the baron lived in the highest style of fashion, in Broad Street buildings, being extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and keeping several carriages, and upwards of twenty servants. But on the commencement of the American war, having lost an estate of fifteen thousand acres on that continent, this and other losses, together with

domestic disagreements, induced him to his plan of living. On the expiration of the lease he removed from Broad Street built, and renounced the character of a gentleman; he came rude, slovenly, careless of his personal conduct, totally withdrawing himself from family connections and the society of the world.

This alteration in the manners and tastes of the baron led to a separation from his wife, who fortunately possessed an independent income. Though he had quitted his elegant mansion, he had still abundant choice of residence. He had a field, and two houses at Bethnal Green, which he kept shut up, and filled with rich furniture, laid by after his seclusion from the world and from his friends. A large house at Twickenham, formerly a country retreat, was also kept shut up, and in the same predicament was another of his country-seats at Sydenham; in addition to these, he purchased a town-house in Shoreditch Place, Aldersgate Street, where he usually slept, and the lease of another in Islington Street, together with a large piece of ground close to the new river, which he converted into a farm-yard.

Having relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman, the baron took it into his head to assume those of a farmer; but his farming speculation he carried on in a manner peculiar to him. His farm-yard at Islington was a real cur

of the kind ; from the state in which the cattle were kept it received the characteristic appellation of the "Starvation Farm-yard !" These wretched animals, exhibiting the appearance of mere skin and bone, might be seen amidst heaps of dung and filth, some just ready to expire, and some not yet reduced so low, preying upon others ; his hogs would often make free with his ducks and poultry, for, though brought up a Jew, the baron had always plenty of pork and bacon for his own consumption. The miserable situation of these animals, doomed to this state of living death, frequently excited the indignation of passengers, who would often assemble in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron, who generally appeared in a very mean and dirty dress ; he never replied or took any notice of these unpleasant salutations, but availed himself of the first opportunity to make good his retreat. It is unknown for what purpose he kept the cattle, unless it were for amusement, as he derived from them little or no emolument ; the only reason he ever assigned for stinting them to such a scanty allowance of food was, that they might know their master, for, it should be observed, that he was very fond of homage.

After his removal to Islington, he would either feed the hogs, cows, and fowls himself, or stand by while they were fed, conceiving that nothing could be properly done unless he were present. His cows he used sometimes to

send from the Starvation Yard to his field at Bethnal Green to grass, sending a servant that distance to milk them ; here his cattle in the winter time were absolutely perishing, and rather than sell any he would suffer them to die, one after another, for want. In all cases of this kind, the man whom he employed to look after them was ordered to bury the carcass ; once, however, he ventured to transgress this injunction, and sold the flesh of a starved calf to a dealer in dog's meat ; this circumstance coming to the knowledge of the baron, he sent to the fellow, and charged him with selling his property ; he confessed that he had sold the calf for one shilling and ten pence, which the baron deducted from his wages, and then discharged him from his service. Notwithstanding this apparent meanness, he never would claim his large property in America, nor would he suffer any other person to interfere in the business : he was not destitute of charity, for his contributions to the poor were manifold and secret ; he was also a liberal patron of public institutions, and though his cattle attested that he did not always feed the hungry, yet he was seldom backward at clothing the naked, frequently inviting home ragged and distressed females, for whom he provided comfortable garments. He has been known to take into his houses fatherless children, whom he occasionally made his servants, increasing their wages with their years : so far

his conduct might have excited the emulation of the Christian ; but what followed disgraced the character of man—too often treachery was concealed beneath the mask of benevolence, and the hapless orphan found a *déceiver* in her supposed benefactor.

After a separation of twenty years, the baron called one day to see his wife ; a partial reconciliation was effected, and after repeated visits he took up his abode entirely at her house ; no sooner had he established himself there, than he began in the most arbitrary manner to enforce his authority over the servants, and at length to treat the lady herself with a rigor she could not endure. She found an opportunity of quitting him and repairing to her relations at Hackney, and by their advice instituted legal proceedings against her husband. The baron was present in the court of king's bench, and calmly listened to the whole of the trial, to the great astonishment of the court, who not only decided unanimously in favor of the lady, but declared that he must be hardened in the extreme to show his face upon the occasion ; but he contrived to render himself still more conspicuous, for at the conclusion, he boldly advanced to petition the court that the costs might be equally divided between him and his wife ; " Pray, gentlemen," said he, " make her pay half the expenses, for I am a very poor man, and it would be cruelty to distress me."

The *poor* baron survived his wife six or seven years, and died in March 1802, leaving property estimated at upwards of 200,000*l*. His illness, an inflammation of the bowels, lasted seventeen days, during which he had a doctor, whom he would not admit into his presence, but sent him his urine every day, accompanied with a guinea for his fee. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and his dangerous situation, he would allow no fire in his house. His youngest daughter sent several times in his last moments requesting permission to see him; but with dreadful imprecations, to which he was much addicted, he declared she should never enter his presence.

The baron's large stock of goods was sold by auction after his death. His *lean* cattle fetched 128*l*; his diamonds were valued at 30,000*l*., and his plate amounted to 7 cwt. Among his effects were found forty-two bags of cochineal, and twelve of indigo, worth together 10,000*l*. These articles he had purchased many years before at a high price upon speculation, and had hoarded, resolving never to part with them till he could have a desirable profit.

THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

It is matter of just regret that Mr. Day left behind him no friend able or willing to present the public with a complete account of his life. The particulars which have been given concerning this original and truly eccentric character seem to justify the presumption that such a narrative would have afforded equal instruction and entertainment. From such scanty materials as can be procured, the following facts are gleaned ; but justice obliges the compiler to acknowledge, that, for most of them, he is indebted to the interesting account of Mr. Day, given by the ingenious Miss Seward, in her "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin."

Thomas Day was born in London in 1748. He was educated at the Charter House, and from that institution was removed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His father died during his infancy, leaving him an estate of twelve hundred pounds per annum. Soon after that event Mrs. Day married a gentleman of the name of Phillips, one of those ordinary characters who seek to supply an inherent want of consequence by an officious interference in circumstances with which they have no real concern. Mrs. Phillips, with a jointure of three hundred pounds a year out of her son's estate, had been left his guardian, in con-

junction with another person, whom she influenced. Being herself under the influence of her husband, the domestic situation of her son, a youth of high spirit and no common genius, was often rendered extremely uncomfortable. It may easily be supposed that he impatiently brooked the troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it his duty to treat the husband of his mother with some exterior deference and respect. She often repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still more frequently expressed her anxiety lest Mr. Phillips, who had no fortune of his own, should, by losing her, be deprived, in the decline of life, of a comfortable subsistence. No sooner had Mr. Day come of age and into possession of his estate, than he augmented his mother's jointure to four hundred pounds, and settled it on Mr. Phillips during his life. Such bounty to one who had needlessly embittered so many years of his infancy and youth, affords incontestable evidence of a truly noble and elevated mind.

Mr. Day was a phenomenon rarely seen in these latter times, especially among persons of his rank in society. Even at that period "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," he looked quite the philosopher. Powder and elegant clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen, but Mr. Day wore neither. In person he was tall, and stooped in the

shoulders ; he was full made, but not corpulent ; and in his pensive and melancholy air were blended awkwardness and dignity. Though his features bore the traces of a severe small-pox, yet they were interesting and agreeable. A kind of weight hung upon the lids of his large hazel eyes, but when he declaimed

———of good and evil,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,

the expression that flashed from them was highly energetic.

His moral character was moulded after the antique model of the most virtuous citizens of Greece and Rome. He proudly imposed on himself rigid abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures ; nor would he allow any action to be virtuous that was performed from the hope of a reward here or hereafter. This severity of principle had, however, the effect of rendering him rather sceptical towards the doctrines of revealed religion. Strict integrity, active friendship, open-handed bounty, and diffusive charity, greatly over-balanced the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, which marked his character. For such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections, Mr. Day had no sympathy ; but he evinced genuine compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the pleasure of relieving these he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life

and all the gratifications of luxury. For polished society he expressed supreme contempt, and cherished a particular aversion for the modern plans of female education, ascribing to their influence the disappointment he experienced from the fickleness of a young lady to whom he had paid his addresses. He, nevertheless, thought it his duty to marry; he indulged systematic ideas of the powers of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and took great delight in moulding the mind of infancy and youth.

The distinctions of birth and the advantages of wealth were ever regarded by Mr. Day with contempt. He resolved that the woman whom he should choose for his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. She would thus be a fit companion in that retirement to which he had destined himself, and might assist in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He likewise resolved, that in her dress, her diet, and her manners she should be simple as a mountain-girl, fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. The most romantic philosopher could not expect to find such a creature ready made to his hands, and Mr. Day was soon convinced of the necessity of moulding some infant into the being his fancy had pictured.

To the accomplishment of this plan, he pro

ceeded in the following manner. When he came of age, he procured credentials of his moral probity, and with these he travelled to Shrewsbury, accompanied by his friend the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister in considerable practice, to explore the hospital for foundling girls in that town. From among the little inmates of this institution, Mr. Day, in the presence of his friend, selected two of twelve years. They were both beautiful: the one, fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes, he called Lucretia; the other, a clear auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chestnut tresses, he named Sabrina. The written conditions on which he obtained these girls, were to this effect: that within a year he should place one of them with some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice, and maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married or began business for herself, in either of which cases he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of keeping and educating the other, with a view to make her his wife; solemnly engaging never to violate her innocence, and, if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her in some creditable family till she married, when he promised to give five hundred pounds as her wedding portion. For the performance of this contract Mr. Bicknel was guarantee.

With these girls Mr. Day immediately went

to France, and, that they might imbibe no ideas but such as he chose to communicate, he took with him in this excursion not a single English servant. Notwithstanding all his philosophy, his young companions harassed and perplexed him not a little; they were perpetually quarrelling and fighting, and, at length falling sick of the small-pox, they chained him to their bedside by crying and screaming if they were left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in their native language. Their protector was, therefore, not only obliged to sit up with them many nights, but also to perform for them the lowest offices that are required of a nurse or a domestic. Health returned, and with it all their former beauty. Soon after the recovery of his wards, Mr. Day was crossing the Rhone with them on a tempestuous day, when the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer, he saved them both, though not without considerable difficulty and danger to himself.

After a tour of eight months, during which his patience and perseverance had been abundantly exercised, Mr. Day returned to England, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina having become the favorite, he placed the fair-Lucretia with a chamber milliner; she behaved well, and afterwards married a respectable linen-draper in London. He committed Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, while he settled

his affairs at his own mansion-house, Bear Hill, in Berkshire, from which filial tenderness would not permit him to remove his mother.

About this time the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents induced Mr. Day to visit Lichfield. Thither, in the spring of 1770, he conducted the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and took, for twelve months, a pleasant mansion in the little green valley of Stowe. Here he resumed his endeavors to implant in the mind of his charge the characteristic virtues of Arria, of Portia, and Cornelia, but his experiments were not attended with the desired success. He found it impossible to fortify her mind against the dread of pain and the sense of danger; when he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, she did not endure it without flinching, and when he fired at her petticoats pistols which she believed to be charged with balls, she could not forbear starting, and expressing her apprehensions by violent screams. More than once, when he tried her fidelity in keeping pretended secrets, he discovered that she had communicated them to the servants and to her playfellows. She manifested an aversion to study and books, which afforded little promise of ability that should one day be responsible for the education of youths who were to emulate the Gracchi.

In these experiments Mr. Day persisted, to his uniform disappointment, during the year he spent in the neighborhood of Lichfield. The

self, was much less displeasing to her eye than Thomas Day, fine gentleman.

After such sacrifices and such efforts, it is easy to conceive what must now have been his mortification. Relinquishing his hopeless suit, he resumed his accustomed plainness of attire, and neglect of his person. He again visited the continent, where he passed another year, and returned to England in 1773. From that period Mr. Day resided chiefly in London, where, amid the select circle to which he confined himself, he often met the elegant Miss Esther Mills, of Derbyshire. Brought up amid the luxuries, and possessing the accomplishments suited to her large fortune, this lady had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. She soon discovered his talents and his merit, and in her eyes the unpolished Stoic possessed irresistible charms. Her regard for him manifested itself in the most unequivocal manner; but repeated disappointment had caused Mr. Day to look with distrust on all female attention, however flattering. It was not till after years of modest, yet tender devotion, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if, for his sake, she could renounce all the pleasures, all the luxuries, all the ostentation, of the world; if, after procuring the ordinary comforts of life, she could resolve to employ the surplus of her fortune in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; if she could bury herself with him in the

country, and shun, through the rest of her life, the infectious taint of society.

Had not the heart of Miss Mills been influenced by the most devoted attachment, she could scarcely have assented to such proposals. They were, however, gladly accepted; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted that her whole fortune should be settled upon her, totally out of his control, that if ever she grew tired of such a system of life, she might return to that to which she had been accustomed, whenever she pleased.

Having, upon these conditions, made Miss Mills his wife, Mr. Day retired with her into the country about the year 1780. Mrs. Day had no carriage, no servant of her own, no luxury of any kind. Music, to which she was strongly attached, was deemed trivial, and she accordingly banished her harpsichord and music books. Mr. Day made frequent experiments on her temper and her affection; and never did the most dependent wife make such absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, as did this lady, who was in secure possession of an affluent independence, and of whom nothing was required as a duty.

It was not long after his marriage that Mr. Day began to compose the History of Sandford and Merton, a work on which it is unnecessary to pass any eulogium here. Its general adoption as a book of education by enlightened

parents, and instructors of youth, sufficiently attests the merits of Mr. Day's labors. He was likewise the author of two noble poems, which appeared previous to Sandford and Merton. These were *The devoted Legions* and *The dying Negro*. The third edition of the latter he dedicated to Rousseau, in language replete with energy and every grace of eloquence.

The useful life of Mr. Day was cut short in its meridian. He fell a victim, in the year 1789, to one of his uncommon systems. He thought so highly of the gratitude and sensibility of horses, that whenever they were vicious or unruly, he conceived it to be owing to previous ill usage.

Having reared a favorite foal, he resolved to accustom him to the bit and the burden himself, without the assistance of a horse-breaker. He accordingly mounted the animal, which, disliking this new kind of treatment, plunged, threw his master, who was not a good horseman, and, with his heels, struck him a blow on the head, which instantly proved fatal.

So deeply was Mrs. Day affected by his loss, that it is said she never afterwards saw the sun; but confined herself to her bed, within the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day: she rose only at night, and wandered alone in her garden, amid the gloom that was congenial to her sorrows. She

survived her adored husband two years, and expired of a broken heart. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no issue.

The reader will not be displeased to find a few further particulars relative to the fortune of Sabrina, subjoined to this account of her patron. We left her at school at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire. There Sabrina remained three years, grew elegant and amiable, and gained the esteem of her instructress. On her leaving school Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds per annum. She resided some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport in Shropshire, securing herself friends by the strict propriety of her conduct and her virtues. In her twenty-sixth year, two years after Mr. Day's marriage, his friend, Mr. Bicknel, offered his hand to Sabrina. She accepted his addresses, rather from motives of prudence than of passion, but became one of the best and most affectionate of wives. On her asking Mr. Day's consent to this match, his reply was, "I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my advice." Faithful to his promise, he gave her on this occasion a portion of five hundred pounds.

The issue of this marriage was two boys, the eldest of whom was five years old when Mr. Bicknel was removed from his family by the hand of death. As he had no patrimonial fortune, and had always lived up to his income,

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

s widow was left without any provision for herself and her infants. In this situation Mr. Day allowed her thirty pounds a year, in aid, as he said, of the efforts he expected her to make for the maintenance of her children. A subscription was made among the gentlemen of the bar, and the sum of 800*l.* was raised for the use of Mrs. Bicknel and her sons. This excellent woman has lived many years with Dr. Burney of Greenwich, as his house-keeper and assistant in the cares of his academy, where she is treated with every mark of esteem and respect that is due to her virtues. Mrs. Day continued the allowance made by her husband to Mrs. Bicknel, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune during the life of the latter.

JOSEPH CAPPUR

No place can afford a fairer field for exertion of talents, or honest industry, than the capital of the British empire. How many instances might be adduced of persons raising themselves by those recommendations from the most abject indigence to prosperity and wealth! Of many of these, however, it is to be regretted that so little is known.

would be amusing," says the Rev. Mr. Granger, "to trace the progress of a lord mayor from the loom or the fish-monger's stall to the chair of the chief magistrate; to be informed with what difficulty he got the first hundred pounds, with how much less he made it a thousand, and with what care he rounded his plumb." Mr. Cappur, though he did not attain to such honors or such opulence, affords, however, an example of the truth of these observations.

He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, to shift for himself, as he used to say, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Cappur soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Cappur commenced business, as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighborhood of Rosemary Lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Cappur, therefore, resolved to retire

from the bustle of life. This best suited his disposition; for, although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns at Kensington, took a chop, and spent the day, and asked for a bed, in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Cappur was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the *growling fellow*, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day.

His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favorite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and, when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he ar-

ranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated.

He called himself the Champion of Government, and his greatest glory was, certainly, his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlor he kept his favorite chair, and he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing ill-natured. Mr. Cappur's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire; when answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want; and if ever I

hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan:—"I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done? I have sworn never to lend; I must therefore give it thee;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the house would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Cappur was elected steward of the parlor fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favorite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlor with his cane: but, as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the company present, he would, with great ingenuity, introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room. From this fly-killing propensity he ac-

quired the name of *Domitian*, among the customers who frequented the house.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health, and it was not until the Tuesday morning before his decease that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house, exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, to which Mr. Cappur then, and at all times, had a great aversion. He asked for a pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavored, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Cappur's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighborhood, and had seals put upon all Mr. Cappur's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of Mr. Cappur's two nephews of the name of Dutton, who were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighborhood of Rosemary Lane.

On searching his apartment after his death, his relations found a will, curiously worded, and made on the back of a sheet of banker's checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of

his property, which was then upwards of 30,000*l.*, he left equally among his poor relations. He died on the 6th of September, 1804.

NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON

THIS celebrated mathematician was born in 1682, and when a twelvemonth old, lost, by the small pox, not only his sight, but his eyes, also, which came away in an abscess. Notwithstanding this, he showed, while a boy, a great propensity to mathematical studies; he could perform the most difficult arithmetical problems, and make long calculations by his memory, and form in his mind new theorems for their more ready solution; he made himself master of the works of Euclid, Archimedes and Diophantes, from hearing them read in their original Greek, and being aided in his studies by a memory of uncommon strength, he would quote the most beautiful passages of the great Latin poets in conversation with the utmost propriety; he was also particularly well versed in the writings of Cicero, and dictated Latin in a familiar and elegant style.

At the age of twenty-five Mr. Saunderson went to the university of Cambridge, not in the character of a scholar, but of a master.

For a young man without sight, without fortune or friends, and untaught, except by himself, to set up for a teacher of philosophy, in a university where it then reigned in the utmost perfection, might at first appear rather preposterous: but no sooner did he open his lecture, than it was crowded with auditors, and the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton, his Optics, and Arithmetica Universalis were illustrated and explained by Mr. Saunderson in such a manner as gained him universal admiration, in a word, the nature of light and colors, the theory of vision, the effects of glasses, the phenomena of the rainbow and other objects of sight, were treated of in lectures by this man, who had been blind in a manner from his birth, with a perspicuity which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed.

The extraordinary merits of Mr. Saunderson soon acquired him great reputation, and secured him the friendship and respect of the greatest mathematicians of his time; the principal of these friends and patrons was the great Sir Isaac Newton, whose candor and generosity were equal to his genius; through his interest Mr. Saunderson was chosen, in 1721, to succeed Mr. Whiston as Lucasian professor of mathematics. In 1728, when king George II. visited Cambridge, he desired to see a person endowed with such remarkable accomplishments; he, accordingly, waited on his majesty,

and was, by his royal mandate, created doctor of laws. He died at Cambridge in 1739.

Dr. Saunderson possessed the sense of feeling in the most acute perfection; he could discover the least difference of rough and smooth on a surface, or the smallest defect of polish, and in a set of Roman medals actually distinguished the genuine from the false, though the latter had been counterfeited so as to deceive the eye of a connoisseur; but the professor, having no eye to trust to, could feel a roughness in the new cast sufficient to detect them by; he could perceive the least alteration in the atmosphere, and knew when a cloud passed over the sun; he could tell when any thing was held near his face, or when he passed by a tree, even if the air was calm.

He had a board perforated with holes at the distance of half an inch from each other; in these, pins were fixed, and, by drawing a piece of twine round their heads, he could delineate all rectilinear figures used in geometry sooner than any other person could with a pen: he had another board with holes made in right lines for pins of different sizes, by the help of which he could calculate and set down the sums, products, or quotients, in numbers, as readily as others could in writing.

He had a refined ear, a vast genius for music, and could distinguish to the fifth part of a note; by this sense he knew any person with whom he had once conversed; he could judge

of the size of any room in which he was introduced; of the distance he was from the wall; and if ever he had walked over any pavements in courts or piazzas which reflected sound, and was afterwards conducted thither again, he could tell exactly whereabouts in the walk he was placed, merely by the note it sounded.

By the strength of his memory he could multiply, divide, and extract the square or cube root, to many places of figures, could go along with any calculator in working algebraical problems, and infinite series, and correct immediately the slips of the pen either in signs or numbers; in the knowledge of mathematics he was equal to any of his contemporaries, and in his address as a teacher he was perhaps superior to them all.

MR. HOWE.

ABOUT the year 1706," says Dr. King, in his Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own times, "I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of 700*l.* or 800*l.* per annum: he married a young lady of a good family in the west of England, whose maiden name was Mallet: she was agreeable in her person

and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time, she neither heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with her some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read her billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and, laughing, "You see, brother," said she, "as old as I am, I have got a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's hand-writing: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away: however, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk: they had not been

there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and, after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn Street, near St. James's Church; he went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an act of parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. This act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for

such an abrupt departure, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings: and upon examining his papers, in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transaction or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants, and the ex-

penses of her house-keeping; and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn Street, to a little house in Brewer Street, near Golden Square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own

wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct; apparently, there was none; but, whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me, that he believed his brother Howe would never have returned to his wife, if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been 1000*l.* or 2000*l.*, had not been all spent; and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would not have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him (I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank bills), and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in *Gil Blas*, what was sufficient for his expenses."

DR. GRAHAM.

ABOUT the year 1782 there appeared in London one of the most extraordinary empirics

of modern times, of the name of Graham. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, wrote in a bombastic style, and possessed a great fluency of elocution. He opened in Pall Mall a mansion which he called "the Temple of Health." The front was ornamented with an enormous gilded sun, a statue of Hygeia, and other attractive emblems; and the suite of rooms, in the interior were superbly furnished, and the walls decorated with mirrors, so as to confer on the place an effect like that from an enchanted palace. Here he delivered lectures on health and procreation at the extravagant price of two guineas per lecture; and the price, together with the novelty of his subjects, drew considerable audiences of the wealthy and dissipated. He entertained a female of beautiful figure, whom he called the goddess of health, and it was her business to deliver a concluding discourse after the "doctor himself" had finished his lecture. As a further means of attraction, he hired two men of extraordinary stature, provided with enormous cocked-hats, and with showy and bulky liveries, whose business it was to distribute bills from house to house through the town. He became, therefore, an object of curiosity. But, as his two-guinea auditors were soon exhausted, he dropped his lectures successively to one guinea, half a guinea, five shillings; and, as he said, "for the benefit of all," to half a crown; and, when he could no longer draw at this price, he ex

hibited the temple itself for one shilling, to daily crowds, for several months. Among his furniture was a celestial bed, as he called it, standing on glass legs, and provided with the richest hangings. He pretended that married pairs, without children, might have heirs by sleeping in this bed, for which he demanded one hundred pounds per night; and, such is the folly of wealth, that persons of high rank were named, who acceded to his terms. He also pretended to have discovered the "elixir of life," by taking of which, a person might live as long as he pleased, and he modestly demanded one thousand pounds for a supply of it, and more than one noble person was reported to have paid this enormous price to be cured of folly. Having worn out his character in these various projects, he then recommended earth-bathing, and undertook to sanction it by his own practice. During one hour every day, he therefore admitted spectators, at first at a guinea, and then descended, as in the former instance, to a shilling, to view him and the goddess of health immersed, naked, in the ground to their chins, the doctor having his hair full dressed and powdered, and the lady's head being dressed also in the best fashion of the times. When no more money was to be drained from the population of London, the doctor visited the great provincial towns, and lectured and exhibited in the same manner wherever he could obtain permission of the

magistrates. In fine, the goddess of health nearly fell a victim to the practice; and the doctor, retiring from public notice, died in poor circumstances a few years afterwards, in spite of his elixir of life, at the early age of fifty-two. His brother married the celebrated Mrs. Macauley, who, in consequence, is generally called Mrs. Macauley Graham; and his sister was married to Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, the respectable author of a very able treatise on insanity. It is generally understood that the lady who performed the singular part of the goddess of health was Emma, afterwards wife of Sir William Hamilton, and a personal favorite of the celebrated Lord Nelson.

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

IN November, 1814, died the celebrated Martin Van Butchell, aged seventy-eight. He was born in London in the year 1736, but of Flemish ancestors. His father wished him to learn the profession of a tapestry maker, but, not being pleased with this employment, he obtained a situation in the family of the Viscountess Talbot, where he remained for some years; and, at his leisure hours, pursued his favorite study of anatomy, to which he also

added medicine and mechanics. He afterwards became a pupil of the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, and acquired a very considerable knowledge of the diseases of the human teeth. Thus qualified, he set up as a dentist, and was very successful in his profession, particularly in furnishing complete sets of teeth, for which he was paid a liberal price.

Van Butchell next turned his attention to the cases of ruptured persons, and made considerable improvements in trusses. But the most important branch of his surgical profession was manifested in his treatment of fistula, which he is said to have learned from a Dutch physician. His practice in these distressing cases was at once extensive, and, beyond example, successful. The patient was compelled to attend the doctor, and no third person was admitted during the operation. His advertisement said, 'Come-from-ten-till-one—for I-go-to-none.' Very large sums of money—from five hundred to one thousand guineas—have been offered to induce him to go to the patient's houses, but these liberal offers had no effect on his resolute determination never to visit any one.

The whimsical dress of Mr. Van Butchell—his little hat—long beard—russet-brown coat—old boots—and white pony—must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. Hyde Park was the favorite theatre of exhibition for this singular and eccentric character.

Every day he might be seen in this place, but particularly on a Sunday, where his Jew-like beard of twenty years' growth, with the uncouth and extraordinary habiliments of himself and his horse, excited universal surprise and attention. He had first a dun horse, but after this was sold, in consequence of some dispute, he purchased a white pony, which he would never suffer to be trimmed, and sometimes painted with dark spots, and sometimes with streaks resembling those of the zebra.

Of his beard he was very proud, and spoke constantly, in his advertisements, recommending the practice to all the young men of the day, as a primitive and manly practice. But this was not the only reason which he gave for continuing the luxuriance of his venerable beard;—he maintained that it was conducive to health and strength—and very agreeable to the ladies.

Notwithstanding the numerous eccentricities of Mr. Van Butchell, it cannot be denied that he was a scientific character, and very different from those numerous quacks, who at once impose upon the credulity and destroy the constitutions of thousands of human beings, who haunt the doors of these ministers of death.

Van Butchell was twice married. His extraordinary affection for his first wife is well known: on her death, he not only despised the common ceremonies of interment, but de-

terminated that she should not *be buried at all*; he determined that she should be embalmed, dressed in her wedding clothes, and placed in a glass case in his common sitting-room—an example of affection which, perhaps, will not soon be followed by any fond husband of the present day.

By the assistance of his friend, Dr. Hunter, the body was embalmed; and this singular piece of parlor furniture did not fail to attract, for some length of time, a number of noble, as well as ignoble, visitants.

In the course of his peregrinations, Van Butchell frequently met with annoyance from the populace. On one occasion of unprovoked insult, he nearly broke the rib of a footman with an umbrella; and, ever afterwards, carried about with him, for protection, the jaw-bone of an ass, suspended from his wrist by a string. In the spring of the year, in Hyde Park, he was taken for the celebrated *Cossack*, and so surrounded by the populace, as to be almost dismounted and trampled upon by them. Some friendly horsemen, however, who knew this singular character, interfered, and explained to the people the nature of their mistake, and that the venerable doctor was a Cossack only in his beard.

LA MAUPIN.

A FRENCH singer, in the seventeenth century, one of the numerous instances in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favor, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed, with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common, unaccomplished desperado, to ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer,—for I hesitate in calling her a female, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man,—married, at an early age, M. Maupin, whom, fortunately for the husband, she quitted a few months after their nuptials, seduced by the superior attractions of a fencing-master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists.

Being invited to make an excursion to *Marseilles*, her performances, at the theatre of that city, were received with unbounded applause; and, strange to tell, she prevailed on a *beautiful young woman*, the only child of a wealthy merchant in that city, to elope with her at midnight from her father's house. The fugitives being pursued, they took refuge in a

convent ; but the rigid discipline and correct manners expected in such societies, did not suit La Maupin ; she was also alarmed by certain repentant scruples which naturally arose in the bosom of her fair associate, who had quitted her parents, and deserted all that was decent and respectable in society, for a female bravo, a masculine virago, whom she now dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved.

Interrupted in her designs and irritated by opposition, this theatric miscreant set fire, in the dead of night, to the building in which they had been so hospitably received, and, in the general confusion and alarm, securing by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they remained in concealment several weeks. But the country being exasperated by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and taken into custody, after a desperate resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The fair, but frail Marseillaise was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence and an incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive. But this abominable syren, whose magic tones enchanted every hearer, while lawless passions agitated her heart, and the poison of asps was within her lips, this com

pound of turpitude, insolence, and ingratitude had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution of her sentence was delayed; and I relate, with regret, that so odious a character escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters, she hurried to Paris, and was received with raptures at the Italian Opera; but, after so narrow an escape, and still basking in the warm sunshine of public favor, La Maupin could not, or would not, conquer the characteristic audacity and ferociousness of her manners.

During the performance of a favorite piece, and in a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, an actor remarkable for mild and inoffensive conduct, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the object of her resentment, and caned him in the face of the audience.

This rude violation of propriety was submitted to without a murmur, and, supported in the strongholds of public patronage, she exercised for many years a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers, and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, she indecorously paraded the room in men's clothes, and, treating a lady of distinction with rudeness, was *called out* at different times by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body; yet such was the public infatuation, or

so polluted the fountain of justice, that this hell-hound, whose existence was a libel on the laws of nature and humanity, again was pardoned !

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals which were accepted, and, for a short time, she insulted the inhabitants of Brussels, as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign.

But the reign of a prostitute, which can be prolonged only by discretion and gentleness, was rapidly shortened by a ferocious virago, who, stripping from infamy the thin veil of exterior decency, soon disgusted her lover.

Although callous to crime, the German prince shrunk from absurdity ; with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, he sent La Maupin a heavy purse of gold, accompanied with a message, that her carriage, with an escort, was at the door, in which she must instantly quit the country : the enraged courtesan threw the money at the messenger's head, kicked him down stairs, and threw herself into the landau.

Returning to France, her chagrin was gradually soothed by the applause of a Parisian circle, and in the decline of life, quitting the stage, she associated with her forsaken husband, who, dazzled by her accumulated wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace.

DR. PAUL HIFFERNAN,

AN author of no celebrity, but kept in countenance by Garrick, who received the surfeitings of praise in lieu, was, however, not only an eccentric character, but evinced the ruling passion more strongly than any other we can quote. Sober or drunk, no one ever knew his residence: he frequented coffee-houses, and had his letters addressed there, but he ever adroitly evaded letting any one know where he lodged. The wits and wags of the day tried every expedient, but in vain. Mr. Dossie, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, used to spend his evenings at Slaughter's Coffee-house, and he had the eccentric, or odd way of insisting upon seeing the last of the company home; and, as Hiffernan was no starter from the bottle, they were frequently the last. The latter, however, had the address to defeat his friend's politeness; for finding that 'apologies,' and 'declining the friendly office,' 'that he lodged a long way off,' &c. were all in vain, he then fairly set out towards the city: Dossie persisted till he had got to St. Paul's church-yard: "Pray, doctor, do you live much farther?"—"Oh yes, sir!" says the doctor, "on that account I told you it would be giving you a great deal of trouble." This revived the other's civility, and on they march-

ed till they reached the Royal Exchange. Here the question was asked again, when the doctor, who found him lagging, and thought he could venture to name *some* place, replied, that "he lived at Bow." This answer decided the contest; Mr. D., confessing he was not able to walk so far, and wishing the doctor a good night, walked back to his lodgings, near Charing Cross, with great composure. And as soon as Mr. Dossie had fairly got the start, Dr. Hiffernan walked home to his own lodgings in one of the little courts in St. Martin's Lane.

Poor Paul was singularly improvident; and, when the hour of sickness came on, was entirely dependent on the generosity of his friends; and as they did not at all times know his precise situation, his poverty would cause him to crawl out. Calling one morning at a friend's house, he was so faint and spiritless, that he was unable to walk up to the drawing-room: he was told, in as delicate a way as possible, "that, as sickness always brought on additional expenses, if he would give his friend his address, he would very readily *lend* him a guinea per week until he recovered!"

The doctor received the promise of the loan with becoming gratitude, but referred him for his address to the usual place, "the Bedford Coffee-house." "My dear doctor," says the other, "this is no time to trifle. I assure you, in the most solemn manner, I do not make this inquiry from any impertinent curiosity, or idle

wish to extort a secret from you under y present circumstances ; my only reason is, the quicker despatch of sending you any th that may be needful." The doctor still pressed his gratitude with a sigh, and ard gripe of the hand, but left the house, referr his friend to—the Bedford Coffee-house.

It was in vain to expostulate further : gentleman sent on the two following Saturd a guinea each day, sealed up in a letter, wh on inquiry, he found the doctor received ; on the third Saturday, no messenger arriv upon inquiry, it was found he was no m having died the preceding night.

ISAAC DARK, ALIAS DUMAS.

ON the 23d of March, 1761, was execut at Oxford, Isaac Dark, *alias* Dumas, for a r bery near Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire. was respectably bred, but, unfortunately; turn out a good fellow, a spirited dog, nobody's emy but his own. He sung his song w told a good story, apt at a sentiment, dr freely, so that, at the clubs of the day—but he. The ladies, of course, occupied attention, and he became so great a favor that he soon took to the road, to consolid

his ascendancy—for he was generous. In 1758, however, he was cast for death, at Chelmsford assizes; but, for his youth, the sentence was commuted for fourteen years' transportation. While he lay in gaol, a scheme was formed by the prisoners to escape, by murdering the keeper; but he divulged the plot, and received a pardon, provided he went to Antigua. There he found soldiering so disagreeable, that, by bribery and address, he escaped, and, arriving in England, began his new campaigns on the Bath road. Having replenished his purse, he entered as a midshipman on board the Royal George; and now and then, upon leave of absence, levied contributions as usual, one of which was upon Lord Percival; for which he was taken up, but acquitted. While confined in Salisbury gaol, he was frequently visited by the ladies, on whom he made such a sensible impression, by his obliging behavior and genteel address, as to become a tea-table chat of that town. Indeed he never failed to captivate the fair sex, wherever he came, on which he valued himself; and he was discovered by means of some letters directed to them. His character seems to have been a medley of levity, composed of virtues and vices: he had a large share of understanding, with a tolerable scholastic education. When in necessity, he was daring beyond credibility; and his courage was frequently restrained, by his high notion of honor,

which he defined,—detesting a mean appearance, and an abhorrence of cruelty. He possessed a soul, which, in every hazardous enterprise, overlooked all dangers and difficulties and which was so firmly attached to his doxies, that his shameful end must be imputed to his extravagance in their support: he was fond of an elegance in dress, and of being thought handsome. The character of Macheath was his delight, and with which he diverted himself while in Oxford gaol. He suffered before he arrived at the age of twenty-one; and behaved with great intrepidity at the gallows, preparing his neck for the rope, putting it on, and then throwing himself off the ladder, without giving the executioner the signal agreed on to turn him off.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THIS gentleman, who died on his return from Venice to England, in the year 1776, was remarkable for the uncommon incidents which attended his life; the close of which life, also, was marked with no less singularity. He had been early married to a woman who aspired to no higher character than that of an industrious washerwoman: as the marriage was ~~a~~

emnized in a frolic, Wortley never deemed her sufficiently the wife of his bosom to cohabit with her; she was allowed a maintenance; she lived contented, and was too submissive to be troublesome on account of the conjugal rites. Mr. Montague, on the other hand, was a perfect patriarch in his manners: he had wives of almost every nation: when he was with Ali Bey, in Egypt, he had his household of Egyptian females, each striving who should be the happy she who could gain the greatest ascendancy over this Anglo-Eastern bashaw. At Constantinople, Grecian women had charms to captivate this unsettled wanderer; in Spain, a Spanish brunette. In Italy, the olive-complexioned females were solicited to partake the honors of the bridal bed. It may be asked, What became of this group of wives? Mr. Montague was continually shifting the place, and, consequently, varying the scene. Did he travel with his wives, as the patriarchs did with their flocks and herds? No such thing. Wortley, considering his wives as bad travelling companions, generally left them behind him. It happened, however, that news reached his ears of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the washerwoman: Wortley had no issue by her, and, without issue male, a very large estate would revert to the second son of Lord Bute. Wortley, owing the family no obligations, was determined, if possible, to defeat their expectations: he resolved to re-

turn to England, and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and he commissioned that friend to advertise for any decent young woman, who might be in a pregnant state. The advertisement was inserted in one of the morning papers. Several ladies answered it: one out of the number was selected, as being the most eligible object. She waited with eagerness for the arrival of her expected bridegroom; but, behold! while he was on his journey, death very impertinently arrested him in his career. Thus ended the days of Edward Wortley Montague, Esq.; a man who had passed through such variegated scenes, that a bare recital of them would savor of the marvellous. From Westminster school, where he was placed for education, he ran away three several times. He exchanged clothes with a chimney-sweeper, and he followed for some time that sooty occupation. He next joined himself to a fisherman, and cried flounders in Rotherhithe. He then sailed, as a cabin-boy, to Spain, where he had no sooner arrived, than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself to a driver of mules. After thus vagabondizing it for some time, he was discovered by the consul, who returned him to his friends in England. They received him with a joy equal to that of the father of the prodigal son, in the gospel. A private tutor was employed, to recover those rudiments of learning, which a life of dissipation, of blackguardism, and of

vulgarity, might have obliterated. Wortley was sent to the West Indies, where he remained some time ; then returned to England, acted according to the dignity of his birth, was chosen a member, and served in two successive parliaments. His expenses exceeding his income, he became involved in debt, quitted his native country, and commenced that wandering traveller he continued to the time of his death. Having visited most of the eastern countries, he contracted a partiality for their manners. He drank little wine ; a great deal of coffee ; wore a long beard ; smoked much ; and, even whilst at Venice, he was habited in the eastern style. He sat cross-legged, in the Turkish fashion, through choice. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, and the Persian languages he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces ; one on "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire ;" another, an exploration of "The Causes of Earthquakes." He had great natural abilities, and a vast share of acquired knowledge. This is the son whom *his mother* called "a miserable compound of levity and villany !"

BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

AN extraordinary character, was the son of a clergyman at Bickly, near Tiverton, Devonshire, and was born in July, 1693. His god-fathers were the Hon. Hugh Bamfylde, Esq. and the Hon. Major Moore, both of whose names he bears. The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children: our hero was, however, intended for the church, and at the age of twelve years sent to Tiverton school, where he became acquainted with gentlemen of the first rank in the counties of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, and Dorset. Falling into the company of some gipsies in the neighborhood, young Carew, at the age of fifteen, grew so fond of his associates, that he resolved to adopt their vagrant manner of life, and, accordingly, abandoned the school and his friends. Having continued about a year and a half with these people, he returned home, to the great joy of his friends, who had given him up for lost. The love of the mendicant life, however, still remained, and it grew upon him to such a degree, that he again forsook his paternal habitation, and betook himself to his old acquaintances, who received him with the utmost joy. His exploits in the course of his life were wonderful: he has imposed upon the same company three or four times a day, under dif-

ferent disguises, and with different tales of distress. He began his career by equipping himself with an old pair of trowsers, and assumed the appearance of an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman; in which character he was very successful. Afterwards he became the honest country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Shippey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. And every scheme which he undertook he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised very considerable contributions. Sometimes he was a distressed clergyman, ruined because he could not take the oaths. With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who knew him best, and were most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Coming one day to Mr. Portman's, at Brinson, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side, he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family; and meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, asked if their honors had any rats to kill? Mr. Portman replied, by asking him if he knew his business; and he, answering in the affirmative, was sent to get his dinner, with a promise that, after he had dined, they would make a trial of his abilities.

Dinner being over, he was called into the parlor among a large company of gentlemen and ladies.—“Well, Mr. Rat-catcher,” said Mr. Portman, “can you destroy my rats without hurting my dogs?” “Yes,” replied Carew; “I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot climb to reach it.” “And what countryman are you?” “A Devonshire man.” “And what’s your name?” Carew, perceiving by some smiles and whispers that he was known, replied by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned some mirth; and Mr. Pleydell, of Milbourn, who was one of the company, expressed some satisfaction at seeing the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. “Indeed, you have seen me before,” replied Carew, “and you gave me a suit of clothes.” Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and requested to know the particulars. Carew asked him if he did not remember his being met by a poor wretch with a stocking round his head instead of a cap, and an old woman’s ragged mantle on his shoulders, without stockings or shoes, who told him that he was a poor, unfortunate man cast away near the Canaries, and taken up, with eight others, by a Frenchman; the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and that, after having asked him some questions, he gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. This Mr. Pleydell acknowledged; and Mr. Carew replied he was

the identical rat-catcher that now stands before you." Carew had a method of enticing away people's dogs, for which he was twice transported from Exeter to North America, but returned before the ships that carried him out. On one of these occasions, he escaped from Virginia through the woods, and swam across the Delaware upon a horse, with only one handkerchief for a bridle. He was a man of strong memory and genteel address, and could assume the manners of the gentleman with as much ease as any other character. On the death of Clause Patch, the king of the mendicants, the fraternity to which Carew belonged, elected him their king, and he remained faithful to them to the last. He died about 1770, aged 77 years.

DR. FALK.

DR. FALK was a very singular character, and by some persons called *Cain Chenul Falk*; "but who," as M. Archenholtz observed, "was better known by the name of Dr. Falkon, who, for many years, was famous for his cabalistical discoveries. He lived in a large house in the city of London; was attended by a small number of domestics,

engaged in no manner of business, and gave away a great deal of money to the poor. When he went out, which was indeed but seldom, he was always clothed in a long robe, which agreed very well with his flowing beard and noble figure. It is most probable, that he was a very great chemist, and that he made some extraordinary discoveries, which he did not choose to communicate. A certain prince, who was very zealous in his search after the philosopher's stone, some years ago, wished to pay him a visit; a Falkon, however, could not be prevailed upon to grant him an interview."

Thus far the account given of this Jew, by M. D'Archenholtz, may be rational; however, since the death of the late unfortunate Mr. Goldsmid, one of his 'enlightened Jewish biographers, after gravely assuring the public, that Mr. Goldsmid's family believe in magical secrets, and the supernatural preparations of the adepts, gives the following anecdote of Dr. Falk, from the report of *living and creditable persons, who do not study to deceive others more than themselves*. "Dr. Falk, being at Mr. Goldsmid's table one day, was invited to call on a gentleman, who resided in the chapter house in St. Paul's church-yard, for some conversation in a friendly way, upon some curious subjects." "But when," says the gentleman, "will you come?" Upon which he pulled out a small piece of wax candle from

his pocket, and giving it to him, said, "Light this up, sir, when you get home, and I shall be with you as soon as it goes out." After watching this light all day and night, he did not find it the least lessened from what it appeared to be, when he first took it. He then removed it to a closet where it might be out of the way, expecting it to go out, and Mr. Falk to arrive that minute. Upwards of *three weeks* elapsed, and the inch of candle was still burning, on the morning of the day, that De Falk called in the evening, in a hackney coach, and surprised the gentleman, who had given over all hopes of seeing him soon, as the candle showed no signs of diminution, but kept burning as brightly as at first. As soon as mutual civilities were over, the gentleman went up stairs to look at his candle in the closet, and, to his utter surprise, found it gone, as well as the stick it stood in. When he returned to Mr. De Falk, he expressed his astonishment, and inquired if the agent that removed it, would return the candlestick. "O yes," replied De Falk, "you have it now in the kitchen below." It was sought after, and found, as related, under the dresser.

Upon the same authority, we are informed, that the same magician used sometimes to pawn his plate at Mr. Bunn's, in Houndsditch; but it sometimes happened, that the articles found their way back from Mr. Bunn's house

to the owner, before the premium and interest were paid. Another time M. De Falk stopped the progress of a raging fire, which threatened the synagogue, only by writing four Hebrew letters on the pillars of a door, when the wind suddenly changed, and the fire immediately subsided! The sensible Jew only smiles at these tales.

MAURICE QUILL

WAS a native of Tralee, the capital of "the kingdom of Kerry," as it is called in Ireland. He was appointed assistant surgeon to the 31st regiment of foot, about the year 1809, and followed that regiment to the Peninsula; subsequent to his landing, he contrived to remain for many months at Baylem, in Portugal; but after much manœuvring, to avoid "joining" at head-quarters, Maurice was "ordered up" peremptorily by the Duke of Wellington. His reputation for wit, originality, and, consequently, for "idling" all who came within the sphere of his influence, was such, that the morning after he had "joined," his colonel (the gallant Duckworth) waited upon Lord Hill (of whose division of the army the 31st formed a part), and, with unaffected sorrow and gravity, re-

ported the arrival of Maurice, and the consequent termination of discipline in the regiment. The general uttered the most dreadful denunciations against "Mr. Maurice," as he called him, should the fears of the colonel be realized—but he became ultimately extremely partial to the humorous surgeon.

Quill was one of the finest specimens of Irish character that has appeared in our day. He possessed, in an extraordinary degree, all the wit, humor, and love of *badinage*, that distinguish his countrymen. To the originality of his conceptions, the oddity of his remarks, and the strangeness of his phrasology, the richness of his brogue gave peculiar poignancy. He loved ease, good living, and society; of the latter he was always certain, if, indeed, he happened not to be in a desert; for so attractive was he, that his quarters were the rendezvous of all the officers who could, by possibility, repair to them, to "beguile the tedium of the winter's night;" unless such as were, unfortunately, from their rank, denied that pleasure, in observance of military etiquette. The rush-light in his tent, or lodging, was a beacon to the exhausted and dispirited soldier. It has been said that he loved *badinage*, and was witty; but his wit was never barbed by the slightest touch of ill-nature or offensive personality. He was brave, but affected cowardice; and gave such whimsical expression to his as-

sumed fears, as provoked laughter in the hottest engagement. Of this, his conduct at the dreadful and bloody battle of Albuera will be a sufficient example.

Quill had unnecessarily followed the regiment "into fire," as it is termed; creeping on his hands and knees, with boyish tricks, he traversed the rear of the line, pulling the officers by their coats, and tendering his brandy bottle, saying, "Here, take a *slug** before you get a *bullet*. Have a *deoch and hurras* (a drink at the door) *before you depart*." A mass of the enemy's cavalry, including a regiment of Polish lancers, prepared to charge the 31st. Colonel Duckworth ordered the regiment to form in square, in the centre of which he discovered Maurice, shaking from head to foot with well-dissembled terror. "This is no place for you, Mr. Maurice," said the lamented Duckworth, a few moments before his fall. — "By J——, I was just thinking so, colonel," replied the *droll*; "I wish to the Holy Father that the greatest rascal in Ireland was kicking me this moment up Dame Street, and that even though every friend I have in the world was looking at him!" Finding it impossible to break the square, the enemy's cavalry retired with great loss, when, ordering the regiment to deploy, "Fall *in*," said the colonel; "Fall *out*," said Maurice, and scampered off; but

* *Slug*, a dram.

hearing that a captain of the regiment was severely wounded, he returned into the fire, and dressed him. He had just finished this operation when a twelve-pound shot struck the ground near Maurice and his patient, and covered them with earth. "By J——, there is more where that came from," said Quill, and again took to his heels.

Of the nature of his replies to the many questions with which he was assailed by his colonel, who was induced to ask them, by the suggestions of those better acquainted with his manner, and to give a striking specimen of Quill's character, I shall add one more instance:—"I am desirous to know, Mr. Maurice," said the colonel, "to what good fortune can we ascribe your appointment to the thirty-first?"—"Why, colonel" (with affected embarrassment), "I left the —— because some of the spoons belonging to the mess were found in my kit, and you know that would not do in one of the crack regiments, colonel. I joined the *thirty-first* because I had a brother in the *thirty-second*, and I wanted to be *near* him."

Of his professional abilities, I know nothing: that they were not held in high estimation would appear from the fact of his not having been promoted during the Peninsular war. That he despaired of advancement, after the war had terminated, was obvious, from his reply to a friend who asked him what he held:—"Why, I have been thirteen :

assistant surgeon, and, with the blessing of God,—that is, if I live and *behave* myself,—I shall be so for thirteen years more.” I am pleased to observe that this prophecy was not verified, and that he had been promoted to the rank of full surgeon before his death. Mr. Quill died young—he must have been under forty years of age. Of poor Maurice, it might be truly said, that he possessed

Spirits o'erflowing—wit that did ne'er offend—
He gained no enemy, and he lost no friend.

The tear of many a veteran will fall when he shall learn that Maurice Quill is no more!—Mr. Quill died in the New Barracks, Cork, on the 15th of August, 1823.

MR. PATTEN.

THE Rev. Mr. Patten, a clergyman, had been chaplain to a man-of-war, and had contracted a kind of roughness from his voyages; he was of an athletic make, and had a considerable share of wit and humor, not restrained by any strict ideas of professional propriety. He was, during many years, curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend,

and used, every Sunday, to travel in a butcher's cart, to do duty at another church. Whitstable, lying close to the sea, is very aguish; so that, had he been dismissed, it would have been very difficult for the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another at the same low rate: this he well knew; and presuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate. He kept a mistress publicly; and had that esteem for punch that, when his sermons were too long, some one showing him a lemon might, at any time, cause him to bring his discourse to an abrupt conclusion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to a public house.

When Dr. Wake was archbishop, some tale-bearer informed his grace, that Mr. Patten had given a marriage certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable. At the next visitation the archbishop sternly asked Mr. P. whether the report was true. To which Patten replied, "I shall answer your grace's question by another.—Are you fool enough to take notice of it, if it be true?"

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy; and, among other articles, found great fault with the scanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there (though not summoned, as his usual boldness at these meetings occasioned an order for him to be left out of

the list, arose from his seat, and, bowing to the archbishop, said, with a loud voice, "thank your grace." After the charge was over, this troublesome subaltern, bustling through the crowd, came up to the metropolitan, who, seeing he could not avoid him, began with the usual question; "You are, I apprehend, curate of Whitstable?" "I am," returned Mr. Patten, "and have received a paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum from your grace's predecessors, for doing the duty of a living which brings in full three hundred." "Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," said the archbishop. "No, but I hope your grace will," replied the curate.

It chanced that a substantial farmer of Whitstable, who had frequently promised his son to take him in as a partner in his farm or to leave it him at his death, died without performing either of his promises. His widow, a second wife, took possession of the premises, without regarding the representations of the son, who, in vain, pleaded his pretensions to the partnership at least. Not long after, the widow came to Patten with a deplorable tale of a ghost which haunted the house, outhouses, &c., dragging chains and rattling fetters. The curate, who, though a believer in spirits, was yet sensible that, in any rate, the affair must turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his gravest air, and told the woman, "that what she asked was no triv-

matter ; that, besides a considerable stock of courage, the enterprise demanded deep learning, as the whole form of exorcism ought to be spoken in Latin. That, indeed, he was fully master of these requisites, but that he could not give himself the trouble of exerting them under one guinea." To this demand the woman consented, after some demur, and the best parlor was fitted up for the curate's reception, according to his directions, with a large fire, two candles, and a bowl of punch. He then took his post, and waited for the apparition, who, unluckily, not knowing the sort of man he had to deal with, and thinking to terrify him, as he had done others, began by his perambulations, as usual, around the premises ; but no sooner did the priest hear the chains, and the groans, than he sallied forth, and, without delay, seized the poor ghost by the collar, belaboring him at the same time severely with an oaken sapling. The young farmer, finding himself by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and owned the whole contrivance, conjuring the exorcist, at the same time, not to expose him, nor to reveal the secret to his mother-in-law, who would be glad of the opportunity to turn him out of the house with some degree of pretence. His entreaties were heard ; and he was dismissed, on a solemn promise not to disturb the house again : on this condition hopes were given

to him of a comfortable settlement with his stepmother.

Early in the morning she ran down, anxious to know what had passed the preceding night, when she was informed by the priest, that he had had a terrible conflict with the deceased, who was one of the most fierce, obstinate spirits he had ever met with; that he had laid him at the expense of much Latin. "Poor, wicked soul," continued he, "I forgive him, although great part of his disquiet is owing to thirty shillings of which he defrauded me; but which he desired, nay commanded, you to pay. On this condition only, and on your allowing his son a share in the farm, he has agreed to trouble your house no more, but to retire to his old quarters, the Red Sea."

To this the woman assented; she paid the money; took her son-in-law into the farming business; and the parson had the comfort of having done a good action, and, at the same time, picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the house of a brother clergyman, who, having shown him a very numerous collection of books, in various languages, Patten asked him whether he understood them all. The answer being affirmative, he rejoined, "Surely, surely, brother, you must have had your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel."

In his illness, being in extreme distress, Archbishop Secker sent him ten guineas by

MR. PATTEN.

the archdeacon. The dying humorist thanked him sincerely, and, in the style of the age of James I., "Tell the primate," said he, "that now I own him to be a man of God, for I have seen his angels."

Once standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all further assistance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honor of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig. "Why not?" exclaimed the astonished host; "have I done any thing to offend you, sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest, "but I find you are a very honest, good-natured fellow, so I will take somebody else in. Had you made the wig, you would never have been paid for it."

He was so much averse to the Athanasian creed that he never would read it. Archbishop Secker, having been informed of his recusancy, sent the archdeacon to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your metropolitan does," replied the archdeacon. "It may be so," rejoined Mr. Patten,

"and he can well afford it. He believes at the rate of SEVEN THOUSAND a-year, and I only at that of THIRTY."

JOHN METCALF.

WE almost invariably find that nature, in withholding from man the benefit of one sense, compensates the deficiency by the superior perfection in which she bestows others. The extraordinary particulars related in the following pages, strikingly exemplify this observation, and show to what a degree the power of habit and a good understanding are capable of overcoming impediments apparently insurmountable. For instance, who would expect to find a man totally blind from his infancy, superintending the building of bridges and the construction of high roads, an occupation for which his defect would seem to have wholly disqualified him! These, however, were undertakings that Metcalf successfully executed, and that, with many singular adventures in which he was engaged, cannot fail to excite no small degree of astonishment and admiration.

John Metcalf was born in 1717, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. At the age of four

years, his parents, who were laboring people, put him to school, where he continued two years, when he was seized with the small pox, which deprived him of his sight in spite of all the means that were employed for its preservation.

About six months after his recovery, he was able to go from his father's house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and in about three years he could find his way, alone, to any part of Knaresborough. About this period he began to associate with boys of his own age, among whom he acted a distinguished part in the juvenile pranks of taking birds' nests, and robbing orchards. As his father kept horses, he learned to ride, and soon became a good horseman, a gallop being his favorite pace. At the age of thirteen he was taught music, in which he made great proficiency, though the cry of a hound or a harrier was more congenial to his taste than the sound of an instrument. He kept hounds of his own, and frequently hunted with Mr. Woodburn of Knaresborough, who kept a pack and was always very desirous of Metcalf's company in the chase.

When about fourteen years old, his activity, and the success with which his enterprises were usually attended, led him to imagine, that he might undertake any thing without danger, and greatly consoled him for the want of sight; but he was taught to regret that defect

by a severe wound he received in consequence of a fall into a gravel-pit, while making his retreat from a plum-tree in which he had been surprised by the owner.

About this period he learned to swim, and soon became so very expert, that his companions did not choose to come near him in the water, it being his custom to seize, plunge them to the bottom, and swim over them by way of diversion. In this year two men being drowned in the deeps of the river Nidd, Metcalf was employed to seek for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

A friend of his named Barker, having carried two packs of yarn to wash at that river, they were swept away by a sudden swelling of the current, and carried through the arches of the bridge, which stands on a rock. A little below there is a piece of still water, supposed to be about twenty-one feet in depth: as soon as the yarn came to this place it sunk. Metcalf promised his friend to recover his yarn, but the latter smiled at the supposed absurdity of the attempt. He, however, procured some long cart-ropes, fixed a hook at one end, and leaving the other to be held by some persons on the high bridge, he descended, and, by degrees, recovered the whole of the yarn.

He continued to practise on the violin, till he was able to play country dances. During the winter season, he performed as a waiter at Knaresborough with three others; he like-

wise attended the assemblies which were held every fortnight, and frequented many other places where there was public dancing.

Notwithstanding this application, he found opportunity for playing his neighbors a number of mischievous tricks, and, for a long time, escaped suspicion. At length, however, his expertness became known, and when any arch trick had been played, it was always the first inquiry where Metcalf was at the time.

Though he was fully engaged he still retained his fondness for hunting, and also began to keep game-cocks. Whenever he went to a cock-pit, it was his custom to place himself on the lowest seat, near some friend who was a good judge, and who, by certain motions, enabled him to bet, hedge, &c.

In 1732, he was invited to Harrowgate, to play at the assembly, as successor to a poor old man, who, borne down by the weight of one hundred years, began to play too slow for country dances. Here he was well received by the visiting nobility and gentry. In this employment he passed his evenings, and the morning he spent in cocking, hunting, and coursing. About this period, also, he bought a horse, and often run him for small plates; and his engagements increasing, he took a partner, who was likewise a good performer.

In summer he often played at bowls, and, singular as it may seem, was frequently the winner; cards, likewise, began to engage his

attention, and he generally won the majority of the games. But these achievements were far from being the limits of his ambition or capacity, for he now began to attend the races at York and other places ; at the race-ground he commonly rode in among the crowd, and was often successful in his bets, in which he was, however, assisted by several gentlemen to whom he was known.

Having once matched one of his horses to run three miles for a considerable wager, and the parties agreeing each to ride his own horse, they set up posts at certain distances on the Forest Moor, describing a circle of one mile, having consequently to go three times round the course. Under the idea that Metcalf would be unable to keep the course, great odds were laid against him. His ingenuity furnished him with an expedient in this dilemma. He procured some bells, and placing a man with one of them at each post, was enabled by the ringing, to judge when to turn. In this contrivance, and the superior speed of his horse, he came in winner, amidst the applause of all present, excepting those who had betted against him.

At different times he bought horses to sell them again, which he often did with a large profit, so accurate was his judgment.

In 1738, Metcalf attained the age of twenty-one: he was extremely robust, and six feet one inch and a half in height. He about th

time acquired considerable celebrity as a pugilist from the following circumstance. A friend of his being insulted in a public house, by a man, who, from his ferocious temper and great strength, was the general dread of the neighborhood, Metcalf bestowed on him such discipline, as soon extorted a cry of mercy.

Returning one day on foot from Harrowgate, he had proceeded about a mile, when he was overtaken by a Knaresborough man on horseback, who proposed, for two shillings worth of punch, to let him ride in turn, dividing the distances equally. Metcalf agreed upon condition that he should have the first ride, to which his townsman assented on these terms: that he should ride a little beyond Poppleton Field, where, on his right hand, he would see a gate, to which he should fasten the horse. Metcalf, however, rode forward to Knaresborough, which was seventeen miles from the place where he left his fellow traveller. The latter was greatly enraged at being obliged to walk so far, but Metcalf pleading in excuse that he never saw the gate, the man found it his interest to join in the laugh.

He was now in the prime of his life, and possessed a peculiar archness of disposition, with an uncommon flow of spirits, and an unparalleled contempt of danger; and though his conduct was long marked by a variety of mischievous tricks, yet he afterwards planned

and brought to perfection several schemes, both of private and public utility.

When Harrowgate season was over, Metcalf always remained a few days, and passed his evenings at one or other of the different inns. At the Royal Oak, now the Granby, he attracted the notice of Miss Benson, the landlady's daughter, whose constant attention and kindness soon inspired him with a reciprocal affection. Knowing, however, that her mother would oppose their union, various successful devices were employed to conceal their mutual partiality and frequent meetings. An event, however, occurred which obliged Metcalf to quit not only the object of his attachment, but likewise that part of the country.

Among Metcalf's acquaintance were two young men, whose sister lived with them as housekeeper. One evening in her usual jocular way, she apprized Metcalf of her intention to pay him a visit in the night, desiring him to leave his door unlocked. Knowing the mirthful propensity of this female, he was inclined to consider this as a joke, but on the other hand, thinking it possible that a real assignation might be intended, and being too gallant to disappoint a lady, he told her he would obey her orders. The lady was punctual to her appointment, and the consequence of her imprudence was evident in a few months. She entreated Metcalf to marry her, but she having made the first advances, he did not feel

his conscience interested, and refused. Her only recourse was to apply to the parish, which finding she had done, he with some difficulty obtained an interview with Miss Benson, proceeded to Whitby, and went on board an alum ship bound to London.

After an absence of seven months, he returned to Knaresborough, where he found the woman who had been the cause of his journey comfortably situated, and not inclined to trouble him. During his absence a Mr. Dickinson had paid his addresses to Miss Benson, and now urged his suit with such ardor, that the banns were published, and the wedding day appointed, to the no small mortification of Metcalf, who thought himself secure of her affection. Though he loved her tenderly, his pride prevented him from manifesting his feelings, or attempting to prevent the match.

On the day preceding that on which the nuptials were to be solemnized, Metcalf, riding past the Royal Oak, was accosted with—"One wants to speak with you." He immediately turned towards the stables of the Oak, and there, to his joy and surprise, he found the object of his love, who had sent her mother's servant to call him. After some explanation, an elopement was resolved upon, which Metcalf, with the assistance of a friend, effected that night, and the next morning they were united. The confusion of his rival, who had

provided an entertainment for two hundred people, may easily be conceived.

Mrs. Benson, being much enraged at her daughter's conduct, refused either to see her or give up her clothes: nor was she reconciled to her till she was delivered of her second child, on which occasion she stood sponsor to it, and presented Metcalf with twenty guineas.

He now purchased a house at Knaresborough, and continued to play at Harrowgate during the season. He likewise set up a four-wheeled chaise, and a one-horse chair, for public accommodation, which were the first of the kind kept there. These vehicles he kept two summers; but the innkeepers beginning to run chaises, he relinquished that scheme, and with it racing and hunting. He then bought horses, and went to the coast for fish, which he took to Leeds and Manchester, and was so indefatigable, that he would frequently walk for two nights and a day, with little or no rest. But the profit of this business being small, and the fatigue excessive, he soon abandoned that likewise.

At the commencement of the rebellion in 1745, he exchanged his situation as violin player at Harrowgate, for the profession of arms. This singular event was brought about in the following manner:

William Thornton, Esq. of Thornville, having resolved to raise a company at his own

four or five stone of meat on his back, and joined his men by six o'clock. He travelled the road much sooner than was expected to the entire satisfaction of the trustees.

After this, he contracted for building at Boroughbridge, which he completed to great credit to his abilities. The art of making roads, and building and repairing bridges in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, he continued with success till the year 1792, when he returned to his native country.

In the summer of 1788, he lost his wife in the forty-first year of her age, and the fortieth of his, leaving four children. She was buried in the church-yard of Stockport, where she then resided.

After unsuccessful speculations in the West Indies, Metcalf returned to Yorkshire, and of other engagements, he bought a method of measuring the stacks with a line. Having learned the height, he could tell what number of square yards were in a stack of any value between one hundred pounds. Some- times a little wood standing, and measuring the girth and height, would give the contents.

In this brief history of the life and character, the reader will not find the following anecdotes,

him, from a particular mode of marking them. He also dealt in horses, directing his choice by feeling the animal; and engaged pretty deeply in the contraband trade, the profits of which were then much more considerable than the risk.

In the year 1751, he commenced a new employ; he set up a stage-wagon between York and Knaresborough, being the first on that road, and drove it himself twice a week in the summer, and once in winter. This business, with the occasional conveyance of army baggage, employed his attention till the period for his first contracting for the making of roads; which suiting him better, he relinquished every other pursuit.

During his leisure hours, he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself; and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, he was able, accurately, to reduce its contents to feet and inches, and could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet.

The first piece of road he made was about three miles of that between Fearnby and Minskip. The materials for the whole were to be procured from one gravel-pit; he therefore provided deal boards, and erected a temporary house at the pit, took a dozen horse to the place, fixed racks and mangers, and hired a house for his men at Minskip. He often walked to Knaresborough in the mor-

ing with four or five stone of meat on his shoulders, and joined his men by six o'clock. He completed the road much sooner than was expected, to the entire satisfaction of the surveyor and trustees.

Soon after this, he contracted for building a bridge, at Boroughbridge, which he completed with great credit to his abilities. The business of making roads, and building and repairing bridges in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, he continued with great success till the year 1792, when he returned to his native country.

In the summer of 1788, he lost his wife in the sixty-first year of her age, and the fortieth of their union, leaving four children. She was interred in the church-yard of Stockport, in Cheshire, where she then resided.

After some unsuccessful speculations in the cotton trade, Metcalf returned to Yorkshire, and, for want of other engagements, he bought hay to sell again, measuring the stacks with his arms, and having learned the height, he could readily tell what number of square yards were contained in a stack of any value between five and one hundred pounds. Sometimes he bought a little wood standing, and if he could get the girth and height, would calculate the solid contents.

In addition to this brief history of the life of this singular character, the reader will not be displeased to find the following anecdotes,

which are of a nature too extraordinary to be omitted:

Metcalf had learned to walk and ride very readily through most of the streets of York; and being once in that city, as he was passing the George, the landlord called to him, and informed him, that a gentleman in the house wanted a guide to Harrowgate, adding, "I know you can do as well as any one." To this proposal Metcalf agreed, upon condition that his situation should be kept secret from the gentleman, who might otherwise be afraid to trust him. The stranger was soon ready, and they set off on horseback, Metcalf taking the lead. When they came to Allerton-Maul-everer, the gentleman inquired whose large house that was on the right, to which Metcalf replied without the least hesitation. A little farther on, the road is crossed by that from Wetherby to Boroughbridge, and runs along by the lofty brick wall of Allerton Park. A road led out of the park opposite to the gate upon the Knaresborough road, which Metcalf was afraid of missing; but perceiving the current of wind that came through the park gate, he readily turned his horse towards the opposite one. Here he found some difficulty in opening the gate, in consequence, as he imagined, of some alteration that had been made in the hanging of it, as he had not been that way for several months. Therefore, backing his horse, he exclaimed, "Confound thee,

JOHN METCALF.

thou always goes to the heel of the gate instead of the head." The gentleman observed, that his horse was rather awkward, but that his own mare was good at coming up to a gate, on which Metcalf cheerfully permitted him to perform that office. Passing through Knaresborough, they entered the forest, which was then unenclosed, nor was there, as yet, any turnpike road upon it. Having proceeded a little way upon the forest, the gentleman observed a light, and asked what it was. Metcalf took it for granted, that his companion had seen what is called a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which frequently appears in a low and swampy spot, near the road; but fearful of betraying himself, did not ask in what direction the light lay. To divert his attention from this object, he asked him if he did not see two lights, one to the right, the other to the left. The stranger replied, that he saw but one on the right "Well then, sir," says Metcalf, "that is Harrowgate." Having arrived at their journey's end, they stopped at the house now called the Granby, where Metcalf, being well acquainted with the place, led both horses into the stable, and then went into the house, where he found his fellow traveller comfortably seated over a tankard of negus, in which he pledged his guide. Metcalf took it of him very readily the first time, but the second time he was rather wide of his mark. He therefore withdrew, leaving the landlord to explain

what his companion was yet ignorant of. The latter hinted to the landlord his suspicions that his guide must have taken a great quantity of spirits since their arrival; upon which the landlord inquired his reason for entertaining such an opinion. "I judge so," replied the traveller, "from the appearance of his eyes."—"Eyes! bless you, sir! do not you know that he is blind?" "What do you mean by that?"—"I mean, sir, that he cannot see."—"Blind! gracious God!"—"Yes, sir, as blind as a stone, by heaven!"—The stranger desired Metcalf to be called, and upon his confirming the landlord's account, "Had I known that," said he, "I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds."—"And I, sir," said Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand."—The services of the evening were rewarded with two guineas, and a plentiful entertainment the next day by the gentleman, who considered this circumstance as the most extraordinary adventure he had ever met with.

Metcalf happened once to be at Scriven, at the house of one Green, an innkeeper, where two persons had a dispute concerning some sheep, which one of them had put into the pen-fold. The owner of the sheep, a townsman of Metcalf's, appeared to be ill-treated by the other party, who wished to take an unfair advantage. Metcalf, perceiving that they were not likely to agree about the damages,

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departed. It being about midnight, he resolved to perform a good turn for his friend before he went home. The pen-fold being walled round, he climbed over, and laying hold of the sheep one after the other, he fairly threw them over the wall. The difficulty of the undertaking increased as the number diminished, as they were not so ready to catch; but not deterred by that circumstance, he completed the business. On the return of day, when the pen-fold was found untenanted, though the door was fast locked, a considerable degree of surprise was excited, and various conjectures were formed relative to the rogues who had liberated the sheep; but Metcalf passed unsuspected, and enjoyed the joke in silence.

Passing once through Halifax, he stopped at an inn called the Broad Stone. The landlord's son, and some others who frequented Harrowgate, having heard of Metcalf's exploits, expressed a wish to play at cards with him. He consented, and a pack was sent for, which he requested permission to examine; but as the landlord was his friend, he could rely upon him to prevent any deception. They began, and Metcalf beat four of them in turn, playing for liquor only. Not satisfied with this, some of the company proposed to play for money, and at shilling whist, Metcalf won fifteen shillings. The losing party then proposed to play double or quit, but he declined playing for more than half a guinea

points. At length, yielding to their importunity, he engaged for guineas, and being favored by fortune, he won ten, and a shilling for liquor each game. The loser, taking up the cards, went out, and soon returned with eight guineas more, which soon followed the other ten.

Among the numerous roads that Metcalf contracted to make, was part of the Manchester road from Black Moor to Standish Foot. As it was not marked out, the surveyor, contrary to expectation, took it over deep marshes, out of which it was the opinion of the trustees, that it would be necessary to dig the earth till they came to a solid bottom. This plan appeared to Metcalf to be extremely tedious and expensive, and liable to other disadvantages. He therefore argued the point privately with the surveyor, and several other gentlemen; but they were all immovable in their former opinion. At their next meeting Metcalf attended, and addressed them in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, I propose to make the road over the marshes after my own plan, and if it does not answer, I will be at the expense of making it over again after yours."—To this proposal they assented. Having engaged to complete nine miles in ten months, he began in six different parts, having nearly four hundred men employed. One of the places was Pule and Standish Common, which was a deep bog, and over which it was

thought impracticable to make any road. Here he cast it fourteen yards wide, and raised it in a circular form. The water, which in many places ran across the road, he carried off by drains; but found the greatest difficulty in conveying stones to the spot, on account of the softness of the ground. Those who passed that way to Huddersfield Market were not sparing of their censure of the undertaking, and even doubted whether it would ever be completed. Having, however, levelled the piece to the end, he ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were placed close together, and another row laid over them, upon which they were well pressed down, and covered with stone and gravel. This piece, being about half a mile in length when completed, was so remarkably fine, that any person might have gone over in winter unshod without being wet; and though other parts of the road soon wanted repairs, this needed none for twelve years.

These particulars, concerning this extraordinary man and useful member of society, are taken from a narrative published by himself, since his return to his native county. He there fixed his residence at Spofforth, near Wetherby, with a daughter and son-in-law, who kept his house, happy in the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, as his advanced

age prevented him from engaging in the more active occupations to which he had been accustomed.

CHARLES MARTIN.

IN the present state of society, the total and voluntary seclusion of an individual from the rest of his fellow-creatures, may justly be considered as a very extraordinary circumstance. A resolution so unnatural can alone be accounted for, by the supposition of a mind highly diseased, and whose propensity to melancholy and misanthropy is strengthened by the injuries, real or imaginary, which a person has to endure on the part of his fellow-men. If further demonstrations of the justice of this opinion were wanting, it would be fully confirmed by the following particulars, concerning the recent discovery of a savage man, in the island of Jamaica.

In the month of January, 1807, Mr. William Weston, of St. Ann's Bay, was informed that a wild white man, residing in the woods of Greenwich Park estate, had interrupted the negroes in the cultivation of their provision-grounds, or when engaged in other employments. On inquiry Mr. Weston found that

the residence of this recluse in the woods had not been a secret, but that some late depredations which he had committed, induced the sufferers to complain. It appeared that he occasionally molested the female slaves, but always ran away from the men.

This intelligence induced Mr. Weston to send out a party with a guide who knew his haunts. The party divided, with a view to surround his hut; and in the deepest recesses of the woods they discovered him sitting on the projecting point of a rock. He attempted to escape by flight, but after a short pursuit was overtaken and secured. He was naked excepting the scanty remains of a doublet; his beard had attained the utmost point of its growth; his feet and hands were callous as leather; his skin was discolored with filth, and altogether he exhibited the most humiliating object that anachoretical debasement can possibly furnish.

When taken he affected to be dumb; but Mr. Weston afterwards obtained from him the following particulars: His name is Charles Martin. He was born at Nice in Piedmont, where his father is a wine merchant. He was himself educated at Caen in Normandy, and some years ago kept a store at Port au Prince, in the island of St. Domingo. He imagined that he had been two or three years in the woods, which he entered at Port Maria, thirty miles distant from the place where he was

discovered. In that interval he had not seen a white man in a human habitation, had enjoyed perfect health.

Being asked why he had abandoned society he shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up hands, as if in the act of adoration. A cor was given to him, but with the caution not to drink much, as excess would kill him, on which he replied : "Death to me is welcome."

He was provided with food and clothing, and all possible methods were employed to dissipate his apprehensions and to gain his confidence. They were, however, ineffectual, for no sooner had Mr. Weston retired for the purpose of recommending him as a fit object for the hospital, than he contrived to escape. He watched for an opportunity of being unserved, when he seized the victuals set before him, and ran off, with amazing celerity, towards the woods. The dogs were alarmed and pursued him ; but as they approached, he threw down pieces of meat to divert their attention and to check their course. When he found his efforts to escape unavailing, he suddenly stopped, and ran to his pursuers. When he was expostulated with, on his want of confidence after the kind treatment he had experienced he shook his head, heaved a deep sigh, and said : "Man is my enemy ; I am afraid."

He was now sent to the hospital, where a room was assigned him ; he was kindly treated, and indulged with an extra allowance

food: but so incorrigibly savage were his habits, that what civilized man considers as comfort, was to him intolerable insipidity. On the night of the 2d of February, he made his escape through a small aperture in the wall of the apartment in which he was confined, leaving not a vestige by which to trace his flight.

A fortnight afterwards, he was found, by accident, in the centre of a cane piece, about half a mile from the hospital, surrounded with cane trash, the refuse of his subsistence: He had divested himself of the encumbrance of dress, and had, for fourteen days, been exposed to the inclemency of the weather, which, in that part of the island, is peculiarly severe at that season of the year. His appearance was squalid and extenuated; and, although perfectly naked, he appeared before numbers of people unabashed, and with an unblushing composure of countenance, which evinced that the sense of shame in him was entirely extinguished. He was re-conducted to his old quarters, and asked in what manner he lived. He answered, that he had never moved more than a few yards from the spot he first occupied; that he ate two canes daily; that he had slept well (although unsheltered, and nightly exposed to "the peltings of the pitiless storm"); and that he felt himself happy, because he was safe. Being asked whether he would abide in the court of the hospital, where he was allowed his liberty, he said he would make no promise.

When he was questioned why he had deserted the comforts of society, to submit to the privations of a savage and solitary life, he eagerly replied, that the very sight of mankind gave him pain.

The intellects of this unhappy being appeared to be sound, though he spoke with great reluctance. He wrote a legible hand, and spoke French, in the Norman dialect, with great fluency. It is not improbable that some imminent peril which may have threatened his life, reduced him to the situation in which he was found, for he seemed to be possessed with a notion that he was reserved for some ignominious death: and neither the kindness nor the encouragement he received, was able to eradicate this impression, which seemed to be indelible. He was a well made man, with blue eyes, and about five feet eight inches in height.

On examining the hut which was his former habitation in the woods, it was found to be fashioned like an Indian wigwam. Around it were growing thirteen Alicada pear plants, and, from the size of the largest, it was inferred that his residence there must have exceeded two years, which corresponded with his own account of the time he had spent in this solitary abode. He had contrived a subterraneous kitchen with great ingenuity, and his habitation was surrounded with springs to catch birds, one of which, when he was discovered,

he had prepared for his breakfast. He had further exercised his talents in the fabrication of various kinds of baskets, and, what appeared particularly remarkable, no iron, not even a knife, was found in his possession.

It is to be hoped that the endeavors of those around him to reconcile this child of sorrow to the enjoyments of social life, ultimately proved successful, and that the remainder of his days compensated for the afflictions which it had been his lot to experience.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

COMMONLY called Doctor, a celebrated writer, was born at Roscommon, in Ireland, in 1729. His father intended him for the church, a department which did not accord with his wishes; he therefore went to Edinburgh to study physic. Having become bound for the debts of a fellow student, he was obliged to save himself from imprisonment by flight. At Sunderland, in the county of Durham, he was arrested for one of these debts; but some gentlemen of the college, who admired his talents, relieved him, by paying the sum demanded. He then passed over to Rotterdam, and remained four years on the continent,

where he encountered many difficulties, and experienced all the vicissitudes to which a penniless wanderer must necessarily be subject: he had an opportunity, however, of enjoying the scenes of nature, and of studying the human passions. In travelling over the continent, he subsisted chiefly by a little skill in music, which made him acceptable to the peasantry. He also frequently met with a kind reception at the religious houses, where his talents and acquisitions were much admired. On his arrival in England, in 1758, he was in the utmost distress, and could not for a long time get any employment in London: he was at last taken into a laboratory, and shortly after met with Dr. Sleigh, one of the gentlemen who discharged the debt for him in Sunderland, who now assisted him till something eligible should present itself. Shortly after, he was engaged as an assistant at an academy at Peckham. When his abilities were more generally known, he was retained as a writer in the Monthly Review, in which situation he was supposed to have given satisfaction to his employer, as he was an occasional assistant in that periodical performance for several years. During this period, the doctor's vanity (of which he had a sufficient share) brought him into a temporary difficulty: he received a letter from Sir Richard ———, extolling his abilities as a writer in the most exalted terms, and lamenting that royal, or right honorable

patronage had not been extended to him ; at the same time, offering his best services to procure a suitable reward. In order to consult on this business, he appointed to meet Goldsmith at Monday's coffee-house, in Maiden Lane, at a certain hour. Enraptured at the golden prospect, the doctor entered the place of rendezvous exactly at the moment fixed on, and, with great pomposity, inquired for Sir Richard ; but, to the great surprise and confusion of the reviewer, Sir Richard came forward in the two-fold character of a bailiff and his follower, and conducted him to a place of safety. The doctor easily became the dupe of any plausible pretext, and, upon many occasions, showed much vanity and folly. He was very fond of cards, and belonged to a card club, which always kept him extremely poor, though he was constantly receiving very large supplies for the productions of his pen. Among his intimate friends, it was customary for him to exclaim, "I know that I can play the game of whist better than any other person belonging to the club, and yet I always lose." When the production of any other author pleased him, the highest encomium he could pass upon it was thus expressed : "In truth it is very excellent ; I should not have been ashamed of having been the author of this myself." In the winter of 1776, he ordered a coach from Covent Garden Piazza to the Devil tavern, at Temple Bar, at which place a weekly club

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

then held by the literati of the day: when doctor was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and, being rather an aboriginal character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling: the doctor required to the club room: the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, he doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived the mistake, and related the circumstance to the club. The company laughed, and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. "I have brought your guinea back," said the coachman; "I know your honor made a mistake: now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, but I have said nothing at all about the matter, because that's not my way, your honor: I thank God if so be I'm poor, I'm honest; it wears well a body may say." "My dear friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I honor and admire your principles; you will please to wait here a few minutes. Upon which the doctor marched

stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments, which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generally complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good, but credulous man, ran with the collection to the descendant of Phæton, poured it into his hat, and after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction, which every man feels after the performance of a good action: he entered the room with triumph; his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter; alas, it was at the doctor's expense! The guinea which the rascal had pretended to return, was a *counterfeit*! When the doctor commenced author, he gained a tolerable subsistence by writing essays for magazines and other periodical publications. He also became a writer in the Public Leger, in which his "Citizen of the World" originally appeared under the title of Chinese Letters. About this time he emerged from very mean lodgings in Green Arbor Court, to Wine Office Court, in Fleet Street; and in 1762, took chambers in the Temple, where he made a more creditable appearance. His reputation continued to increase, and was fully established by the publication of "The Traveller," in the year 1765. In 1768, he

commenced dramatic writer, and might, with a small attention to prudence and economy, have placed himself in a state above dependence. He is said to have acquired in one year no less than 1800*l.*, and the advantages arising from his literary productions were very considerable for many years before his death; but these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented his distinguishing, properly, the objects of his generosity; and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He, therefore, found himself, at times, as much embarrassed in his circumstances, as when his income was in its lowest and most precarious state. One instance of his generosity, or rather his profusion, we shall just mention, as it manifests the goodness of his heart, though it demonstrates his want of discrimination. Passing along Fleet Street, in company with a friend, a female beggar accosted him, soliciting alms: the doctor, without hesitation, gave her a shilling. His friend reproved him for his conduct, alleging, that he knew the woman, and that she would instantly get intoxicated, in consequence of his misapplied bounty. "If it makes her happy in any way," replied the doctor, "my end is answered." Besides the Traveller, above mentioned, Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village;" "The Vicar of Wakefield;" "The Good Natured Man," a comedy; "She Stoops to Conquer," a come-

dy, &c. The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions procured him many friends: but though simple, honest, humane, and generous, he was irritable, passionate, peevish, and sullen: and he has been so much under the influence of spleen, that he has been said to have often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes. He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexation he suffered upon occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, being improperly treated, terminated in his dissolution, on the 4th of April, 1774, in the 45th year of his age. His remains were deposited in the burial ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument has since been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with an elegant epitaph, written by his friend, Dr. Johnson.

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, whose original name was Meggot, was born in 1712, and was the nephew

of Sir Harvy Elwes, whose possessions, at the time of his death, were supposed to be at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. His father was an eminent brewer, in Southwark, which borough his grandfather, Sir George Meggot, represented in parliament. At the decease of the uncle, this large sum of money became the property of the nephew, who, by will, was required to assume the name and arms of Elwes. When he succeeded to his uncle's fortune, he had advanced beyond his fortieth year, and, for fifteen years previous to that period, he was known in the more fashionable circles of the metropolis. He had always a propensity for play, and it was late in life that he grew disgusted at the practice. This arose from his paying always, and not being always paid. At an early period he was sent to Westminster school, where he remained ten or twelve years, and was allowed to be a good classical scholar, though it is confidently said that he never read afterwards. From Westminster school, Mr. Elwes removed to Geneva, where he soon entered into pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding master of the academy there, had then to boast, perhaps, three of the best riders in Europe; Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sidney Meadows. The connections which he formed at Westminster school and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce Mr. Elwes (then Mr. Meggot) into

whatever society he chose. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's and many other fashionable haunts of the day. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, played deeper than himself, and with such various success; he once continued to play two days and a night, without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. The late Duke of Northumberland, who was no starter upon these occasions, was of the party. Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been much richer; but the sums which were owing to him, even by very noble names, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play; the theory which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly performed by the practice, and he never violated this feeling to the latest hour of his life. It is curious to remark that, even at this period of Mr. Elwes's life, he contrived to mingle small attempts at saving with objects of the most unbounded dissipation. After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the age, he would quit the splendid scene, and walk out about four in the morning to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Hayden Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man throw aside his habits of dissipation, and, standing in the cold or rain,

haggle with a carcass butcher for a shilling. When his cattle did not arrive at the expected hour, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has travelled on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole of the night. Mr. Elwes generally travelled on horseback, having first taken care to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great coat pocket, or any scraps of bread he could find; then, mounting one of his hunters, he made the best of his way out of London, into that road where turnpikes were the least numerous. Next, stopping under any hedge, where he saw grass for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his animal. From his seat at Marchant, in Berkshire, he went to reside at the mansion house of his late uncle, at Stoke, in Suffolk. Here he first began to keep foxhounds; and his stable of hunters, at that time, was said to be the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance, in his whole life, of his sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here every thing was conducted with the utmost parsimony. Mr. Elwes had an equal aversion to an inn on the road, and an apothecary's bill; therefore, when he once received a dangerous kick from one of his horses, nothing could prevail on him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through with his leg cut to the bone; and it was not till some days afterwards, when it was feared

amputation would be necessary, that he consented to repair to London, and part with a few guineas for advice. Though he made frequent excursions to Newmarket, he never engaged on the turf. A kindness, however, which he performed there merits notice. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.*, which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favor. Mr. Elwes, unsolicited, made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won the engagement. On the day this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment. After the bet was decided, Mr. Elwes still continued to ride about till the hour of four, at which time his reverence grew so impatient that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," replied Elwes, "so here do as I do;" offering him at the same time, from his great coat pocket, a piece of old crushed pancake, which he had brought from Marcham two months before, but said, "that it was good as new." As Mr. Elwes knew little of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to his memory, and still more to the suggestions

of other people. Hence he supplied every person who had a *want* or *scheme*, with an apparent high interest, whether the projector was knavish or honest. Hence are to be reckoned visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, &c., by which he is supposed, in the course of his life, to have lost about 150,000*l*. Mr. Elwes, from his father, Mr. Meggot, had inherited some property in houses in London: to this property he added greatly by building. Great part of Marybone soon called him her founder. Portland Place, and Portland Square, the riding houses and stables of the Life Guards, and houses too numerous to be mentioned, all rose out of his pocket. He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of parliament, he was chosen for Berkshire, having been proposed by Lord Craven. He did not object to the nomination, as he was to be brought in for nothing. All his expense consisted in dining at the ordinary at Reading, and he got into parliament for about eighteen pence. He now returned to his seat at Marcham, relinquished his hounds, and distributed them among some farmers. He was approaching the sixtieth year of his age when he thus entered upon public life. In three successive parliaments he was chosen for Berkshire, and sat about twelve years in the house. To his honor be it said, that, in every vote he gave, he proved

himself to be an independent country gentleman, wishing neither post nor rank, wanting no emolument, and being perfectly conscientious. When Mr. Elwes quitted parliament, he was, in the familiar phrase, "a fish out of water." He had for some years been a member of a card club, at the Mount coffee-house, and, by a constant attendance on the meeting, he consoled himself for the loss of his seat. The play was moderate, and he enjoyed the *fire and candle* at a general expense. Still, however, he retained some fondness for play, and he imagined that he had a thorough knowledge of the picquet. It was his misfortune to meet with a gentleman who thought the same of himself, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes rose the loser of three thousand pounds, which was paid him by a draft on Messrs. Hoares. This was the last folly of the kind that he was guilty of. At length he retired to his seat at Stoke, where no gleam of his favorite passion, or any ray of amusement, broke through the gloom of penury. His insatiable desire of saving was become uniform and systematic. He still rode about the country on an old brood mare, but he rode her very economically on the turf adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expense of shoes. In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up chips, sticks, or bones, and put them in his pocket to carry to the fire. During the harvest

he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants. When he had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of small fish were taken, not one would he suffer to be thrown in again. Game, in the last state of putrefaction, would he continue to eat. In short, whatever Cervantes or Moliere have pictured, in their most sportive moods, of avarice in the extreme, was realized or surpassed by Elwes, though then supposed to be possessed of about a million. The 18th of November, 1789, closed the life of this extraordinary man, who left, by will (of property and estates not entailed), the sum of 500,000*l.* to his two natural sons, George and John Elwes.

LORD ROKEBY.

MATTHEW ROBINSON, Lord Rokeby, was born about the year 1712, near Hythe, in the county of Kent. He was the eldest son of Sir Septimus Robinson, knight, whose family possessed considerable influence in the court of George II. He was sent, at the usual age to Westminster school, where the children of the wealthy, are, for the most part, educated and prepared for the university. According

the subject of our memoirs was in due time admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he applied to his learning with great diligence, and acquitted himself with ability. A proof of this his progress, may be taken from his election to a fellowship, of which he was very fond, and retained it to the close of his life. The taste which he acquired for literature during his early years never forsook him; his library was large and well chosen, and he could refer to the contents of his several volumes with a wonderful facility. Education is always sure of cherishing those seeds of good sense which lie latent in most minds, and is an excellent means of raising the character to a meritorious celebrity. Even where it is not wanted as a medium of liveliness, it greatly heightens and promotes respectability. After his education was completed, he went to Aix la Chapelle, in Germany, a place celebrated for its baths, and, at that period, much distinguished for the peace made there, by which the European nations were once more brought back to their accustomed serenity. The company generally frequenting this spot, rendered it the resôrt of fashion: and here Lord Rokeby passed much of his time, indulging himself in every species of gayety. His wit and politeness attracted no small attention, and he soon became the theme of general admiration. Upon his return to his native country, the electors of Canterbury

chose him to represent them in parliament. The duties of this public station, he discharged with uncommon integrity. Duly apprized of the importance of his office, he made himself acquainted with the views of his constituents, and deemed himself only the organ through which they were to legislate for their country. Such were his ideas of the province of a member of parliament; and, agreeably to these notions, he acted in his public capacity with zeal and activity. At the ensuing general election he was rechosen with acclamations of applause. The electors knew him to be an honest man; were, therefore, proud of his services; whilst he, on the other hand, considered their approbation as a source of the most refined satisfaction. During the American war he remonstrated with peculiar energy against the measures taken against the colonists by this country. He foresaw the evil consequences which must proceed from coercion. He reprobated taxation without representation, which was the only ground of complaint with the Americans, in the first stages of that unhappy business. They afterwards, indeed, aspired to the proud idea of independence, and their struggles were finally crowned with victory. How long Lord Rokeby continued in parliament we are not able to say, nor can we with certainty assign the reasons of his resignation. He, however, positively refused to be chosen at the next

election, and retired to his seat near Hythe, where he passed his life free from those cares and anxieties which attend public stations. The sensible mind is never at a loss for enjoyment. Nature and art lay their stores at the feet of that man who contemplates them with an appropriate sensibility. Much about this period his father died, when he came into the enjoyment of the paternal estate, which must have administered to his peculiar gratifications. He now, henceforwards, led the life of a country gentleman, and indulged himself in those eccentricities for which he has been so distinguished. It must, however, be mentioned to his praise, that, with all his whims, he entertained his company with a liberal hospitality. His table, on such occasions, was plenteous, and the conversation was generally conducted with freedom and hilarity. His connections being large and respectable, and a curiosity being excited about his person and manners, these two circumstances were the occasion of his mansion being oftener frequented. Guests were seldom long absent, and always handsomely entertained. His seat, named Mount Morris, is pleasantly situated near Romney Marsh, in the vicinity of Hythe, where he was known and beloved. For his eccentricities, individuals who knew him well, would make due allowance; but in strangers who saw him for the first time, and were unacquainted with his history, the odd

appearance of his person, and the singularity of his manners, must excite curious sensations. But the interior constitutes the man, and is, therefore, that part of the human character, which deserves principal attention. It was not till the year 1794, that the subject of our memoir acquired the title of Lord Rokeby, by the death of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland. Thus he became a peer of the realm. This accession of honor produced no pernicious effect on his mind. Far from being elated on this account, he continued the same plain, honest man; a character on which he greatly prided himself. He knew that talents and virtue were the only just grounds of estimation. All beside were mere externals, and only served to set off what was often insignificant in itself, or to raise the idle gaze of the multitude. The trappings of grandeur, were, in his opinion, calculated to gratify the herd of mankind. This venerable nobleman died at his seat in Kent, in December 1800, in the 88th year of his age. No particulars relative to his illness and dissolution, worthy of being detailed, have transpired. His person, his manners, and the mode after which he conducted his paternal estate,—these are subjects of a legitimate curiosity. We shall touch on each of these topics, because, in them all, he indulged no small degree of eccentricity. 1. With respect to the person of his lordship, he was

distinguished by a long beard, which reached down almost to the middle of his body, as represented in the capital likeness, which accompanies this article. This venerable appendage made him look like an inhabitant of the antediluvian world. We cannot ascertain the period when he first suffered it to grow, but its length proclaimed it of no recent date: for many years, indeed, had he been remarkable for this decoration, which rendered him an object of general curiosity. Beards were once marks of respectability, particularly among the ancients, who were no mean judges of beauty. In this article, however, the case is now reversed, and it is, at least, considered as an indubitable token of eccentricity. Why his lordship adopted it, we know not: reasons for such a conduct are not easily found: it bids defiance even to conjecture, and baffles our sagacity. 2. His manners and habits of life approached to a primitive simplicity: though perfectly polite, he, in most things, studied dissimilarity. He spoke and acted after a mode peculiarly his own, at the same time treating those around him with frankness and liberality. His diet was chiefly on beef tea; wine and spirituous liquors he held in abhorrence. Indeed, with respect to exotics of every description, he discouraged their consumption, from an idea that our own island was, by means of its productions, competent to the support of its inhabitants.

Beef, over which boiled water had been poured, and eaten off a wooden platter, was a favorite dish, by which his appetite was frequently gratified. Tea and coffee he would not touch, or sugar, for which he substituted honey; for to sweet things he cherished a strong attachment. Of course, many stories were told of his diet, not true; but with regard to the particulars already specified, the reader may rely on their authenticity. Nor should we here forget to mention, that he was extremely fond of bathing, even from an early period of life, and continued the practice almost to his dying day. The frequency of his ablutions is astonishing, and he used to remain in the water a considerable length of time. His constitution had been accustomed to it, and perhaps, at least, his health required such reiterated purifications. Physicians, indeed, recommend bathing to persons of almost every description; it invigorates the nervous system, whets the appetite, and creates a vigor throughout the whole animal economy. To this circumstance, it is more than probable, Lord Rokeby ascribed his great longevity. This part of the subject will receive an illustration from the following account of his lordship, which appeared in print, some time ago. A gentleman, making the tour of Kent, thus speaks of his visit to Mount Morris: "On my approach to the house, I stopped, during some time, to examine it. It is a good plain gen-

tleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the proper inquiries, I was carried by a servant ~~to~~ a little grove to the right of the avenue, which being entered at a small swing gate, a building, with a glass covering, dipping obliquely to the south-west, presented itself, which, at first sight, appeared to be a green-house. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and, on looking in, I perceived a bath immediately under the glass, with a current of water supplied from a pond behind. On approaching a door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, and apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, until soothed into security by the well-known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and, gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face, at the further end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same color. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair on his chin, which could not be concealed, even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke, when, rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made

directly for the house." This characteristic anecdote accords exactly with other accounts that have been communicated respecting this extraordinary nobleman, who took a pride in deviating from the usual practices of mankind.

3. The manner after which he conducted his paternal estate, forms another singular trait in the character of his lordship. We say conducted, because we cannot use the term cultivated, in the present connection, with propriety. It was his mode to suffer every thing on his lands to run out in all directions. The woods and parks, with which his mansion was encircled, were left to vegetate with a wild luxuriance. Nature was not in any respect checked by art; she sported herself in ten thousand charms, and exhibited the countless forms of variety. The animals, also, of every class, were left in the same state of perfect freedom, and were seen bounding through his pastures with uncommon spirit and energy. In some respects, this general license which he gave to the animate and inanimate objects around him, may challenge admiration. Nature, in such a case, must undoubtedly be more unrestrained in her operations, and would, of course, stunted by no foreign causes, expand with a greater grandeur and sublimity. But, nevertheless, it must be confessed that this idea was carried by his lordship to an excess. The God of nature has left much to be performed by the care and industry

LORD ROKEBY.

n. We are expected to reduce many to juster proportions; and we are to this lower world, by *improvements*, vident, in a still higher degree, both to easure and utility. Such, then, is our t of Lord Rokeby; we have endeavor- hfully to copy the original, and happy ve deem ourselves, should it be found e have sketched the features with fidel- His was no common character. Peculiar talents, in his habits of life, and in his d views of mankind, we must expect tory to have been marked by a singular of actions. Such was really the case, w individuals had a more indisputable to originality. With all these eccen- s, however, he possessed virtues by his defects were abundantly over- ed. We shall close this narrative by ing one trait of excellence for which ole life was distinguished, his ardent abated love of freedom! Inimical to es which, in his opinion, encroached liberties of mankind, he ceased not to his voice against every species of op- n. Independent in his own views and rs, he spoke his mind freely on all ns, which drew, even from his enemies, sions of admiration. Intent on the dif- of happiness, he uniformly studied h in his own peculiar manner) the and prosperity of his country.

(——) RUSSELL,

Was always known under the guise of habit of a woman, and answered to the name of Elizabeth, as registered in Streatham parish November 21, 1661, but, at death, proved to be a man. He was buried April 14th, 1772. In speaking of this extraordinary person it will be necessary, in order to avoid confusion among the personal pronouns, to make constant use of the masculine gender, however oddly they may sometimes be combined. The various adventures of his life, had they been collected by a contemporary, would have formed a volume as entertaining as those of the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew, whom he accompanied in many of his rambles. Upon examining the parish register, it appears that John Russell had three daughters and two sons; William, born in 1668, and Thomas in 1677. There is little doubt, therefore, that the person here recorded is one of the two; and that when he assumed the female dress, he assumed also the name of his sister Elizabeth, who probably, either died in her infancy, or settled in some remote part of the country; under that name, in the year 1770, he applied for a certificate of his baptism. He attached himself at an early period of his life, to the gipsies, and, being of a rambling disposition, visited

many parts of the continent as a stroller or vagabond. When advanced in years he settled at Chipstead in Kent, where he kept a large shop. Sometimes he travelled the country with goods, in the character of a *married woman*, having changed his *maiden* name for that of his husband, who carried the pack; and, to his death, was reputed a *widow*, being known by the familiar name of "Bet Page!" In the course of his travels he attached himself to itinerant physicians, learned their nostrums, and practised their art. His long experience gained him the character of an infallible doctress; to which profession he added that of an astrologer, and practised both with great advantage; yet such was his extravagance, that, when he died, he possessed no more than six shillings. It was a common custom with him to spend whatever he had in his pocket at an alehouse, where he usually treated his companions. About twelve months before his death, he came to reside at his native place: his extraordinary age procured him the notice of many of the most respectable families in the neighborhood, particularly that of Mr. Thrale, in whose kitchen he was frequently entertained. Dr. Johnson, who found him shrewd and sensible, with a good memory, was very fond of conversing with him. His faculties, indeed, were so little impaired with age, that a few days before he died he planned another ramble, in which his landlord's son

was to have accompanied him. His death was very sudden. The surprise of the neighbors may well be imagined, upon finding that the person who, as long as the memory of any one living could reach, had been always reputed a woman, was discovered to be a man; and the wonder was the greater as he had lived much among women, and had frequently been his landlady's bedfellow, when an unexpected lodger came to the house. Among other precautions, to prevent the discovery of his sex, he constantly wore a cloth tied under his chin; and, his neighbors not having the penetration of Sir Hugh Evans, who spied Falstaff's beard through his muffler, the motive was unsuspected. It may be observed that, supposing him to be the younger son of John Russell, he would have been 100 years of age; if the elder, his age would have been 104. He frequently averred he was 108. He had a mixture of the habits and employments of both sexes; for, though he could drink copiously with men, whose company he chiefly affected, yet he was an excellent semstress, and celebrated for making a good shirt. There was, however, a wildness and eccentricity in his general conduct, which seemed to border on insanity.

REV. MATHER BYLES,

Who was descended from a respectable family, was born in Boston on the fifteenth day of March, 1706, O. S. His father was a native of England, and died within a year after the birth of his son. By his mother's side he descended from the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, and the Rev. John Cotton of Boston. The Rev. Dr. Increase Mather was his maternal grandfather.

In early life Mr. Byles discovered a taste for literature, and, after passing reputably through the common schools, was admitted into Harvard University, and, in the year 1725, received the bachelor's degree at that seminary.

After leaving college, Mr. Byles selected the profession of divinity for the employment of his life, and divided his time between the studies of theology and literature. In the month of December, in the year 1732, he was ordained to the pastoral care of a new church in Hollis Street, in Boston.

About this time Mr. Byles, besides his professional eminence, was distinguished by the publication of several pieces in prose and verse, many of which were reprinted in England, and some of the poems were afterwards collected and published in a volume, in his native city. He also wrote a number of essays, which were

printer in the New England Weekly Journal. His signature was one of the letters composing the word CELOIZA.

Mr. Byles was favored by the muses, and his poetical talents have often amused and delighted his friends. Ease, harmony, and wit were the characteristics of his verse. He, however, esteemed his poetical talents only as instruments of innocent amusement, and never permitted them to withdraw his attention from more serious and profitable objects. He never attempted any great production in verse, but sounded his lyre only as inclination prompted, or occasion seemed to require.

The fame of Mr. Byles's professional and literary character extended to Europe: and, in the year 1765, the King's College at Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity.

The abundance of his wit in common conversation, and the smartness of his repartees, some of which are almost daily repeated in social circles, had contributed to the spreading of his fame; and were it proper in this place, many instances might be produced of the fertility and quickness of his fancy, and the severity and justice of his satire. Wit is a dangerous instrument; its exercise is peculiarly agreeable; but its pleasures are short and fleeting, while its wounds are seldom forgiven, and are never forgotten. It usually makes many enemies where it delights one friend; and

it has been said that Dr. Byles was too sensible of its pleasures, and did not always sufficiently regard its consequences. But to this it may be replied, that many things have been attributed to him that were not his productions, and perhaps his reputation has suffered more for what he did not say, than for any thing said by him.

The literary merit of Dr. Byles introduced him to the acquaintance of many men of genius in England, and the celebrated names of Pope, Landsdowne and Watts, among others, are found among his correspondents. From the former he received a copy of an elegant edition of the *Odyssey* in quarto. Dr. Watts also sent him copies of his works as he published them ; and the family have in their possession a letter *purporting* to be from Lord Landsdowne, a copy of which we will insert, leaving the reader to judge of its merits and of the courtly politeness and complimentary talents of that English nobleman.

“LONDON, July 1, 1731.

“To the Reverend Mr. Mather Byles.

“REVEREND SIR :—Your letter, dated from Boston, New England, December 15, 1730, is but this moment come to my hands ; so singular a favor deserves my earliest acknowledgments.

“As much a stranger as it is my misfortune to

be to your person I am no longer so to
genius; the spec you have sent me
your poetry is sufficient to make me judge
your merit.

"I have been in pain for some time to
what was become of the muses; they
disappeared a great while from this part of
Old World; your poems inform me of
retreat into the New, and I consider with pl
ure that their residence, however remote, is
within the British dominions.

I am, with great truth,

Reverend Sir,

Your most affectionate,

Humble servant,

LANDSDOWNE

Dr. Byles was twice married. His first
was Mrs. Anna Gale, niece of the late Gov
or Belcher. By this lady he had six child
only one of whom survived him, and he is
rector of Trinity Church, St. John's, New Br
wick. The second wife of Dr. Byles was
Rebecca Taylor, daughter of the late Lieu
ant-Governor Taylor, by whom he had th
children. The eldest died in infancy;
daughters are still living.

Dr. Byles continued to live happily with
parish in the honorable and useful disch
of his parochial duties, until the Revolu
began to create distrust and animosity
tween the different parties that existed in

country prior to the war. Many good men, who, like Dr. Byles, fell under the imputation of being *Tories*, suffered more severely at first, than he did ; but the jealousy and violence of the times separated him from his parish, to which he was never afterwards re-united. Dr. B. was accused of attachment to Great Britain. The substance of the charges exhibited against him was, that he continued in Boston with his family during the siege ; that he prayed for the king and the safety of the town ; and received the visits of the British officers.

In May, 1777, he was denounced in town-meeting, as a person inimical to America ; after which he was obliged to enter into bonds for his appearance, at a public trial before a special court, on the second of June following, and of the charges exhibited against him, which were similar to those for which his parish dismissed him, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced into confinement on board a guard-ship, and in forty days to be sent, with his family, to England. When brought before the Board of War, by whom he was treated respectfully, his sentence seems to have been altered, and it was directed that he should be confined to his own house, and a guard placed over him there, which was, accordingly, done a few weeks, when the guard was removed. A short time afterwards a guard was again placed over him, and again dismissed. Upon this occasion the doctor observed, with his usual

cheerfulness, that he was *guarded, reguarded,* and *disreguarded*. Some time before this, upon being asked why he did not preach *politics*, He replied, "I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have intrenched myself, neither of which can be forced: In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week—pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance; give me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring to you, and I will preach it on the next sabbath."

Dr. Byles formed no new connection with any parish after the revolution, nor during the war. In the year 1783 he was seized with a paralytic disorder, and, on the fifth day of July, 1788, he died, in the eighty-second year of his age.

In person Dr. B. was tall and well proportioned, had a commanding presence, and was a graceful speaker. His voice was strong, clear, harmonious, and modulated with facility to the subject of his discourse.

In conversation and repartee he excelled. Some of his friends have applied to him a passage from his own poems.

Thy conversation!—here the muse could stay,
And in sweet pleasures smile the hours away.

If in grave words you sacred thoughts bestow,
A deep attention sits on every brow;
If through the sciences your fancy strays,
With joy we follow through the flowery maze;
Or if you mirth and humorous airs assume,
An universal laughter shakes the room;
Each comes with pleasure; while he stays admires;
Goes with regret, nor unimproved retires.

DR. HOWARD,

OF pleasant memory, was chaplain to the last princess dowager of Wales, and rector of Saint George, Southwark. Delighting much in the good things of this world, he so far indulged his hunger and thirst after delicacies, that he found himself much in arrear to many of his trading parishioners. Fortunately for him, he lived in the rules of the King's Bench, which shielded him from the rude intrusion of clamorous creditors. The doctor, however, was a man of humor, and frequently hit upon expedients to keep them in good temper. He once preached a sermon to them from the following text:—"Have patience and I will pay you all." He expatiated at great length on the virtues and advantage of *patience*. "And now, my brethren," said he, "I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'And I will pay

you all ;' but *that I shall defer to further opportunity.*" One other anecdote of him may tend to elucidate his character. Passing by a peruke maker's shop in Leicester fields, he saw a canonical wig in the window, which took his fancy ; and, entering the shop, he gave orders for one in the same pompous style, and of the same color. In order to obtain credit, he informed the master that he was rector of St George's, Southwark, chaplain to the princess dowager of Wales. Happy in the acquisition of such a customer, the hairdresser finished the peruke with the utmost despatch ; but before he sent it home he had heard some whispers about the reverend doctor which did not perfectly please him, and therefore ordered his journeyman, whom he sent with the wig, not to deliver it without the money. "I have brought your wig, sir," said the journeyman to his reverence. "Very well," said the doctor, "put it down." "I can't, sir, without the cole." "Let me try it, however, to see if it will fit me." This he thought so reasonable a request, that he consented to it. The consequence was, that the doctor ordered him instantly out of the room without the peruke, protesting that if he touched it after he had sold and delivered it, he would prosecute him for a robbery ; regular transfer had been made, and it was now his property. The doctor, when collecting a brief with the parish officers, of St George, called, among the rest of the inhab

ants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he inquired if he was not some trifle in his debt: on referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favor of the tradesman. The doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulled out some half-pence, a little silver, and a guinea; the grocer, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God, sir, you have got a *stranger* there." "Indeed I have, Mr. Brown," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*"

GEORGE HARVEST,

MINISTER of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time. He was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony, very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies, although he had received a very classical education in the university of Oxford. His fondness for dramatic compositions led him early to try his abilities upon the boards of the different provincial theatres; but his vivacity always getting the better of his judgment, and some mal-entendre

impromptu inadvertently popping out, he was constantly upon the minus side of his engagement. Being possessed of a considerable paternal estate, and having a firm friend in Dr. Compton, bishop of London, for whose daughter Mr. Harvest had a partiality and a regard, he, at the age of twenty-four years, bade adieu to the Tlespian mania, but not without leaving plenty of incidental anecdotes in the memory of his friends, who have, however, generously sacrificed them to oblivion; whilst the spirit of detraction has preserved his fame as an eccentric divine of no common abilities, but of extraordinary and singular conduct. He had at this time an estate of 300*l.* per annum; and had got so far into the good graces of the bishop's daughter, that the wedding day was fixed; but, unluckily, on that day he forgot himself; for being gudgeon fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour; and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match.—He soon after this commenced housekeeper, and saw variety of company. Among others who visited him, was Mr. Arthur Onslow, speaker of the House of Commons, who lived at Ember Court, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This gentleman was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company, insomuch that he procured him the living of Thames Ditton, which he held during life. Lord Onslow, the speaker's son, was also so fond of his company, that he took him to Ember Court, where he lived more

than he did at his own house. He suffered much from the abuse and dishonesty of his servants in his absence, who ran him so far in debt, that his circumstances became much embarrassed and confused. It is a fact, related by those who knew the case, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends, and her fellow, and other servants in the neighborhood, and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was made in the street, or was the effect of wind. His memory, if judged of according to his actions, seems to have been a perfect sieve, for any thing would fall through it; and he has even been tried and found to have forgotten his own name. His ideas were so confused, sometimes, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and address it to a third, who could not devise whom it came from, because he had forgot to subscribe his name to the bottom of it. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, Mr. Harvest made him a low bow, told him he was his most obedient humble servant, and walked on. His reveries and distractions were so frequent, that not a day passed but he committed some egregious mistake. A friend and he walking together in the Temple gardens, one evening, previous to the meeting of the club in Ivy Lane, to which they were going, called the Beef-Steak Club, to which Smollett, Johnson, and others belonged, Mr. Harvest picked up a small

pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what it was by the clock in the evening, to which, pulling out his watch, he answered that they had seven minutes good. They took a turn or two more, when, to his friend's astonishment, he canted his watch away into the Thames, and, with great sedateness in his look, put up the pebble, he had before found, in his fob. His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least, from out of his hands; it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned to fall: sometimes it was taken off by the boys, when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it, nor how he lost it. Being desired to officiate one Sunday morning at St. Mary's, in Oxford, an acquaintance, a wag, wrote the following burlesque upon the bans of matrimony, and which, being duly put forward, was read by him as follows:—

I publish the marriage bans between
Jack Cheshire and the Widow Glo'ster,
Both of a parish that is seen
'Twixt Oxford here and Paternoster;

Who, to keep out the wind and weather,
Hereafter mean to pig together.
So if you mean to put in caveat,
Now is the time to let us have it.

Mr. Harvest constantly thought of something, than what he ought immediately to have considered: not only the office of his sacred station, but every other circumstance was seduced to yield to his inadvertent way of acting.

distraction seemed to proceed from a vain vivacity and changeableness of temper, which, while it raised up an infinite number of ideas in the mind, continually pushed it on without allowing it to rest on any particular object. Nothing, therefore, is more incongruous than the conceptions and thoughts of such a man; for he was never influenced either by the company he was in, or any of those objects which were placed before him; and while you might fancy him attending to your discourse, he was often, in thought, bobbing for eels, or playing the character of Chamont, the young lover, in Otway's Orphan; and it was far from being impossible, but he was building a castle in the air. Yet, amidst all these varieties, Mr. Harvest was a man of good sense,

was every day doing and saying some things, which, though *mal a propos*, and undecided, denoted his mind to be cast in no common mould. His want of attention to the present occasion, led him often into disagreements as well as ridiculous mistakes. Once,

when at a gentleman's house in the city, taking his leave, with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits, he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret: the maids, who by chance were ironing there, wondered what the plague kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them, taking a light to see what it was, found the Rev. Mr. Harvest, who, in the utmost confusion, told her, he fancied he had made some mistake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the street door. Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm, to see what could have assembled the people there. Wherever he slept he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil: he would wash his mouth and hands in the chamber-pot, make water in the basin or bottle, wipe himself with the sheets, and, not unfrequently, go into bed between the sheets with his boots on. In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him, so that he very often took a half a dozen glasses running: that he alone was drunk, and the rest of the company sober, is not, therefore, to be wondered at. It is observed of the passion of love, that it acts like an inundation, turning every thing that stands in its way topsy turvy, misleading the judgment, blinding the understanding, punishing the wise man, and tickling the fool; but this powerful incentive to action

o effect upon Mr. Harvest. After his affair with the bishop's daughter, one think he would have taken better care second time, and have been in the way the parson was waiting, and the bride killing: but no! Mr. Harvest was the absent man still, and he made himself as anxious this time as the first, and lost another girl with a good fortune. In short, the destined happy day arrived, on which he was to become a husband, and the coach was at his door to bring him to breakfast with his intended, and her father; Presto! and begone! the gentleman was not to be found: he had taken himself off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him; and it was not till dusk before he recollected any thing of his affair, when he took to his heels, from the room he was in, and ran like a madman all the way back, and such a dirty figure he was when he arrived, that he was scarce to be seen; the truth was, that, being invited by the kindness of the weather, he had strayed as far as Richmond, where he had been hooked in company to dine, and, upon the return of the coach to Thames Ditton, he accidentally forgot himself of this momentous business: getting up the coach, he made all the haste he could, through thick and thin, to the place of his destination, to apologize, if possible, for his notorious piece of neglect; but this lady, like

the first, thought herself so ill used, that she would never see him afterwards ; yet Mr. Harvest used often to mention that day as the pleasantest of his whole life. His figure was one of the most uncouth imaginable : he seldom had a clean shirt on ; and, when he happened to have one, he either wanted shaving, or had dirty boots on, or, perhaps, two odd stockings instead of mates ; and if any one remarked to him the great impropriety of his slovenliness, he would reply, that, " Indeed he was not very exact." An equestrian expedition of his, to see the above-mentioned lady, during the period of their courtship, must not be omitted here.—Thinking it necessary to go on horse-back, as it was winter, and the roads very dirty, he thought he might save the time of shifting himself, by doing it on the road upon his Rosinante ; so providing himself with a clean cravat and shirt in his pocket, he proceeded on, until he came to the lane at the bottom of which the lady lived, when, stripping himself, and laying the things before him on the saddle, just as he was attempting to put his shirt on, his horse took fright, and ran with him quite to the door of the lady's house, where was to be found the Rev. Mr. Harvest without a shirt or hat ; for all the things were, like Johnny Gilpin's wig and hat, on the road, and lay to be bleached in the mud, till the doctor and a servant came and collected them together. He mostly travelled on foot,

ardless of all weathers. His shoes and
rings were generally in a beastly pickle,
e never cleaned them, nor would he suffer
to be cleaned. The Surrey and Kent
s, forty years ago, were not so good as
are now ; some of them were confounded
then, and if they had been a fathom or
s, it would have been just the same to Par-
Harvest, for he never picked his steps, but
ed through the middle of every thing, and
like to have been run over once or twice.
ave robbed him of money to any amount
d have been totally impossible, for he very
om carried any about him, save a few half-
e, to buy some shrimps or gingerbread ; a
yworth of which he would put into his
coat pocket, and forget they were there,
ng tobacco and gunpowder, worms, gentles
ishing, and other articles. This rubbish
ften carried about him till it smelled so as
ender his presence almost insufferable.

late lady dowager of Pembroke once
ed out such a heterogeneous conglomer-
of stuff as filled the parlor dust shovel

We have already observed his intimacy
the Onslow family, who lived at Ember
t, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This
ly was so fond of Mr. Harvest's company,
he had a bed there, and resided with them
ong as he liked together. One day, Lady
ow, being desirous of knowing the most
rkable planets and constellations, request-

ed Mr. Harvest, on a fine evening, to point them out to her, which he undertook to do ; but, in the midst of his lecture, having occasion to make water, thought that need not interrupt it, and, accordingly, directing that operation with one hand, went on in his explanations with the other, pointing out the various constellations in the heavens. "That stream of light," said he, "madam, is the milky way: this planet is a capital one, and is attended by its guards or satellites;" meaning the planet Jupiter; the bilge water running all the while before him. His idea of propriety in discourse before the fair sex, may be taken from the following anecdote:—One day, when Lady Onslow had a great deal of company, Mr. Harvest got up and said, "Ladies, I am going to the Boguoy;" meaning a certain place. Being jested and reproved for this indelicate piece of behavior, in order to mend it, the next day he got up, and desired the company to take notice, he was not then going to that place he called the Boguoy. The family had a private mode of warning him when he was going wrong, or into any impropriety; this was by crying Col. Col., which meant fellow of a college; those inaccuracies in his behavior having been, by Lady Onslow, called behaving like a mere scholar, or fellow of a college. Mr. Harvest making one in a company with Mr. Onslow, in a punt on the Thames, began to read a favorite passage in a Greek author, with such

ge theatric gestures, that his wig soon fell
he water, when, such was his impatience
it, that he jumped in to fetch it out, and
whence he was with difficulty fished out
elf. Upon returning into the boat, he only
ved, that his Greek had never had such a
ng before. His advance in years did not
him in the least of his thoughtless inad-
ncy. When Lord Sandwich was can-
ng for the ~~the~~ chancellorship of Cam-
e, Mr. Harvest, who had been his school-
v at Eton, went down to give him his vote.
lay at dinner there in a large company, my
esting with Mr. Harvest on their boyish
s, the parson suddenly exclaimed, "Apro-
whence do you, my lord, derive your
ame of JEMMY TWITCHER?" "Why,"
ered his lordship, "from some foolish
v." "No," replied Harvest, "it is not
some, but every body calls you so." On
his lordship, to end the disagreeable
ation, being near the pudding, put a large
on the doctor's plate, who, immediately
ig it, stopped his mouth for that time. On
er occasion, having accompanied my lord
lais, they walked on the ramparts. Mus-
on some geometrical problem, he lost his
any in the midst of that town. Mr. Har-
could not speak a word of French; but
lecting my lord was at the Silver Lion, he
shilling in his mouth, and set himself in
ttitude of a lion rampant. After exciting

much admiration, he was led back to the stocks by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac, escaped from his keepers. The doctor was a great lover of pudding, as well as argument. Once, at a visitation, the archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life, among which he enumerated many particulars, such as health, beauty, riches, and power: the doctor, who listened with great attention, turning about to help himself to a slice of pudding, found it was all gone, on which, turning to the reverend moralist, he begged that Mr. Archdeacon, in his future catalogue of transitory things, would not forget to insert a *pudding*. His fondness for theatric performances very much abated in his latter years. Lady Onslow one day took him to accompany her to see Garrick play some favorite character: they took their seats in the front row of the front boxes. Mr. Harvest, knowing he was to sleep in town, literally brought his nightcap in his pocket; it was of striped woollen, and had not been washed full half a year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came out with it, and fell into the pit. The person on whom it fell, tossed it from him; the next did the same; and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his conveniency, got up, and, after hemming three times to clear his pipes, began to make an oration, signifying to those who were thus amusing themselves with

his cap, to restore it when they had had enough fun with it ; for he observed it was a very serious thing to die without a nightcap : " And please to restore it to me, who am the owner of it ;" at the same time placing his left hand on his breast, declaring, " I shall be restless to-night if I have not my cap." The people, struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, thus putting the doctor out of fear of a restless night. His abruptness to the ladies has been already remarked : another instance of it, and no more. Once he was sitting among a company, mostly of the fair sex, at Lady Onslow's ; a large fly, which had buzzed about him a long while, at last settled upon the bonnet of one of the ladies, which the doctor observing, got up, and, with a formal look and accent, pronounced very loud, to the fly, " May you be married ;" and watching his opportunity to kill it, he lifted his hand, and gave the lady such a slap upon the head as quite deranged her attire, and confused the company so, that, had not Lady Onslow entered the room at that moment, and made an apology for the rudeness of the doctor's conduct, the whole company would have retired quite affronted. But, upon Mr. Harvest's begging pardon of the offended lady, and confessing he did not know what he was doing, it ended in a hearty laugh, and was the general discourse of the whole company. His ideas were so confused, sometimes, that he performed actions

equal to those done by the effect of *Somnambulism*. Once perceiving a friend and his wife in an upper room at the house at *Ember Court*, he, in the way of joke only, locked them in, and put the key in his pocket: when, soon after, being called down about some business, he forgot what he had done by the time he came to the foot of the stairs, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was near dark before the two prisoners could be set at liberty. Another time, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open; and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till, coming into a middle room, where was an old lady ill in bed of a quinsy, he stumbled over the night stool, threw a clothes horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, and, finding Dr. Harvest in the room instead of the apothecary, who was momentarily expected, quieted the old lady's fears, who, by this time, was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quinsy in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Dr. Harvest for his lucky mistake. Having to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he had provided himself with three sermons for the purpose, which he had in his pocket. Some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up

at one. The doctor began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse: he grew confused, but still persisted and went on, and actually preached out first, the clergy who had met on the occasion; next, the churchwardens; and lastly, the congregation; nor would he yet have ended, had not the sexton and beadle admonished him that all the pews were empty: for they declared to his reverence, "they were all gone out." Mr. Harvest's forgetfulness continued with him through life; yet he was an amusing companion; and, if we may judge of him from the sermons which he printed, he was no inelegant scholar; but in his person he was the most beastly sloven alive. He died at Ember Court in August, 1789, aged 61.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

THE crime of piracy is generally marked by murder. Richardson, to both of these characters, added that of a swindler, of no mean talents in deception. He was born in the city of New York, where he went to school until he was fourteen years of age; he was then put under the care of his brother, who was a cooper; but not liking the business, he sailed

on board a merchant ship, commanded by his namesake, Captain Richardson.

After one voyage, he served five years to a carpenter ; but having been too intimately acquainted with his master's daughter, he quitted his service, and went to Jamaica, where he was impressed and put on board an English man-of-war.

The ship's crew being paid off at Chatham, he found his way to London, where he soon spent all his money. On this he entered as boatswain on board a vessel bound to the Baltic ; but being weary of his situation, he soon quitted that station, having first concerted and executed the following scheme of fraud.

Knowing there was a merchant in the country with whom the captain had dealings, he went to a tavern, and wrote a letter, as from the captain, desiring that the merchant would send him a hundred rix dollars. This he carried himself, and received the money from the merchant, who said he had more at the captain's service, if it was wanted.

Being possessed of this sum, he, the next day, embarked on board a Dutch vessel bound to Amsterdam ; and soon after his arrival there, became acquainted with a woman whose husband was at sea. After having lived with her a few months, and her husband being expected home, Richardson robbed her of goods to the value of about two hundred pounds, took

passage in an American vessel and arrived in Boston.

Shortly after his return to America, Richardson went to settle about fifty miles from Boston, where he received numerous invitations to pass the Christmas holidays. Our adventurer now paid his addresses to a Miss Brown, with the consent of her father. The first Sunday that the young people were published, no objection was made ; but on the second Sunday, all the girls from the house where Richardson spent his Christmas, made their appearance to forbid the bans, each of them declaring that she had been seduced by him. In a few days he received a letter from the father of the girl to whom he was published, begging that he would decline his visits, as his conduct furnished a subject of conversation for the whole country ; but in four months the old gentleman, for *apparent* reasons, offered him £300 to take his daughter for a wife, which offer was accepted.

Richardson now deserted his wife and returned to Boston, where, after spending his money, he was employed by a Quaker carpenter. The Quaker finding Richardson too familiar with his wife, soon discharged him, not, however, without being robbed of £70 by his accomplished journeyman.

Richardson found his way to Philadelphia, and took lodgings at the house of a widow who had three daughters, where he pretended to

court all three. In consequence of the situation of one of her children, the mother gave one hundred pounds and half her plate to him upon condition of his marrying the daughter. As soon as he got possession of the property he left his wife, and went to South Carolina.

Within a month after his arrival in this colony, he sailed as mate to Jamaica, and returned to Carolina, where he was invited to an entertainment to be given on account of the birthday of his owner's only daughter. A moderate share of skill in singing and dancing recommended him to the particular notice of the young lady, to whom he was as dishonorable as to his other female acquaintances. The father perceiving convincing proofs of their intimacy, insisted that Richardson should marry the girl; this he refused to do on account of his inability to support her; but on the father promising his assistance, the marriage took place.

Soon afterwards the old gentleman gave his son-in-law a ship and cargo, as a marriage portion, in which Richardson embarked for Barbadoes; but not many days after leaving port, he lost vessel and cargo during a storm.

After driving some days in a boat, at sea, Richardson and his crew were taken up by a vessel and carried to St. Kitts, where he heard that the wife he married in Pennsylvania had died of a broken heart. This circumstance, together with the loss of his ship, drove him dis-

tracted ; so that he was confined to his chamber four months.

One day, as he was rambling with a young gentleman in that island, he stopped of a sudden, and put his hand in his pocket, pretending to have lost his purse, containing twenty pistoles. The young gentleman soon after presented our adventurer to his father, who advanced him one hundred pistoles, and received a draft for that amount on Governor Richardson of Meovis, whom the drawer declared to be his father.

After obtaining another hundred pistoles in the same manner, he bought goods of a Jew merchant for ready money, and obtained a much larger amount from him on credit, all of which he carried to Carthagena.

From Carthagena he sailed to Vera Cruz, and thence to England, where he took lodgings in a public house at Chatham, kept by Thomas Ballard. Ballard's brother, who had been absent many years, resembled Richardson. The publican, therefore, conceived a strong idea that the latter was his brother ; which he acknowledged, expecting to reap some advantage thereby.

Richardson now lived in a sumptuous manner, free of expense, and Ballard felt uneasy whenever out of his company. At length Ballard took Richardson to see his two sisters at Sittingbourne, where there were great rejoicings on his arrival.

During his residence with his presumptive sisters, Richardson received a portion of their mother's estate, as a supposed heir, and defrauded two other young ladies out of £300, and went to Gravesend, where he took passage for Venice.

On his arrival in that place he lived unemployed till he spent all his money, after which he went to Ancona, where he became acquainted with Captain Hartley, with whom Richardson shipped as carpenter, and sailed with him on a voyage to Turkey.

The night after Captain Hartley put to sea, Richardson was concerned in a mutiny, and assisted in the murder of his commander. For this offence he was arrested at Civita Vecchia, and sent to London, where he was tried at the Old Bailey, received sentence of death, and was hanged at Execution Dock.

TIMOTHY DEXTER.

THE subject of the present sketch, according to his own account, was born in Malden, Massachusetts. "I was born," says he (in his celebrated work, 'A Pickle for the knowing ones' "1747, Jan. 22; on this day in the morning, great snow storm in the signs of the seven

house ; whilst Mars came forward Jupiter stood by to hold the candle. I was to be a great man."

Lord Dexter after having served an apprenticeship to a leather dresser, commenced business in Newburyport, where he married a widow, who owned a house and a small piece of land ; part of which, soon after the nuptials, were converted into a shop and tan-yard.

By application to his business, his property increased ; and the purchase of a large tract of land near Penobscot, together with an interest which he bought in the Ohio Company's purchase, afforded him so much profit, as to induce him to buy up public securities at forty cents on the pound, which securities soon after became worth twenty shillings on the pound.

His lordship at one time shipped a large quantity of *warming pans* to the *West Indies*, where they were sold at a great advance on prime cost, and used for molasses ladles. At another time, he purchased a large quantity of *whalebone* for *ship's stays* ; the article rose in value upon his hands, and he sold it to great advantage.

Property now was no longer the object of his pursuit ; but popularity became the god of his idolatry. He was charitable to the poor, gave large donations to religious societies, and rewarded those who wrote in his praise.

His lordship about this time acquired his peculiar taste for style and splendor ; and, to en-

hance his own importance in the world, set up an elegant equipage, and, at great cost, adorned the front of his house with numerous figures of illustrious personages.

By his order, a tomb was dug under the summer-house in his garden, during his life ; which he mentions in 'A Pickle for the knowing ones,' in the following ludicrous style :—

"Heare will lie in this box the first Lord in Americake, the first Lord Dexter made by the voice of hampsher state my brave fellows Affirmed it they give me the titel and so Let it goue for as much as it will fetch it wonte give me Any breade but take from me the Contrary foulder I have a grand toume in my garding at one of the grasses and the tempel of Reason over the toume and my coffen made and all Ready In my hous panted with white Lead inside and outside tuched with greane and bras trimings Eight handels and a good Lock : I have had one mock founrel it was so solmon and there was so much Criing about 3000 spectators I say my hous is Eaqual to any mansion house in twelve hundred miles and now for sale for seven hundred pounds weight of Dollars by me

TIMOTHY DEXTER."

Lord Dexter believed in transmigration sometimes ; at others he was a deist. He died on the 22d day of Oct. 1806, in the 60th year of

HEIDEGGER,

THE famous master of the revels in the time of George II., a most eccentric man, who furnished the wits of his time with considerable entertainment. The following account will give our readers some idea of his character.—The facetious Duke of Montague (the memorable author of the *Bottle Conjurer of the Haymarket*) gave an entertainment at the Devil tavern, to several of the nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and in a few hours after dinner, was so drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed; a profound sleep ensued, when Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaster of Paris; from this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade, at which the king promised to be present with the Countess of Yarmouth, the duke made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what sort of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions. On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his majesty was seated (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment, and by the officers

of the court, though concealed by his dress from the rest of the company), Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play 'God save the King;' but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to play 'Over the water to Charley.' The whole company were instantly thunderstruck, and all the courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into stupid consternation. Heidegger flew to the music gallery, swore, stamped, and raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being suborned to ruin him. The king and countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, 'God save the King' was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepped forwards, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just before the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, saying they were blockheads; had he not just told them to play 'Charley over the water?' A pause ensued; the musicians, who knew his character, in their turn, thought him either drunk or mad; but as he continued his vociferations, Charley was played again. At the repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out; but the Duke of Cumberland, who could har-

contain himself, interposed. The company were thrown into the greatest confusion; "Shame! shame!" resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew, in a violent rage, to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montague, artfully addressing himself to him, told him, "the king was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the musicians were mad, and afterwards discharge them." Almost in the same instant he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of his musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The duke then humanely whispered in his ear the sum of his plot, and the counterfeit was ordered to take off the mask. Here ended the frolic, but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement, if the wax-work woman did not break the mould and melt down the mask before his face.

EDWARD ALLEYN,

A CELEBRATED comedian in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and founder of Dulwich college in Surrey, which he named "The College of God's Gift." He was born in 1566, and, commencing actor at an early age, he acquired great reputation in his profession, and at length became master of a large company, proprietor of a theatre in Moorfields, and keeper of the royal Bear Garden. Aubrey informs us, that a *real devil* appeared to him, while he was personating the character of Satan upon the stage, at which he was so terrified that he grew serious, and soon after totally quitted his profession, resolving to devote the remainder of his life to religious exercises. Among other pious acts, he laid the foundation of his college in 1614, and completed it in 1617, at the expense of 10,000*l.* He also endowed it with 800*l.* per annum, for the maintenance of one master, one warden (who must be unmarried and of the name of Alleyn or Allen) and five fellows, of whom three are to be clergymen and the other an organist. Six poor men, the same number of women, are also included in this establishment; with twelve poor who are to be educated in the college till the age of fourteen or sixteen, when they are to be apprenticed to some trade. The f

was the first master. He died in 1626, and was buried in the chapel of the college.

FRANCIS CHARTERIS.

FRANCIS CHARTERIS was born at Amsfield, in Scotland, where he was heir to an estate which his ancestors had possessed above 400 years; and was related to some of the first families in the north, by inter-marriages with the nobility. Having received a liberal education, he made choice of the profession of arms, and first served under the duke of Marlborough as an ensign of foot, but was soon advanced to the rank of cornet of dragoons. Being a most expert gamester, and of a disposition uncommonly avaricious, he made his knowledge of gambling subservient to his love of money; and while the army was in winter quarters, he stripped many of the officers of all their property by his skill at cards and dice. He was, however, as knavish as dexterous; for when he had defrauded a brother officer of his money, he would lend him a sum at the moderate interest of a hundred per cent., and take an assignment of his commission as a security for the payment of the debt. John, duke of Argyle, and the earl of Stairs, were

at this time young men in the army ; ing determined that the inconsiderate should not be ruined by the artifices of teris, they applied to the earl of Orkney, who was also in the army, then quartermaster at Brussels, representing the destruction must ensue to the young gentlemen of the military line, if Charteris was not stopped by his proceedings. The earl of Orkney, for the credit of the army in general, and the countrymen in particular, represented the merits of the case to the duke of Marlborough, who gave orders that Charteris should be put under arrest, and tried by court-martial. The court was composed of an equal number of English and Scotch officers, that Charteris might have no reason to say he was treated with partiality. After a candid hearing of the case, that his crimes and villany were so strong, that he was sentenced to return the money he had gained by usurious interest ; to be deprived of his commission, and to be drummed out of the regiment, his sword being first broken. The sentence was executed in its full extent.

Thus disgraced, he quitted Brussels, and took the road between that place and Mechlin. He threw his breeches into a ditch, and the next day he threw his scarlet coat below his knees, and went to an inn to take up his lodgings for the night. It is usual in places where armies are quartered for military officers to be treated with the most respect ; and this was the case with Charteris.

Charteris, who had every distinction shown him that the house could afford, and, after an elegant supper, was left to his repose. Early in the morning he rang the bell violently, and the landlord coming, terrified, into his room, he swore furiously that he had been robbed of his breeches, containing a diamond ring, a gold watch, and money to a considerable amount; and having previously broken the window, he intimated that some person must have entered that way, and carried off his property, and he even insinuated that the landlord himself might have been the robber. It was in vain that the inn-keeper solicited mercy in the most humiliating posture. Charteris threatened that he should be sent to Brussels, and suffer death, as an accessory to the felony. Terrified at the thought of approaching disgrace and danger, the landlord of the house sent for some friars of an adjacent convent, to whom he represented his calamitous situation, and they generously supplied him with a sum sufficient to reimburse Charteris for the loss he pretended to have sustained.

This unprincipled and abandoned youth now proceeded to Holland, whence he embarked for Scotland; and had not been long in that kingdom before his servile submission, and his money, procured him another commission in a regiment of horse; and he was afterwards advanced to the rank of colonel. The duke of Queensberry was at this time a commis-

sioner to the parliament of Scotland, which was assembled at Edinburgh, to deliberate on the proposed union with England. Charteris, having been invited to a party at cards with the duchess of Queensberry, contrived that her grace should be placed in such a manner, near a large glass, that he could see all her cards; and he won three thousand pounds of her by this stratagem. In consequence of this imposition, the incensed duke of Queensberry brought a bill into the house to prohibit gaming for above a certain sum; and this bill passed into a law.

Charteris still continued his depredations on the thoughtless till he had acquired considerable sums, and estates in Scotland; he then removed to London, which, as it was the seat of great dissipation, was a place better adapted to the exertion of his abilities. Here he became a noted lender of money on mortgages, always receiving a large premium, by which, at length, he became so rich as to purchase estates in England, particularly in the county of Lancaster. He was equally infamous for his amours, having in pay some women of abandoned character, who, going to inns where the wagons put up, used to prevail on the simple country girls to go to the colonel's house as servants; in consequence of which, their ruin soon followed, and they were turned out of doors, exposed to all the miseries consequent on poverty and a loss of reputation. His agents did not confine their operations to

inns ; but wherever they found a handsome girl, they endeavored to decoy her to the colonel's house ; and, amongst the rest, one Ann Bond fell a prey to his artifices.

This young woman had lived in London ; but, having quitted her service on account of illness, took lodgings at a private house, where she recovered her health, and was sitting at the door when a woman addressed her, saying she could help her to a place in the family of colonel Harvey, for the character of Charteris was now so notorious, that his agents did not venture to make use of his real name. Bond being hired, the woman conducted her to the colonel's house, who gave her money to redeem some clothes, which she had pledged to support her in her illness, and would have bought other clothes for her, but she refused to accept them. He now offered her a purse of gold, an annuity for life, and a house, if she would comply with his wishes ; but the virtuous girl resisted the temptation, declaring that she would only discharge her duty as a servant, and that her master might dismiss her, if her conduct did not please him. On the day following, she heard a gentleman asking for her master by the name of Charteris, which increased her fears still more, as she was not unapprized of his general character. She, therefore, told the housekeeper that she must quit her service, as she was very ill. The housekeeper informing the colonel of this

circumstance, he sent for the poor girl, and threatened he would shoot her if she left his service. He likewise ordered the servants to keep the door fast, to prevent her making her escape; and when he spoke of her it was in the most contemptuous terms. On the following day he directed the clerk of his kitchen to send her into the parlor, and, on her attending him, he bid her stir the fire. While she was thus employed, he forcibly seized and committed violence on her, first stopping her mouth with his night-cap; and, afterwards, on her saying she would prosecute him, beating her with a horsewhip, and calling her by the most opprobrious names. On his opening the door, the clerk of the kitchen appeared, to whom the colonel pretended, that she had robbed him of thirty guineas, and directed him to turn her out of the house, which was accordingly done.

The unfortunate girl now went to a gentleman, named Parsons, and, informing her of what had happened, asked her advice how to proceed. Mrs. Parsons recommended her to exhibit articles against him for the assault; but when the matter came afterwards to be heard by the grand jury, they found it was not an attempt, but an actual commission of the fact; and a bill was found accordingly. When the colonel was committed to Newgate he was loaded with heavy fetters; but he soon purchased a lighter pair, and paid for the use of a room in the prison, and for a man to attend

him. He had been married to the daughter of Sir Alexander Swinton, of Scotland, who bore him one daughter, who was married to the earl Wemys; and the earl happening to be in London at the time of the above-mentioned transaction, procured a writ of habeas corpus, and the colonel was accordingly admitted to bail. By the law of the land, bail for a capital offence is not admissible. It must, therefore, reflect no small disgrace on those to whom the administration of it was at that time committed, that power and interest should thus triumph over justice.

His trial came on at the Old Bailey, February 25, 1730, and every art was used to traduce the character of the prosecutrix, in order to destroy the force of her evidence; but, happily, her reputation was so fair, and there was so little reason to think that she had any sinister view in the prosecution, that every artifice failed, and, after a long trial, in which the facts were proved to the satisfaction of the jury, a verdict of guilty was given against the colonel, who received sentence to be executed in the accustomed manner. On this occasion Charteris was not a little obliged to his son-in-law, lord Wemys, who caused the president Forbes to come from Scotland to plead the cause before the privy council: and an estate of 300*l.* per annum for life, was assigned to the president for this service. At length the king consented to grant the colonel a pardon, on his settling

a handsome annuity on the prosecutrix. Soon after his conviction, a fine mezzotinto print of him was published, representing him standing at the bar of the Old Bailey, with his thumbs tied; and under the print was the following inscription :

"Blood !—must a colonel, with a lord's estate,
Be thus obnoxious to a scoundrel's fate !
Brought to the bar, and sentenced from the bench,
Only for ravishing a country wench ?—
Shall men of honor meet no more respect ?
Shall their diversions thus by laws be checked ?
Shall they be accountable to saucy juries,
For this or t'other pleasures ? Hell and furies !
What man thro' villany would run a course,
And ruin families without remorse,
To heap up riches—if, when all is done,
An ignominious death he cannot shun ?"

After this narrow escape from a fate which he had so well deserved, he retired to Edinburgh, where he lived about two years, and then died in 1731, aged 63, a victim to his irregular course of life. He was buried in the family vault, in the church-yard of the Gray Friars of Edinburgh ; but his vices had rendered him so detestable, it was with some difficulty that he was put into the grave ; for the mob almost tore the coffin in pieces, and committed a variety of irregularities, in honest contempt of such an abandoned character.

The celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot gave a severe, but very just, character of Colonel Charteris, in the following satirical epitaph :

FRANCIS CHARTERIS.

HERE lieth the body of
COLONEL DON FRANCISCO;
Who, with an inflexible constancy,
And inimitable uniformity of life,
Persisted, in spite of age and infirmity,
In the practice of every human vice,
Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy;
His insatiable avarice
Exempting him from the first, and
His matchless impudence
From the latter.
Nor was he more singular in
That undeviating viciousness of life,
Than successful in accumulating wealth;
Having,
Without trust of public money, bribe,
Worth, service, trade, or profession,
Acquired, or rather created,
A ministerial estate.
Among the singularities of his life and fortune
Be it likewise commemorated,
That he was the only person in his time,
Who would cheat without the mask of honesty;
Who would retain his primeval meanness,
After being possessed of ten thousand pounds a year
And who, having done, every day of his life,
Something worthy of a gibbet,
Was once condemned to one.
Think not, indignant reader,
His life useless to mankind;
PROVIDENCE
Favored, or rather connived at,
His execrable designs,
That he might remain,
To this and future ages,
A conspicuous proof and example,
Of how small estimation
Exorbitant wealth is held in the sight of the
ALMIGHTY,

By his bestowing it on
The most unworthy
Of all the descendants of
Adam.

It was reported that he died worth seven thousand pounds a year in landed estates, and about one hundred thousand pounds in money.

NATHANIEL BENTLEY.

NATHANIEL BENTLEY, Esq., late the proprietor of a hardware shop in London known by the characteristic appellation of the "Dirty Warehouse," and himself distinguished by the of "Dirty Dick," was the son of a gentleman of the same name, who carried on the same business in those premises. The elder Bentley here lived in considerable style, keeping his carriage, and also a country-house; he gave his son a good education, but, being of a tyrannical disposition, treated him, as well as his servants, in the most unreasonable manner. In consequence of his unmerited severity young Bentley ran away from his father, and was absent several years; how he was employed during this period we are unable to state, but it is supposed that he then contracted that peculiar turn of mind which afterward manifested itself in such an eccentric manner.

His frugality seems to have been an hereditary endowment; his father, who possessed considerable property in houses at Islington, married a lady for the sake of her fortune, which enabled him to save his own money; and he laid down his own coach, making use of hers: though a dissenter, he gave a bell to the church of St. Catherine's Cree, in which parish he resided, on condition that a peal should be rung on his birth-day, as long as he lived.

Mr. Bentley died about the year 1760, leaving all his property to his son, who, perhaps, desirous at that time to relinquish business, at first intended to dispose of the stock, trade, and lease of the premises, for which he was in treaty with a Mr. Bliss, of Pall Mall; the latter proposed to pay half the purchase money, and to give undeniable security for the remainder, but these terms were rejected by Mr. Bentley; at that time the premises formed two distinct shops; these he now threw into one, and in 1764 set out for Paris. During his absence he left a person to attend to his business, who, being a cleanly and industrious man, placed every article in proper order, little thinking it would be the last time that some of them would ever be cleaned and dusted.

Previous to the death of his father, and for some years after that event, Mr. Bentley was called the beau of Leadenhall Street, and was seen at all public places dressed as a man of

fashion; at this period his favorite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the highest style of fashionable extravagance. He paid several visits to Paris, and was present at the coronation of Louis XVI., to whom he was personally introduced, and was considered one of the most accomplished English gentlemen then at the French court; he spoke several languages, particularly French and Italian, with great fluency, and associated with characters of the highest respectability. The last time he went to Paris, he committed the care of his shop to two persons whom he thought he could trust, and on his return paid their demands, without requiring any vouchers, observing he was likely to have the most correct accounts by having none.

At what time Mr. Bentley began to assume that appearance from which he derived the familiar appellation of "Dirty Dick," we cannot ascertain; though he occasionally appeared at masquerades, assemblies, and other public places in the most elegant attire, yet his appearance at home was such as fully to justify the above epithet; he generally attended in his shop without a coat, while the remainder of his dress and his whole person exactly corresponded with the appearance of his warehouse. A gentleman once venturing to give him some advice respecting the propriety of a little more attention to personal cleanliness, he replied, "It is of no use, sir; if I wash my

hands to-day, they will be dirty again to-morrow." On returning from any place of public entertainment, his elegant attire was immediately thrown aside for his shop clothing, which he mended himself; and it was also said, that he made no secret of washing and mending his own linen, and of purchasing his shoes at Rag-Fair. Before the hair-powder tax was introduced, Mr. Bentley frequently paid a shilling for dressing that head which he afterwards seemed to think unworthy even of a comb. On one occasion he sent for a puff, but would not have it, when told that the price was sixpence. "Why!" cried he, "they used to be two shillings a dozen, and that's only twopence a piece;" and rather than give the sum demanded, he made shift with the foot of an old stocking.

Among other stories that are related of Mr. Bentley's frugality, it is said, that he once purchased a live goose for the sake of the wings to clean his goods: he employed a woman to go to market for him on this occasion, with a particular charge to buy a young one, and gave her three-pence for her trouble; the goose, however, proved to be old, which he did not discover while eating the flesh, but by endeavoring to crack the breast-bone, on which he sought the woman, in order to recover the three-pence he had paid her. He often sent, in the name of "Dirty Dick," for very small quantities of vegetables, and was seldom

known to have any fresh meat, though he would occasionally indulge himself with small pieces, called cuttings. In his living, it is reported that he never exceeded eighteen pence a day; for he observed that if he had followed the examples of many other people, or even his old former custom of living, he should inevitably have involved himself in a state of bankruptcy or have spent the remainder of his days in prison. When told that other people could not live as he did, he would reply: "Every one can that pleases,"—insisting that it was no hardship to him, though in his early days, he had seven dishes on his table at a time, and three servants to attend him.

Having once invited some persons of high respectability to supper, after transacting business with them to a considerable amount, they came to appointment, and found him in his shop. He received them with great politeness, requesting them to excuse him a few minutes, and went out. He soon returned with a pound of cheese, a loaf, and two pots of porter, which he placed on his dirty counters, saying: "There, gentlemen, is your supper, and it is the best which the business we have been transacting will afford."

Mr. Bentley's house, which was of a large size, had originally a front of white plaster, which time had converted into a dingy black. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of its extra-

ordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black, and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke, as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows scarcely a pane was left whole ; to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters, and tea-trays, which Mr. Bentley always took good care to chain to the window frames. Though this method of proceeding may appear to have proceeded from parsimony, yet notoriety rather than avarice seemed to be his ruling principle. By the adoption of this dirty system, he found, by experience, that he excited much curiosity, and attracted considerable notice. He has been heard himself to relate, that a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see him, as the most remarkable character she had ever heard of, and it is certain that other ladies have been equally curious. In addition to this, it has been related, that the neighbors, especially those on the opposite side of the street, frequently offered to defray the expense of painting and repairing the front of his house, but this Mr. Bentley as constantly refused, alleging that his shop was so well known abroad, as well as at home, by the denomination of the "Dirty Warehouse" of Leadenhall Street, that to alter its appearance, would ruin his trade with the Levant and other foreign parts.

The confusion which prevailed in the inte-

rior of this place was not less remarkable for its ruinous appearance without. Jewellery, rings, trinkets, and other valuable articles were buried among his goods in various parts of the house. Nothing, perhaps, can convey a better idea of the disorder of Mr. Bentley's business, than the following anecdote. A traveller of a mercantile house at Birmingham called upon him and obtained an advance of a considerable amount, which was duly repaid. About two years afterwards, he wrote to him for payment for the goods. Mr. Bentley, not recollecting his person, was astonished at the demand, and declared his total ignorance of the transaction. The traveller, after repeated applications, attributing the cause to the apparent confusion of the place, granted him permission to search for the goods, and thought he should know. After much time and trouble, he at length found the bale of goods unpacked, exactly as they were sent from Birmingham. The traveller was agreeably surprised at the circumstances, and Mr. Bentley, being convinced, honoured the account.

The ignorant circulated a report that Mr. Bentley had in his house a blue room for the same purpose as that mentioned in the story of Blue-beard; but this is to be taken to have been set on foot by himself, for the purpose of checking impertinent curiosity. He has, however, asserted as a fact, that he had

which had remained locked up, without being ever opened, for a great number of years. Of this singular fancy the following circumstance is said to have been the cause. Mr. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and, previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared every thing for their reception, he anxiously waited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him, that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

In this capacious habitation Mr. Bentley lived alone, without servant or domestic of any kind. For more than twenty years before he quitted business, he had not kept a servant of either sex; and, if asked the reason, he would reply that he was once robbed by a servant, and was therefore determined never to keep one again. Some person inquired whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy any vermin he might have in the house; he answered with a smile: "No, sir, they only make more dirt and spoil more goods than their services are worth. And as to rats and mice," added he, "how can they live in my house when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?"

Though Mr. Bentley kept no servant in his

house, he employed a poor man by the hour to watch his door, to prevent the intrusion of impertinent people, carry out his goods occasionally, buy provisions, and hand the shutters, which he himself put up and took down every night and morning. This man had directions, when Bentley was above, shaving or otherwise employed, to call him on the entrance of any customer, when he would come down just as he was, half shaved, or perhaps half naked. Notwithstanding his oddities, he was remarkably polite to his customers, and the ladies in particular were loud in their praises of the elegance of his manners.

Amid the mass of filth which a long series of years had accumulated in his habitation, Mr. Bentley led the kind of life we have already described, till his lease of the premises expired; and, in February, 1804, he quitted them with great reluctance, being under articles to his successor, Mr. Gosling, to relinquish business in his favor. For thirty years he had invariably refused admittance to every one, the ground landlord not excepted, declaring that he would not suffer a saint from heaven to go over his house. His lease terminated at Christmas, 1802; and during the next year Mr. Bentley was the tenant of Mr. Gosling, and to him also he denied access till he could no longer withhold it.

Mr. Gosling, on obtaining possession of the premises, indulged the curious with a view of

the apartments. This permission attracted great numbers of visitors, by one of whom the following description of the interior of this extraordinary mansion is given:—

The first objects that attracted attention, were the ponderous folding-doors of the shop; and the rusty bolts, bars, and chains for securing them. The ceiling in the hall exhibited traces of former elegance, and the stair-case displayed much workmanship. On the first flight of stairs hung the remains of a long extinguished lamp. The first room on the first floor had been a kitchen, where was seen a jack, spit, &c., the rusty condition of which demonstrated that it had not been moved for many years. It had long been deprived of its chain, with which Mr. Bentley secured the tea-trays placed against the broken panes of his shop windows. Here, also, was a clock, which was once handsome, and no doubt regulated the movements of his father's family, but now so disguised with dirt, as to be much better calculated to inform the spectator how many years' filth it had accumulated, than to point out the fleeting hours and minutes. The kitchen range, once equally good and useful, had only been used to support a frying pan without a handle, curiously mended with pegs, in which Bentley used to burn a mixture of small-coal and charcoal for cooking his provisions. The furniture of this place consisted of a dirty round table, and a bottomless chair

made useful by the cover of a packing box. Except a few articles of broken earthenware, the shelves and dressers exhibited nothing but old shoes, a masquerade wig, cocked hat and sword. Beside the tin flour-vessel, the cleanest article in the house, stood a chemist's pipkin supplied with soap for shaving, a brush of his own manufacture, and a piece of broken looking-glass curiously inlaid in wood. This was evidently the only dressing and sitting-room, and here also its extraordinary inhabitant reposed, wrapping himself up in an old coat, and lying upon the floor, which, from the accumulated dirt and rubbish, must have been softer than the bare boards.

Next to the kitchen was a small study, apparently long inhabited by spiders. The closet was full of dirty bottles, from which it was conjectured that Mr. Bentley had formerly been engaged in chemical pursuits. The ceiling of this room had been elegant, and the ground being blue, he gave it the name of the blue room, by which it has already been mentioned in this narrative. The secretary and bookcase contained some valuable works; the counterpart was his jewelry casket, from which he used to indulge his female customers with little ornaments as presents, which never failed to be very productive in his way of business.

The dining-room contained a large, round, mahogany table, at which, as Bentley related, the company were entertained at his christen-

ing. Here the looking-glasses and pictures could not be distinguished from the sable walls. The antiquated grate, once highly polished steel, but for many years a prey to consuming rust, contained nothing combustible, but seemed to groan under an immense burden of mortar and rubbish blown down the chimney. The marble side-board, relics of chairs, the chimney-piece, elegantly carved, and the shades of lustres hung round the ceiling, indicated the former respectability of the place.

The carpet in this room was a curiosity, for, except the corner was turned up, the visitor imagined that he was treading on dirty boards. One of the closets was full of pipkins and phials, of which Mr. Bentley charged his successor to be particularly careful, as they contained poison enough to destroy half London.

The second floor was truly a repository of rubbish and filth. In one of the rooms was a heap of feathers, which had been the contents of a bed that had fallen to pieces on being moved, and adjoining to this was a small apartment, once his mother's favorite dressing-room, but long converted into a workshop, and which contained the remains of a forge, work-bench, tools for jewellery, smith's work, japanning and other operations. In the passage lay all the account-books of his father, who no doubt would have been equally mortified and irritated, could he have returned to witness his son's proceedings.

In one of the garrets were found fragments of a four-post bedstead, relics of blankets, pillows and bedding, but no description can convey any idea of their rotten and filthy condition. This had evidently once been Mr. Bentley's chamber. It also contained a heap of old shoes and several baskets of foul cast-off linen. In another of the garrets was a table covered with globes and astronomical instruments, telescopes, compasses, and books, and here Mr. Bentley is said to have spent much time in the study of the heavens.

Such was the appearance of the interior of this building, which remained for twenty years the wonder of every spectator. Mr. Bentley, before he quitted the premises, was at length obliged to submit to the disagreeable necessity of putting them in repair. To avoid any legal discussion on the subject of dilapidations, he paid down, without hesitation, the sum at which the surveyor estimated the expense of the repairs; but in this business he manifested his accustomed singularity, not suffering the laborers to enter the ground floor, but compelling them to descend into the cellar through its window, and go up to the top and other parts by a ladder raised against the front, so as not to interrupt the business of his shop.

In February, 1804, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Bentley finally quitted that business which for forty years he had conducted in a manner so truly extraordinary. It may

be supposed that his time would now hang heavy upon his hands, after being for so long a period accustomed to the active pursuits of trade. We are, however, convinced that this opinion is erroneous; for Mr. Bentley, as it appears from the preceding account, possesses an enlightened and well-informed mind, and sufficient resources within himself to pass his time agreeably, either amid the bustle of business or the calmer hours of retirement.

JOSEPH HAYNES.

JOSEPH HAYNES was the Patch of the theatre, if we may venture, though but in metaphor, to transfer an officer or fool of regal consequence to the mimic kingdom. The place of his birth is not known, nor the exact condition of his parents, further than that they were poor, but in their character respectable. It would seem, however, that Westminster has the honor of having produced him, as Tobyas Thomas, his original biographer, states that he was educated at St. Martin's school, where his progress was so extraordinary as to attract great admiration; indeed, so remarkable were his aptitude and proficiency, that several gentlemen sent him to Oxford, in order that a lad

of such lively intelligence should not be lost by the obscurity of his birth.

At college he was no less distinguished than he had been at school, and it is universally said of him, that, had his discretion been equal to his wit, he might have established a flourishing fortune.

When Sir Joseph Williamson was elected member for the university, he gave Haynes some employment, and after he became secretary of state still continued him in his service. But the vanity and imprudence of Haynes were enemies to his advancement, for he had no correct notion of confidential business, and affected the airs of a statesman among his companions, by talking of the contents of the public despatches which he had translated into Latin for his patron ; insomuch, that when he came to a tavern all were hushed but Machiavelli.

Conduct of this kind was not however approved by Sir Joseph, who, still, without losing his regard for his humor and vivacity, found it necessary to be more wary with so indiscreet a servant, and accordingly recommended him to one of the heads of the university of Cambridge, by whom he was indulgently entertained, and where he took the degree of master of arts. His native character and propensity to tricks and jocularities continued, however, to keep pace with his learning ; for, soon after he had attained his academical dignity, a con-

pany of strolling players came to the city, and Joe, as our hero was familiarly called by all who knew him, was easily persuaded to join them.

With these players he continued some time wandering over the country ; at last he came to London, where he was induced to perform at a theatre then recently erected in Hatton Garden, and when that establishment was broken up, he obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, about the time when the duke of Buckingham brought out the *Rehearsal* ; and it so happened, that on the eve of the representation of that play, Lacy, who was to perform the part of Bays, fell sick, and Joe was suddenly substituted for him. By the duke's suggestions, and the instructions which Lacy was able to give him, he made himself quickly master of the character, and performed it with great applause ; indeed with such eminent success, that many of the nobility, and some of the most ingenious men of the time, became solicitous of his acquaintance. The duke himself was so much pleased with him, and interested in his curious peculiarities, that when he went on his embassy to Paris he carried Haynes in his suite, and often entertained him more as a companion than so humble a dependant.

Joe was mightily delighted with the French people, and he was no less agreeable to them. His quaint pleasantry made him a fascinating companion to the men, and his whimsical pas-

sions as much so to the ladies. He soon saw, however, that he was deficient in rank, and to remedy the defect created himself a count, and staid behind the duke as such when his grace returned home.

He had now fairly set up on his own means, and his trade was prosperous; but no state of life is without its cares, for although he borrowed money for some time with great ease and success, liveries came to be paid, duns multiplied, and the steward on his estates in England was one of the most irregular fellows possible, neglecting always to make him remittances, in the most embarrassing manner. In a word, this rogue of a steward became so intolerable that Joe was obliged to put himself out of harm's way from his Parisian creditors, and, steering for Dieppe, embarked there for England.

He was joyously received by his old companions in London, and immediately joined the players at the theatre in Dorset Gardens; and there he became a noted dancer, "having," as says his biographer, "learned, it seems, in France that faculty so natural to the French, to fling his legs about." After some short time he left this theatre and went to Drur Lane, where he continued until it was destroyed by fire.

While the theatre was re-building, Killigrew and Hart sent the scene-shifters to Paris

stage, and Joe agreed to accompany him to act as his interpreter; but somehow Joe had occasion, before leaving London, to spend the money given for their expenses. This, however, was no great embarrassment, for he immediately nominated himself secretary to the duke of Monmouth, who had gone on a secret expedition to Maestricht, and whom he was obliged immediately to follow. By this expedient he contrived to travel on horseback to Dover, the scene-shifter acting as his servant.

They soon reached Paris, where the count, much to his surprise, found that the inhabitants had memories, and that he was recollected by those of whom he had done the honor of borrowing money; but he for some time parried their hints for payment with the facetious dexterity of a Sheridan. At last they became tired with his fencing, and resolved to prevent his escape. Joe, however, being informed by a tavern keeper of their kind intentions, resolved on the instant to be off; so borrowing from no less a personage than the rector of the Jesuits' College the sum of forty pounds, by a pretended note from the duke of Monmouth, he returned to London with the scene-shifter, as well informed of the theatric machines and scenes of the Parisian theatre as if he had been all the time in Jerusalem.

Next summer, he went with the King's Company to Oxford, where his salary as a player being inadequate to his expenses, he

turned fortune-teller ; but, notwithstanding universities are the great hotbeds of folly in opinion, he was obliged to in the night for London.

Hart, who was a person of respectability, had not been too well pleased with negotiations in France, and with his squandered so much money in Paris for no purpose, had some natural anger against him, and this was cause enough for Joe to spite in return. In the play of *Conspiracy*, acted about this time, a number of senators of Rome were introduced, and Hart made Joe one, although his salary being fifty shillings a week, freed him from any obligation to accept the dignity. However, after some symptoms of compliance, he got a scaramouch dress, a full ruff, made himself whiskers for the occasion, put on his head a merry Andalusian cap, and, with a short pipe in his mouth, a three-legged stool in his hand, he followed on the stage, set himself down on the stool, and began to smoke his pipe, and to point at him. This ludicrous figure drew the whole theatre in a roar of laughter. Joe, who was a man of such self-possession and equanimity that he never was disturbed by what might happen, and what might discompose himself, continued to smoke, not being aware of Joe's behaviour. However, at the seemingly unaccountable moment, at last, happening to turn his head

Joe, and in great wrath instantly made his exit, swearing he never would set his foot on the stage unless Joe were immediately dismissed. Joe was accordingly sent off, but, nothing down-hearted, he instantly joined a company of strollers at Greenwich, where he acted and danced for some time ; but tiring soon, he lampooned them all, and came to London.

Joe had not forgotten that Hart had been the cause of his dismissal, and resolved to be revenged ; accordingly, as he was one day walking in the street, he met a parson of an odd, simple appearance, whom he accosted in a friendly manner, as if they had been formerly acquainted, although he had never seen him before, and they adjourned together to a tavern, where the parson informed Joe that he had been chaplain to the ship Monke, but was then in lack of employment. Joe expressed great satisfaction at hearing the news, as it was in his power to help him to a place of sixty pounds a year, bed, board, and washing, besides gifts at Christmas and Easter, only for officiating one hour in the four-and-twenty, from nine to ten o'clock in the forenoon. The marine priest was delighted, and, returning his warmest thanks, entreated Joe to inform him of the particulars. Upon which Joe told him that his name was Haynes, that he was one of the patentees of Drury Lane theatre, and that he would make him chaplain to the play-house.

“Against to-morrow,” said Joe, “I would

have you provide yourself with a bell, and there is half a crown to buy one ; and at nine o'clock go to the play-house, and ring your bell, and call them all to prayers, saying, in an audible voice, 'Players, come to prayers! players, come to prayers!' This you must do, lest they mistake you for the dustman, both bells being so much alike. But there is one thing that I particularly desire you to take care of; on the third door on the left hand, lives one Mr. Hart. That gentleman, whether he be delirious or frantic, or whether he be possessed of some notions of atheism, if you mention prayers, will laugh at you, perhaps swear, curse, and abuse you. If it proceed from the first, the poor unhappy gentleman ought to be pitied ; but if from the latter, he shall quit the house, for I will never suffer such wickedness in any play-house where I am concerned ; and do, my good sir, let it be your earnest endeavor to find out the cause, and by your ghostly exhortations to remove the effects,—such weeds must not be permitted to grow in a vineyard where you are the gardener ; abuse you must expect, but your reward will be great gain—go to his house and oblige him to come along with you to prayers."

Being thus advised, the parson, after a parting cup, withdrew and bought the bell.

Next morning, according to orders, his reverence went to the theatre, ringing his bell, and calling aloud, "Players, come to prayers!

players, come to prayers!" Finding Hart's door open, he went in bawling, "Players, come to prayers!" Hart came down in a violent passion, and demanded to know why he was so disturbed.

The parson replied, "Players, come to prayers!"

Hart, seeing no help, bridled his passion, and said, "that he wondered how a gentleman of his gown and seeming sense, could make himself so ridiculous." The parson looked at him with an eye of doubt, then rang his bell again, and bawled to the pitch of his voice, "Players, come to prayers!" Hart, in desperation, now began to swear; but the other informed him, "I have been told of your cursing and swearing and atheistical blasphemies; but, nevertheless, I will do my duty," and, accordingly, laid hands on Hart to drag him away, bawling, "Players, come to prayers!"

At this new absurdity, Hart began to suspect that his reverence was mad, or that some trick was played upon him, and asked him to walk into his room, when, after they had drunk a cup of sack together, the parson told the whole story of his engagement. The poor man was soon undeceived; the story, however, taking wings, reached the ears of King Charles, who was so mightily pleased with the joke, that he sent for Joe, and had him reinstated in the theatre.

But the adventure did not end here; for the parson had a son who was accounted a great

wordsman, a fighting, fiery, choleric fellow, but, as such commonly are, he ranked a coward as ever traduced him behind his back, and he swore to revenge his father's wrong.

He met Joe coming from the relay, and desired him to draw; Joe refused to know why, and they adjourned to the next day, that he might be informed. After the business, Joe agreed to give the satisfaction sought, but requested a short respite for his prayers, and retired to another room. He prayed aloud that he might be successful in killing seventeen different persons; it concluded by asking forgiveness, and was obliged to add this unhappy gentleman to the catalogue! The other hearing him in this way, and finding his thread of life near its end, came down stairs, and left Joe to pay the reckoning.

In the summer vacation Joe returned to turn mountebank, and set out, with a troop of tumblers, dancers, &c., for which he himself passed by the venerable name of Salmatius, whose fame so great in Italy, but in most parts of Europe he himself declared. On his arrival he commenced business, and in a short time he had great applause and was the admiration and curiosity of all ages; his mortal greatness cannot change, and so Joe found; and he reached the meridian of his glory, a doctor

han himself, vulgarly called the Unborn Doctor, came rattling into Hertford in a coach and six, with fine liveries and a long train of attendants, which caused Joe's practice to decline. But he was not to be beaten in this manner; so he ordered his stage to be removed to the same street, and within three yards of his opponent's, determined to have his share in the spectators if he could not attain it in his practice; and as the Unborn Doctor came on his stage, Joe mounted on his, and abused him in the most vituperative terms. The doctor retaliated, and had the best of the argument; but Joe challenged him to come next market day, and upon the public stage to discuss a point of physic with him. The challenge was accepted, and they were attended with grand huzzas by the mob to their separate lodgings.

The day being come, a great flock assembled to hear this learned controversy; and the adversaries being on the stage, Joe proposed that each should mount a stool to be more conspicuous to the spectators; and this being agreed to, he commenced as follows:—

“Gentlemen, I thank you all for your good company, and hope that I shall thoroughly convince you, before you go, how grossly you have all been abused by this impostor, and that you will be so far from repenting of your coming hither, that I shall deserve your eternal thanks and prayers, for discovering those dan

gerous shelves and ~~under~~ the dear bark of your healths was in danger of splitting against. Gentlemen, I neither come hither to get a name nor an estate; the first, by my assiduous study and care, and many miraculous cures performed in Spain, Italy, Genoa, Flanders, Holland, France and England; nay, as I may boldly say, *per totum terrarum orbem*, has established that (thanks to my propitious stars!) many years ago. As to the latter, gentlemen, those kings and foreign princes who, by my skill, have been preserved and snatched from the dreadful, hungry and gaping jaws of death, and whose images I have the honor to ~~show~~ (showing several medals), have sufficiently ~~re-~~warded my care, and put me beyond any such occasion to follow my profession for the lucre of gain at this time of day. But hearing how much the English nation was oppressed with the scurvy, gout, &c., I thought myself bound in duty, knowing my cures infallible, come hither and relieve the distempèred. Besides, gentlemen, I am the seventh son of a seventh son; so was my father before me, my grandfather before him; all have remained seventh sons of seventh sons for near 200 years. To convince you that what I say is true, I foresee that some heavy judgment will fall on the head of that impostor, which I pray Heaven may be shown here as an exemplary punishment. Lord grant that the impostor never and the true doctor remain unhurt!"

At these words, and just as his opponent was beginning to stammer his answer, Joe's Merry-andrew, who was underneath the stage of his rival with a cord fastened to his stool, pulled it from under him, and down he tumbled. This decided the controversy. Joe was carried to his lodgings in triumph, and the other St. John Long was hooted out of the town with shame and disgrace.

Joe's fame was now waxen wide ; but at length having been guilty of some misdemeanors, he was committed to prison. He was, however, after a time discharged ; came to his London engagement, and entertained the audience with a prologue descriptive of his summer's grass-hopping.

He some time afterwards took a trip to Windsor, and entered himself with a company of strollers, who were in a deplorable condition, having acted all their small stock of plays, and those so often, that nobody would come to see them. At last Joe, on condition that he should have half the proceeds, undertook to fill the house.

The play of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was given out for acting by Joe, although not one in the company knew a word of it, and they had a full house ; however, Joe was puzzled what excuse to offer for not playing as advertised, when he saw a lady of great note in the town coming to the theatre. He ran to her coach, told her that they had given

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a play which could not be acted, as some of their company were indisposed, and entreated that her ladyship would be pleased to ask for any other, as the audience would be pleased with whatever she commanded. This she promised to do; and Joe getting upon the stage, she called to him and asked what play was to be acted. He told her *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; to this she replied, that, being fatigued with it in London, she could not endure the thought of it, and besought him to oblige her by putting it off. Joe said, if the audience would please to accept of it, he would certainly oblige her ladyship in any thing, and accordingly the play was put off, and he got his money.

In the spring, Joe went to Portsmouth with a company of strollers; but as they did not succeed, they all left the town except Joe, who was imprisoned for debt. He, however, made his escape, and went to the governor of the Isle of Wight, who entertained him at his own table, and mustered him as a soldier, but freed him from all duty and attendance, allowing him at the same time treble pay out of his own pocket. Joe soon after visited Portsmouth and boasting how he had been entertained the tale came to the governor's ears, who ordered a file of musketeers to fetch him back, and threw him into durance, threatening to hang him for deserting. At this juncture a new ambassador to Constantinople was sent.

to put in to the Isle of Wight by contrary winds, and Joe was sent to him, unwilling, however, to leave England; but in the end he consented, and sailed for the Ottoman metropolis.

The ambassador died on the passage. His lady and family returned, and on her way made some stay at Leghorn, where she presented Joe with the better part of her husband's wardrobe, and a handsome present in money. The money of course did not last long, and he was reduced to great want, when he met with an Englishman belonging to the factory, who, having known him at the play-house, invited him to his house, where Joe gave him a narrative of his misfortunes. Through this man he was introduced to dance before the grand duke of Florence, and had the honor to teach the young prince and princess. He afterwards rose to great importance, insomuch that whoever desired to obtain any favor of the duke, could intercede with no fitter man to accomplish his desire. This begat him enemies, and he had more than one quarrel on the subject.

Joe, in teaching the princess, however, was a little too familiar, but luckily for his head he made his escape to Rome; there he applied to the English agent, by whom he was well entertained, and became the delight of all companies. His holiness the pope was immensely pleased with him, and had his picture

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By one of the most celebrated Roman artists, holding the pope's picture in his hand, and standing on it. At last, weary of this great-ness, he took his leave, and returned to England, where, on reaching London, he waited on James, had the honor to kiss his hand, and remained in favor during his reign; but on his abdication, Joe turned precisian, wore a plain band, and following the law under the name of an attorney. In this masquerade he continued some time; afterwards he preached among the Quakers, and, returning to the stage, finished his career as an actor.

NELL GWINN.

ELEANOR GWINN was the daughter of a tradesman in mean circumstances, who could not afford to bestow on her much education, but who took care to introduce her to a good company as possible, and to implant in her mind a sense of virtue and delicacy. At an early age she went to live with a widow, where a counsellor at law, seeing she was smitten with her beauty, and made to her in rather a violent manner, but with success. This coming to the knowledge of the lady, who herself had a penchant for

lawyer, she became jealous, and ordered Nell to quit the house; she immediately did so, but met with a cold reception from her father, whose ear had been poisoned regarding her conduct by her mistress, by whom he was advised to send her into the country, to wean her from flattery and cure her of self-conceit, for which purpose the lady put ten guineas into his hand.

Her father, believing the story, threatened to abandon her for ever, unless she consented to live with an aunt in Yorkshire. Our heroine, however, would not consent to go, but directed her attention towards the stage, on which, as she was remarkable for beauty and vivacity, she imagined her figure alone, without any theatrical requisites, would enable her to succeed; or, at least, if she could not wear the buskin with success, she apprehended no objection to her appearing as a lady in waiting, or one of the maids of the bed-chamber to the queens of the stage.

Animated with these fancies, she conceived one of the boldest schemes a girl of her education could possibly imagine. She left her father's house, took a genteel lodging, and, as her appearance was elegant, she passed as a young lady just come from the country. In this retirement she applied herself to the reading of plays, and having a little money arising from her wages, and ten guineas from her lover the lawyer, she went often to the play, and

took in as many ideas of theatrical action as she could possibly treasure in her mind. After living a month or two in this manner, she wrote a letter to Betterton, inviting him to her lodgings, and disclosing her scheme of coming on the stage. When Betterton had heard her recitation, he advised her to give up all idea of becoming a performer, though he admitted her genius lay that way.

Her scheme being so far frustrated, and her money greatly diminished, she began to be alarmed lest poverty should overtake her. Her resolution to appear on the stage was, however, none daunted. She quitted her gay apartments, dressed herself as an orange-girl, and went to the play-house to follow the occupation. Her beauty soon drew attention; the eyes of the players and of those sparkish gentlemen who frequent the theatre were fixed upon her, and their ears became greedy to hear the story and birth of the handsome orange-girl.

Betterton soon discovered her, and, astonished at her resolution, began to form better expectations of one whose propensity to the stage was so violent as to excite her to appear in so low a character for the sake of acquiring instruction. He advised her to follow her bent, and appointed one of his subalterns to initiate her in the principles of acting. This player became enamored of her, but she rejected his proposals. He, however, prevailed upon her to quit the profession of orange selling.

One day, when she was seeing her instructor perform the part of Creon in Dryden's *Edipus*, her old lover, the counsellor, in all the splendor of a consummate beau, came into the same box, and annoyed her ear with a repetition of his protestations. She heard him with indifference. He, however, resolved at all hazards to make her his own, and accordingly seized her as she came out of the theatre, hurried her into his chariot, and drove off for Richmond.

Half a year elapsed before Nell made any public figure again ; but through the influence of her friend the counsellor, she next season made her entry on the stage with very great éclat, not so much as a fine actress, however, as a fine woman ; for though she certainly had a violent passion for the stage, her mediocrity as an actress shows the great difference between propensity and genius. She was never remarkable—her forte lay in speaking epilogues, and in exposing characters of vanity, with an air of coquetry and levity.

"The orange-basket her fair arm did suit,
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit ;
This first step raised, to the wondering pit she sold
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.
Fate now for her did its whole force engage,
And from the pit she mounted to the stage ;
There in full lustre did her glories shine,
And long eclipsed spread forth their light divine ;
There Hart and Rowley's soul she did ensnare,
And made a king* a rival to a player."

* Charles II.

Such is Lord Rochester's account. Langbaine, in his *Characters of the Dramatic Poets*, tells us, that she spoke a new prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. We find her afterwards acting the part of Queen Almahide in *The Conquest of Grenada*, Florimel in *The Maiden Queen*, Donna Jacintha in *The Mock Astrologer*, Valeria in *The Royal Martyr*. Besides the part of Valeria, she was appointed to speak the epilogue, in performing which she so captivated the king, who was present the first night of the play, that his majesty, when she had done, went behind the scenes and carried her off.

But there is another version of the story. The king having gone to the play with the duke of York as private gentlemen, they sat in the next box to Nell and her lover, a young nobleman; and as soon as the play was finished, Charles, the duke, and the nobleman, retired with Nell to a tavern, where his majesty, by his attentions, greatly annoyed her friend. When the reckoning came to be paid, the king, searching his pockets, found he had not money to discharge it; his brother was in the same situation; and Nell observed that she had got into the poorest company she had ever before been with at a tavern. The nobleman however, paid the reckoning, and parted both with his money and his mistress.

No sooner had she risen in the king's

vor, than her heart, naturally warm and generous, overflowed in acts of kindness. One of the greatest of our national monuments of benevolence owes its rise to her ; and in consequence, it is said, to the following circumstance. One day, when she was rolling about town in her carriage, a poor man, soliciting charity, told her of ~~his~~ having been wounded in the civil wars in defence of the royal cause. Moved by his story, she considered it sad to think that wounds and scars, a stock for beggary, were often all the rewards that soldiers received for defending their country, and that it was great ingratitude on the part of the nation to suffer them to sink to such distress. She represented to the king the case of misery she had seen, and entreated him to permit some scheme to be proposed for alleviating the sufferings of those in old age whose wounds and infirmities rendered them unfit for service. This idea she also communicated to persons of distinction, who were public-spirited enough to encourage it, and Chelsea hospital was the result.

Of all King Charles's mistresses, Nell Gwinn was undoubtedly the least offensive to the contending parties in the state. She never sided with either ; raised no enemies by her ambition, and lost no friends by her insolence. So far was she, indeed, from drawing aside the king from his affairs, that she often excited him to diligence.

One day, when he had been struggling in the council, and torn to pieces by the multiplicity of petitions for redress, the behavior of his ministers, and the contentions of the parliament, he retired very pensively to her apartment. Seeing his distress, she inquired the cause. "Oh, Nell, what shall I do," was his exclamation, "to please the people of England? They tear me to pieces."

"If it please your majesty," said she, "there is but one way left."

"What is that?"

"Dismiss your ladies, and mind your business: the people of England will soon be pleased."

This observation, the truth of which the king could not but acknowledge, struck him, but he never in his life had resolution enough to discharge one mistress, however disagreeable to the nation, or expensive to himself.

During the troubles between his son, the duke of Monmouth, and the duke of York, his majesty, who loved both his son and brother, behaved with so much indifference and negligence in the business, that it was with great difficulty he could be persuaded to attend the council, or despatch any affair whatever. One day, when the council had met and waited long for him, a member came to his apartments, but was refused admittance. His lordship complained to Nell of this dilatoriness, upon which she wagered him a hundred pounds, that the king would that evening attend the council.

NELL GWINN.

Accordingly she sent for Killigrew, naturally a favorite with his majesty, desired him to dress himself in every respect as if for a journey, and enter the king's apartments without ceremony. As soon as his majesty saw him: "What, Killigrew! are you going? Why, where are you going? Did not I tell you that nobody should disturb me?"

"I don't mind your orders; not I," said Killigrew; "and I am going as fast as I can." "Why? Where?" said his majesty—"where are you going?"

"To the king! why, to hell," said Killigrew.

"To hell? and what to do there?"

"To fetch back Oliver Cromwell, to take care of the national concerns, for I am sure your majesty takes none."

This expedient had the desired effect, for Killigrew immediately went to council.

At his majesty's death, Charles had a great regard for him, and appears strongly in his last moments, he desired his brother not to let "poor Killigrew starve."

After the death of Charles, she fell into a great deal of trouble; the bustle at court, the political contentions between the Popish and Protestant interests, quite engaged the attention of the public, and she was lost sight of. For the remainder of her life she lived in retirement, and in that situation there is no doubt of her.

She was undoubtedly possessed of generous

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and distinguished talent; ~~valued~~ wit, beauty, and benevolence; and if she deserves blame or impurity, there are few who can claim encomiums for such eminent virtues.

MESSENGER MONSEY.

MESSENGER MONSEY was born in the year 1693, at a remote village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector; but at the revolution, by declining the oaths, he forfeited his preferment. He was more fortunate than the generality of the nonjuring clergy, as he had some resource in a paternal estate, which is still in the family, and preserved him from those difficulties which too many at that time encountered, who sacrificed temporal interest to a steady adherence to their principles.

The subject of these memoirs received a good classical education, which his father chiefly superintended himself. He was then removed to St. Mary Hall, Cambridge, and, after five years spent at the university, studied physic some time under Sir Benjamin Wrench, at Norwich, from which place he went and settled as a physician, at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk.

Here he married a widow, with a handsome jointure, who at her death left him one daughter. This lady became the wife of a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family, in the city of London.

At Bury, Dr. Monsey experienced the common fate of country physicians, being obliged to submit to constant fatigue, long journeys, and the inconvenience of an inadequate income. He has been heard to confess, that with the utmost exertion of unwearied application, his receipts never exceeded three hundred pounds a year, by efforts which, in an easy chariot, and in the streets of London, secured Dr. Warren nearly twenty times that income. Here, had it not been for a fortunate accident, his merits might have been confined to a provincial newspaper, and his fame to a country church-yard.

Lord Godolphin, the son of Queen Anne's lord treasurer, was seized with an apoplectic complaint, on his journey to his seat near Newmarket; the nearest medical help was at Bury, and Dr. Monsey, either by the assistance of nature or his own skill, was so successful as to save Lord Godolphin's life, and secure his warmest gratitude. Lord Godolphin was single, not very young, nor much addicted to company or dissipation. He felt, that by attaching himself to worth so superior to the situation in which he found it, he should obtain a rational companion for his leisure hours, and a

medical friend, so desirable in the d
life. During the intervals of illness
gard for the doctor increased: and,
lordship's recovery, his behavior was
suming, and his patron's offers so lib
he immediately accompanied him
metropolis. Here he was not de
struggle with the painful disappoint
hope deferred, for he was treated
Godolphin's as a friend and compa
introduced to many of the first char
the age. Among others, Sir Robert
assiduously cultivated his acquainta
the late earl of Chesterfield always
edged, with gratitude, the benefit)
from his medical skill and assistance

He thus trod the pleasantest part
midway between leisure and fati
friendship, polished society, a
amusement, might be said to st
flowers. He was made a fellow
Society, though his great age, for
before his death, prevented his
their meetings: and, on the
Smart, physician to Chelsea ho
appointed to succeed him. Alth
dolphin readily embraced every
forward the interest of his friend
always used to call him), yet h
suade himself to lose his ag
which he was frequently hear
the solace and comfort of his

fore, on Dr. Monsey's appointment to Chelsea, procured leave for him still to reside in town, on condition of visiting the hospital as occasion required.

He was at one time in the habit of the closest intimacy with the late David Garrick, whose fascinating powers of conversation and elegant manners, formed a striking contrast to Dr. Monsey's. The latter, during a long intercourse with the great and the gay, ever preserved a certain plainness of behavior, which, to those who associated with him, was by no means unpleasing.

He could never be persuaded to sacrifice sincerity at the shrine of adulation; he spoke the truth; and, which sometimes gave offence, the whole truth. This frequently afforded occasion to ignorance and malignity to cry him down as a cynic; but his censure, though severe, was generally just, and his shafts were directed against vice, folly, and affectation.

This difference of manners between him and the manager produced a mutual, but not unfriendly, exchange of raillery; to raise a laugh at the doctor's expense, was the amusement of many a happy hour at Hampton.

Garrick told him one evening, after his return from performing at Drury Lane, that, wishing to see a favorite scene acted by a performer at Covent Garden, then much in fashion, he had silyly slipped from his own stage, and trusted an under actor, known by the name of

Dagger Marr, for a few minutes to buy place, which was only to stand silent and and that, having satisfied his curiosity, he turned time enough to resume his part. doctor credulously swallowed the story circulated it with a degree of credulousness which the town enjoyed the joke, and he was he laughed at for his pains.

At the time when the doctor was in his firmest habit of friendship with Garrick, was seldom a day but they met in company with some other geniuses of the age, two being once in a tavern with Hogarth and two others, they were lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face," which he did intelligently.

"For heaven's sake, hold, David!" said Garrick; "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so, while Hogarth sketched a few lines, which were afterwards finished by the others, their mutual recollection; and this was the original of all the portraits of Fielding at present of the admired author Jones.

Hogarth afterwards said, "Now you are in the right humor, and I am in the right temper, do sit for your picture, take it off in five minutes."

Garrick complied; but, while he was proceeding, he mischievously changed his face, with a gradual change; so

portrait entirely unlike. Hogarth blamed self, and began a second time, but with the success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover that Garrick had played the trick upon him till the next time. Hogarth then found it out, flew into a violent passion, and would have thrown his palette, pencils, and brush at Garrick's head, but he had not made his escape from the raging storm of colors that pursued him. Would the painter be reconciled with his friends who were then present, because they witnessed the scene, and were highly gratified at the expense.

Those who knew Mr. Garrick admired and respected him; but they knew, and universally respected, that, although he eagerly sought to enjoy a joke at the expense of another, he was most seriously nettled if a laugh was directed at his own. Monsey frequently retorted with success. The little manager was sore, and on a particular occasion, allowed himself the most unjustifiable asperity of reply, that brought forth the latent spark of resentment in his friend.

The bishop of Sodor and Mann (Dr. Hilson, who preceded Dr. Wilson) was saying to Garrick certainly meant to quit the stage. "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and shilling on the other"—an expression proverbial in Norfolk. This was industriously reported.

The violence with which it was resented proved *that it was true*; and the long acquaintance was closed by an anonymous letter, sent by Garrick, containing the frequently quoted extract from Horace: *Absentem qui rodit amicum*, &c., a sentiment which Roscius ought to have been the last man to quote, as the *eccentric oddities* of his friend, as he used to call them, afforded him at all times, and at all places, an inexhaustible fund of ridiculous anecdote.

Intimate friends are said to make the most inveterate enemies; and Garrick, by his repeated and widely diffused sarcasms, certainly imbibited the enmity. Mutual recriminations, produced by the interference of some officious meddlers, who enjoyed their quarrel, passed between them to the very last.

Some unfinished stanzas were penned by the doctor, during the manager's illness, in which several physicians had been called in; but, as soon as Garrick died, which Monsey did not expect, they were instantly destroyed, and he could never be prevailed on to repeat them.

A gentleman who was favored with a sight of them, has given from memory the following passages, which afford a tolerable specimen of the satirical talents of the doctor.

Seven wise physicians lately met

To save a wretched sinner;

Come Tom, says Jack, pray let's be quick,

Or I shall lose my dinner.

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated ; after which,

Some roared for rhubarb, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover ;
Let's give him something, each one said,—
Why e'en let's give him—over.

This desperate counsel is, however, rejected by one of the medical sages, who, after some reflections on the life and habit of the patient, declares that he has great confidence in *chink* ; adding,

Nor dried up *chink*, you ninnies ;
'The *chinking* that I recommend,
Is the famous *chink* of guineas.

A humorous altercation now ensues to determine by whom this auricular application of the purse should be made. With a humility and politeness to each other, for which physicians are so remarkable, each declines the honor to the superior rank or years of his neighbor ; but the poet shrewdly guesses, that this backwardness arose from the majority of them not choosing to exhibit the comfortless state of their pockets.

At last, a physician in vogue, prides himself on his purse, replenished with guineas, which he had weighed, found *heavy*, and not *returned* to his patients' right ; in the moment of exultation he :

I and my long tail seldom fail,
To earn a score a day.

After due solemnity he approaches the bedside ; the curtain is withdrawn, and the glittering gold shaken in the sick man's ear.

Soon as the favorite sound he heard,
One faint effort he tried ;
He oped his eyes, he stretched his hand,
He made one grasp and died.

Lord Bath in vain attempted to reconcile them. "I thank you," said Dr. Monsey, "but why will your lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a merry-andrew and a quack doctor?"

On the death of Lord Godolphin, Dr. Monsey was obliged to retire from the courtly life of St. James's, and to quit the splendid equipage and retinue of a peer, together with the most agreeable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at hall table, his time piece, and his old woman.

As age and all its additional cares came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was observed in Dr. Monsey ; it became the fashion, for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interloper of established forms, and as a violator of minute rules of good breeding, which, he trifling they may appear to the sage and philosopher, contribute essentially to the

and comfort of modern life. The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity, has been defined as a man who sacrifices the good opinion of others to his own whim and *conveniency*. Nor can Dr. Monsey be wholly exculpated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind, he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect that what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle, fantastic, vain women, and womanish men, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbor, remarkable for puerile and silly behavior, and very much in the habit of contradicting the doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his argument. "If you have any faith in your opinion, will you venture a small wager on it?"—"I could, but I won't," was the answer.—"Then you have very little wit, or very little money," said Monsey.

A military man, more famous for his wheelbarrow amours with the cast-off mistress of a royal duke, and the marked contempt of his wife, who found solace in the arms of a fortunate Irishman, than for his achievements, contributed very much to render the doctor's situation at Chelsea uncomfortable. It was owing to the following circumstance:

This hoary veteran, who pretended to re-

form when no longer able to sin, was in a very illiberal manner abusing a friend of the doctor's, in his absence, as a coward and a debauchee, and the doctor for defending him. The latter instantly silenced the formal, but empty prater, by these words: "You have little right to abuse him for gallantry, for you attempted to debauch his mother; and, as to his courage, he did not stay at home, whoring and drinking, and get his bones broken in an affray under the Piazzas, while his regiment was cut to pieces in Germany, and then hurry over thither, just time enough to hear peace proclaimed, bring home infirmities produced by vice, and boast of them, as the consequence of wounds received in the service of his country."

With respect to religion, after a long study and much reading, Dr. Monsey was a staunch and rational supporter of the unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops and establishments, to creeds and to tests; but when the "blasphemous Athanasian doctrine" (as he called it) was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's, he was one fine day riding in Hyde Park, with a Mr. Robinson, a well meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with saying, "And, doctor, I talk with people who believe there is

no God." "And I, Mr. Robinson," replied the doctor, "talk with people who believe there are *three*." The frightened trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of such a profane reply.

Sir Robert Walpole knew and valued the worth of his "Norfolk doctor," as he called him,—*he knew it*, and neglected it. The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?"—"They get places," said the doctor, "I get a dinner and praise."

At one time the late ingenious Mrs. Montague was intimate with Dr. Monsey, so much so, that for many years she received from him a poetical compliment on her birth-day. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined, he was always silent on the subject; but it was suspected to be owing to an extreme parsimony which appeared in the lady's conduct ever since she built her magnificent house in Portman Square.

Dr. Monsey was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bugbear that drove him to risk his money on troublesome securities, and ultimately produced heavy

losses. He used to speak feelingly (as losers always do) of the villany of a Welsh parson, and a London attorney.

The doctor was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes; bureaus and strong boxes he was conscious had often failed of security. Previous to a journey to Norfolk, to visit his brother and friends during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting room for his treasury, and placed bank notes and cash to a considerable amount in that unusual situation, in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman (as he always called his housekeeper) preparing to treat a friend or two with a cup of tea; and, by way of showing respect to her guests, she had made a fire in the parlor (or master's sitting room) fire-place to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had not long been lighted, when Monsey arrived at the critical moment.

When the doctor entered the room her company had scarcely begun tea: he ran across the room like a madman, saying, "D—n your blood, you b—h, you have ruined me forever; you have burned all my bank notes!" First went the contents of the slop basin, then the tea-pot, and then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he

threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation, retreated as speedily as possible. His house-keeper cried out, "For God's sake, sir, forbear; you will spoil the steel stove and fire irons." "D—n the stove, irons, you, your company and all!" replied the doctor; "you have ruined and undone me forever: you have burned my bank notes." "Lord, sir," said the half drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" "And d—n you," said he, "who'd think of making a fire in summer time, where there has not been one for these several months?" He then put out all the coals and cinders, and at one corner he found the remains of his bank notes, for, being twice folded, one quarter of them so doubled and wrapped in brown paper, were entire, so as to be legible.

Next day Dr. Monsey went to Lord Godolphin's, told his lordship the story, producing the remains of the notes, and with such energetic gestures in acting the part of finding them, as made him ready to burst his sides with laughter. He was, however, so well pleased, that he told him he would go with him to the bank the next day, and get the cash for him through his influence, and would be collateral security for the doctor's integrity and honesty as to their value.

Lord Godolphin, having occasion to see the

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

(George II.) that day on business, told his majesty the story of Monsey and his bank notes. Being well acquainted with the doctor's strange character, the king resolved to go to Lord Godolphin's next morning and conceal himself in a closet. When Monsey came, it was agreed that Lord Godolphin should get in to repeat the story, which, upon his arrival, he effected with much difficulty. His majesty was so highly diverted that, in attempting to increase the mirth it excited, and to withdraw, unperceived, he stumbled and the closet door opened. The doctor was much chagrined with Lord Godolphin for running the laugh on him, and it broke out, "God"—when his majesty appeared, and, on seeing him, the doctor continued; "Bless your majesty! this may be a joke with you and his lordship, but to me a loss of near 400*l*." "No, no," replied Lord Godolphin, "for I am ready to go with you immediately and get your notes renewed, or the money for them." His lordship ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the bank, where some of the directors usually attend.

The doctor being obliged to go to the Horseguards, on business, took water at Whitehall near the bank. In going down the river his curiosity excited him to pull out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his bank notes were left; when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put

back, you sons of b——s! G—d d—n you, put back,” cried the doctor, “my bank-notes are overboard!” He was instantly obeyed; and when they reached them, he took the hat from his head, and, dipping it in the river, took up his notes, together with half a hatful of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. He was landed at the Three Cranes, walked straight to the bank, and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived, and had given notice of Dr. Monsey’s coming.

“What have you under your arm,” said Lord Godolphin. “The damned notes,” replied the doctor, throwing the hat with the contents on the table among all the books and papers, and with such force as made the water fly in the faces of those who were standing near it. “There,” said the doctor, “take the remains of your damned notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!” A burst of laughter succeeded on being informed of the last adventure, and the doctor was obliged to repeat the original story over again with the addition of the water scene. An order was then made out for the whole amount, on the doctor’s veracity, and Lord Godolphin’s assurance of his integrity and singularity.

All this time the watermen were very noisy for their fare, swearing that the doctor was a madman. When he left the place with Lord

Godolphin to return to his carriage, they even did hold on him, and the doctor was so absent that he entirely forgot their errand, and absolutely knocked one of them down with his stick for insulting him. Lord Godolphin interfered; when he recollected that he came by water, and had not paid the men; on which he gave them a crown to drink for the mistake, and half a crown for their fare.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in public as in private faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious,—a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse. If he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for he has been known in two instances to burn a bond for 100*l.* which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed to repay it.

A neighbor of the doctor's, possessed of a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money; though the doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions both to him and his wife. He attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of, or offered; and, on one occasion, at some distance from town, when the doctor's chaise-hire cost him seven guineas.

After some time, this *abuser* and *practiser* of sordid actions, sent his friend a ten-pound bank note, which Dr. Monsey directly returned, saying, "that the attention of a *friend* cannot be repaid with *money*;" adding, "If he had sent me a piece of plate worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

He was ever ready to advance sums to assist inferior tradesmen, often with very little prospect of receiving the money again. Not long before his death, he advanced a servant, retiring from a gentleman's service, a hundred pounds to set him up in business. The tradesman had applied for assistance to his master, a finical, delicate, woman's man, who trembled at a breeze; he generously lent him *twenty pounds*, which he made him repay in a *fortnight*. The performer of this generous action has been heard to exclaim against the doctor as a miser and a brute.

Among a number of instances that might be related of Dr. Monsey's absence of mind, the following is one which he frequently mentioned, and laughed at very heartily, when in a good humor, at the same time observing, that his brother was as bad as himself.

Being once on a visit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of winter, and intending to set off for London the next day, his brother proposed to go and shoot wild ducks early in the morning, that he might take two or three

couple fresh killed to London with him. The servant had orders to clean the long fowling piece, get plenty of powder and shot, and to grease their boots. Every thing being in readiness, according to their desire, about an hour before daylight the doctor and his brother set off for the place where the ducks resort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go to feed.

They had walked nearly three miles; and it having rained in the night, the clay-mud wall was very dirty and greasy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. They were now obliged to get over the wall, and a gate across a sluice into the marsh, where the ducks were. The rain had raised the water above a foot. It was then proposed that one should go over, and the other remain behind. Says the doctor, "George, do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots."

"By G—d, doctor, so have I," said his brother, "but we won't lose our sport, as we have come thus far." So both waded through and got over the gate into the marsh: and, advancing along the fleet, they at length perceived the ducks. "You are near enough, George," said the doctor. "Ay," replied George, "I think we are not above one hundred yards off." "Why, then, fire," says the doctor. "Do you fire," returned George. "Why, I have not got the gun; do you fire. "I fire! why d—n it, I have not got the gun,"

said the brother, "I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is lost! Here are not less than thirty ducks within shot, and neither of us have got the gun!" Thus, after rising very early, walking at least three miles in a most dirty place, along the salt marshes, and wading midleg in water above fifty yards, they found that they had both forgot to take the gun, as well as their boots.

By way of ridiculing family pride, Dr. Monsey used to relate that the first of his ancestors, of *any note*, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To supply an urgent demand, he robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. A few years afterwards, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce and excessively dear. The hoarded treasure was ripped out of the beds, and a good sum was procured for hops, which in a plentiful season would have been unsaleable; and thus, said the doctor, our family hopped from obscurity.

Of Dr. Monsey's eccentric character, the following circumstances may serve as an addition to the examples that have already been given.

One time when the doctor was coming from his brother's, in Norfolk, up to London, in the Norwich coach, during the Christmas holydays,

the inside of the coach was crowded with game, as presents from country gentlemen to their friends in town. As there was just room for only one passenger, the doctor would gladly have deferred his departure, although it was on particular business, as there were no living passengers ; but, as they refused at the coach-office either to return his earnest money, or to permit it to stand a part of his coach-hire to town next day, he entered the coach. When day-light appeared, seeing that the game had different assignments, he thought it better to be doing mischief than nothing at all ; therefore, to amuse himself, he altered the directions : the pheasants that were going to my lord, or his grace, were sent to some tradesman. In short, every thing had a different destination from that originally assigned it. Thus, on the delivery of the parcels, an universal confusion took place, and those who, by advice in a letter, expected one thing, received another ; but the doctor observed, that he always took care to send a good turkey to the tradesman.

The doctor, once going along Oxford market, observed a poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy, at a butcher's shop, asking the price of a fine piece of beef. The brute answered the woman, "one penny a pound," thinking no doubt it was too good for her. "Weigh that piece of beef," said the doctor.

"Ten pounds and a half," said Mr. Butcher.

"good woman," cried the doctor, hold
apron, and take that beef home to
family."

"bless your honor!"

"off, directly—home: no compliments.
Mr. Butcher," says the doctor, "give
me out of this shilling for that poor
beef."

"What do you mean, sir?" replied the

man, sir! Why to pay for the poor wo-
man's beef, what you asked her,—a penny a
pound. Come, make haste and give me three
shillings: I am in a hurry."

"Yes, sir,"—said the butcher.

"Why sirs with me," answered the doc-
tor, "give me my change instantly, or I will
cut your head." The butcher again began
to stammer, and the doctor struck him with
force with his cane. A number of

people had, by this time, gathered around
the doctor told the story, and they
did not refrain from laughing at their brother
The butcher vowed he would summons
the doctor before the court of conscience.
The doctor gave the man his address, but never
change, or heard any more of him.

A particular apartment in Dr. Monsey's
house is devoted to mechanics, and displayed
a fine collection of pendulums and wheels,
saws, hammers and chisels; and, as

long as age and sight allowed, he amused himself almost every day in this recess, and was particularly pleased in executing any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch and a good clock: he possessed a time-piece of great value, and exquisite workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favorite clocks he had a string, which he could pull as he lay in bed; and when he could not sleep, which, towards the conclusion of his life, was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, just as the doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the clocks, and stopped them. In the night, his old friends, in spite of all the doctor's applications, were both silent; he rung his bell, instantly rose himself, called his servants, and the whole house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune; but the author of the joke was forbidden his house for ever.

The doctor had a particular mode of drawing his own teeth: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, attached to a bullet, with a hole made through it; with this bullet a pistol was charged, and, when held in a

proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion was got rid of, and a disagreeable operation evaded. Though he declared that he never knew this method attended with any ill consequence, yet he scarcely ever met with any body who would adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

The doctor, who dearly loved a smart reparation, was one day riding with his servant in his own county, when he observed a shepherd tending his flock, with a new coat on. "Harkee, friend," says the doctor, "who gave you that coat?" the shepherd (taking him for a parson, as he was dressed in black) replied, "The same that clothed you—the parish." The doctor, highly pleased with the answer, rode on a little way, and then desired his man to go back and ask the shepherd if he wanted a place, as he wanted a fool. The servant went and delivered his message. "*Why, are you going away?*" said the shepherd. "No," answered the servant.—"Then tell your master," replied the shepherd, "*that his living, I am sure, cannot maintain three of us.*" This answer being brought to the doctor, he despatched the fellow off again to the shepherd, with a crown for the joke.

Such was Dr. Monsey; but at length infirmity clouded his faculties; garrulous old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance

succeeded to that **gaiety** and wit, which had very often set the table in a roar, and to those sallies of ironical sarcasm, which no "*power of face*" could resist. He had far exceeded the usual age of man; the accomplishment of his century was near at hand; and he declared, in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had outlived his pleasures and his friends. Nature was, at last, completely exhausted, and he expired in his 96th year.

His will, as might be expected, had a tincture of the traits and oddities of his life. He left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 16,000*l.*, to his daughter for her life, and afterwards, by a long and complicated entail, to her female descendants. He also mentions a young lady, with the most lavish encomium on her wit, taste and elegance, and bequeaths her an old, battered snuff-box, scarcely worth six-pence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom, he says, he meant to have left a legacy; but, discovering her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, he was induced to alter his mind.

He directs his body to be anatomized, and the skeleton to be kept at Chelsea hospital; bequeaths an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs most vehemently against bishops, deans, and chapters;

and gives annuities to two clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

The doctor lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea hospital, that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the grant had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different paymasters of the forces. The doctor, one day looking out of his window, and seeing a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who he knew had just got a reversion of the place, came out to him, and thus accosted him: "Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that *are to be*, and I assure you they are both very pleasant and very convenient, but I must tell you *one* circumstance; you are the *fifth* man that has got the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more," said the doctor, looking very archly at him, "there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too."

The event justified the doctor's prediction, as the gentleman very soon after died; and, what was still more extraordinary, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, there was no person who had the promise of the reversion.

HENRY WELBY.

WAS a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of above a thousand pounds a year. He was observed in his lifetime to possess, in an eminent degree, the qualifications of a gentleman and a scholar. Having been a competent time at the university and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the esteem of the world and the love of his friends, and, indeed, all that knew him, insomuch that he may have here been considered as a perfect contrast to the characters hitherto described in this book. In fact, his heart was warm, and the virtues of it were conspicuous from his many acts of charity, humanity, and benevolence. But an accident happened about the fortieth year of his age, that gave a complete turn to his way of life, as well as to the view of his affairs. At this time an abandoned profligate (said to be his brother) made an attempt upon his life with a pistol, which not going off, he had address and strength sufficient to wrest it from his hands, and found it charged with a double bullet. From this incident, he formed a resolution of retiring from the world and taking a house in Grub Street, he reserved three rooms for himself; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third

for his study. In these, he kept himself so closely retired, that for forty-four years he was never seen by any human creature, except Deborah, his old servant maid that attended him, who had only been permitted to see him in some cases of urgent necessity. Secluded from all intercourse with mankind, Mr. Welby led a very blameless life. His diet was constantly bread and water gruel, milk, and vegetables; and when most inclined to indulge himself, then he took the yolk of an egg. He was very curious in knowing how the world went, for he bought all the new books that were published, most of which, after perusing, he rejected, and gave to his old servant to sell, and constantly applied the produce to the use of the poor. His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was ever more constant and rigid in his abstinence. His plain garb, his long, white beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great part of his income in acts of charity, many of which were bestowed with a degree of singularity worthy of being recorded. Though his servant never saw him but upon very emergent occasions, yet, through her means, he communicated his charities to the neighborhood round in a very singular manner. When he wanted any thing with the old woman, he used to ring a bell in the middle room, and immediately

retire to the inner apartment, from whence he asked, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by her, for what he wanted. His meal time was the constant hour with him to receive petitions from the poor, all of which he duly considered ; but upon these occasions his servant still, though the agent of his benevolence, did not see her master ; for she did not dare enter his apartment ; and not until he had rung the bell in the middle room, must she venture to go and take her orders, which, when particular, were in writing. Upon extraordinary festivals, as Christmas, Easter, Whitsontide, and Michaelmas day, he constantly caused every seasonable sort of provision to be provided, and, after being dressed, he had them brought up, and when the servant had retired, Mr. Welby cut the victuals up, and divided it in donations to the poor of the neighborhood, according to the number of children or incumbrance of their circumstances ; and upon the representation of extraordinary cases, in which he did not like his charity to be quite so conspicuous, the old woman was despatched with money wrapped up in paper, with directions to throw it in at the door or window of the apartment of the poor people, and disappear ; which practice he seemed to adopt from the words of the gospel, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand does." After having thus spent a life of benevolence and good will to all men, and innocent, though singular, he died the 29th of October, 1636, in the eighty-fourth year of

his age, and lies buried in St. Giles's church near Cripplegate. His old maid servant died but six days before him. Mr. Welby left an amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hillyard, a gentleman of Yorkshire; but neither she, nor any of his family, ever saw her father after his retirement.

THOMASO ANIELLO.

COMMONLY called *Masaniello*, was a fisherman of Naples, who caused a revolt in that city, on account of taxes, and headed a body of 50,000 persons. At this time he was about 24 years of age, of a sprightly, active disposition, pleasant and humorous, and of a confident, bold address: his eyes were black, sharp, and piercing: his countenance indicated an enterprising mind; and he possessed a large share of resolution and rough courage: his hair was cropped short: he wore a mariner's cap, long linen drawers, and blue waistcoat, and always went barefooted. His house was at the corner of the market place; and under one of his windows was fixed the arms and name of Charles V., which was considered by the people as a pre-sage of what afterwards happened: and Aniello would often jocularly say, that he should re-

store the city to its liberties, and recover and establish the charter of privileges, granted by that monarch to the people of Naples. As soon as he found the people ripe for his purpose, he used to collect a number of boys around his stall, and harangue them with a fine speech, which was resounded in every corner of the streets by the boys, as soon as they divided themselves into different parties. The tumult this conduct occasioned was considerable. Some, thinking Aniello mad, attempted to ridicule him; but he replied, "You may laugh at me now, but you shall soon see what the fool Aniello will do. If I don't set you free from all your taxes, may I be cursed, and called a villain forever!" This answer only served to confirm these scoffers in their opinion of his madness; but Aniello, regardless of this, took the names of the boys who followed him, of whom there were about 500, from 16 to 18 years of age. Their number, however, soon increased to 5,000. He gave them each a small, weak cane, desiring them to practise the lesson he had given them; and appointing them to attend him the next morning at his stall, told them he would be their general, and lead them on to glory and liberty. This was on the 6th of July, 1647. Accordingly, he attended in the market place with his little brigade. When the country fruiterers came, the people refused to buy until the *gabel* was abolished. Among the fruiterers was a relation of Aniello's,

THOMASO ANIELLO.

with whom he had planned this tumult, and who, affecting to be in a passion, kicked down two baskets of fruit; the others, disappointed of their sale, fell upon the shop-keepers, and a sharp contest ensued, while the boys were scrambling for the fruit that was kicked about. A magistrate now interfered, but was pelted by the fisherman and his boys with stones. People rushed now from all quarters into the market place, some armed with sticks, some with pikes, and some with whatever came first to hand; these joined Aniello, who jumped upon the highest table among the fruiterers, and, commanding silence, harangued the multitude. His speech was not only received with general applause, but every one expressed their determination to follow him wherever he would lead them. Thus supported, several toll and gabel houses were destroyed by fire; and our hero at length effected the abolition of the taxes, and established the privileges granted by Charles V., for which he received the congratulations of the nobility and gentry. The streets were strewed before him with palm and olive branches; and the ladies, from their windows and balconies, dropped flowers and garlands. Aniello was elegantly attired during the proclamation: but when the wished-for reduction in the taxes was obtained, he began to tear his dress in pieces, declaring himself now a fisherman. Having thus accomplished his design, he became frantic with

by. The higher persons, who beheld him with a jealous eye, took advantage of his wild proceedings; four muskets were fired on him; his head was severed from his body; the body dragged through kennels; and the head, after being exposed on a spear, thrown into a ditch. Notwithstanding this ignominious treatment, the day after his death (July 17, 1647), a general assembly having been convened, it was agreed that his remains should be interred with every public honor, which was accordingly done.

S. BISSET,

REMARKABLE for his patience and eccentricity in teaching docility to the dumb creation, was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He was bred a shoemaker, and had the reputation of being an excellent hand at what is called woman's work. He afterwards went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, till the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention. In the year 1739, reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at the fair at St. Germain's, curiosity led him to try his hand on a horse and dog

which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he exercised art upon, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, and the other held a candle, with one paw, for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. He also taught these antic animals to perform several other curious tricks, such as drinking to the company, going through several regular dances with the dog, &c. Three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He instructed those domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. These performances exciting general curiosity, his house was every day crowded, and his business much interrupted. Being advised to make a public exhibition of his animals, he readily assented to the proposal; and the well known *Cats' Opera* was advertised to be represented in the Haymarket, where a horse, a dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and, in a few days, Bisset found himself a gainer of almost a thousand pounds, as a reward for his ingenuity. This success created a desire of extending his dominion over other animals. He procured a ~~l~~ret, and taught it to beat

everal marches on a drum on its hind legs, till it became a full grown hare. He taught Canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular dance; but, to accomplish this, he acknowledged that he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by beating the floor. In the course of six months' teaching, he enabled a turkey to fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. At length, not meeting with the encouragement he had for some years received, he found himself constrained to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his group, and to sell the rest. After showing his animals in the city of London, to the great astonishment of thousands, in 1775, he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom, and afterwards went to Belfast, where he established himself in a public house, resolving in future to deal only with the rational part of animated nature. But the habits and the amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and cat to perform many amazing exploits. / Doubt being started to him whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his unpatient fortitude was exercised to try the e

periment. He bought a black sucking pig, in the market of Belfast, for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool or kit on which he sat at his work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose, and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of six months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable. In August, 1783, he again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shown for two or three nights, at Ranelagh: it was perfectly under command, and appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather had made it necessary that Bisset should remove his animal to the city, he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised it to be seen in Dame Street. It was exhibited two or three days to many persons of distinction, when it could spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, cast up accounts, and point out even the words thought of by persons present: it told, exactly, the hour, minutes, and seconds; pointed out the married and unmarried, kneeled, and made his obeisance to the company, &c., &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a

allow broke into the room without any sort of pretext, and, armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives what Shakespeare calls "a pelting officer," he assaulted the inoffensive man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and even menaced vengeance on the poor pig. In vain the injured Bisset pleaded the permission he had obtained from the chief magistrate: he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found again offending in the same manner; in consequence of which he was compelled to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illness, from which he never effectually recovered, and died a few days after, at Chester, on his way to London.

COUNT GAGE,

Who, in the year 1719, acquired a fortune of 13,000,000*l.* in the Mississippi stock in Paris, which so much intoxicated him and his lady (who was sister to the marquis of Powis), that they sent a gentleman to the then Augustus king of Poland, to make him an offer of 3,000,000*l.* for that crown, which his majesty refused; after which, he sent another pers

to the then king of Sardinia, to offer him a vast sum of money for the island of Sardinia, which that monarch likewise rejected. Many of Mr. Gage's friends advised him to send 2 or 300,000*l.* to England, to purchase an estate to support him, in case the Mississippi scheme should prove a bubble, which, in a short time, it did, by which Mr. Gage was utterly undone.

MR. LOOKUP.

WAS a North Briton by birth, but served an apprenticeship to an apothecary in the north of England, and acted in that profession, as a journeyman, in the city of Bath. Soon after the death of his master, he paid his addresses to the widow, and prevailed on her to favor him with her hand. From his infancy, he had a strong propensity for play; and living constantly in that seat of gayety and dissipation, he had frequent opportunities of indulging it. As he grew older, he gave a greater latitude to his inclinations, and became very expert at several games, being endowed with a very good understanding, and a penetrating genius. Finding himself, by his connubial alliance, master of about five hundred pounds, he presently shut up shop, and turned his application

his new and much desired business ; and had not been long in it, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller could himself. Some time after this, he learned to read, and, as soon as he had, was always reading when he could. He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. A passion for reading was his ruling passion ; and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indifferently, as they happened to come into his hands : he read them with a surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling them, if there was any thing peculiar of that kind in any author. His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, and Marini, the great duke's librarians. He was by them introduced into the conversation of the learned, and made known at court, and began to be looked upon every where as a prodigy, particularly for his vast and unbounded memory. It is said that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman at Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi ; and, some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him again with a melancholy face, and told him of some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed at

think you play as well with one eye as two." "I don't wonder at it," replied Lookup, "for I have seen only out of one for these ten years." With the money he won of Lord Chesterfield he bought some houses at Bath, and jocularly named them *Chesterfield Row*. After accumulating a considerable sum by play, he repaired to the capital; and having buried his wife, married another widow with a very large fortune. His plan of operations was now very much enlarged, and though he played occasionally for his amusement, or when he met with what is termed a *good thing*, he did not now pursue gaming as a regular profession. He struck out several schemes, some visionary, and others advantageous; among the foremost of these was a project for making saltpetre, for which extensive buildings were erected at Chelsea. So sanguine were his hopes of success, that he persuaded a particular friend of his to become a partner, and the loss of many thousands was the consequence of pursuing his project. He was concerned in many privateers at the beginning of the war, and at the close of it he engaged in the African trade. His darling passion would, however, sometimes predominate, and he has been known to sit up whole nights, playing for very considerable sums, within a few weeks of his death: nay, it was averred that he died with a pack of cards in his hand, at his favorite game, *humbug*, or two handed whist; on which Mr. Foote face-

tiously observed, "That Lookup was *humbugged* out of the world at last." The affair for which he was on the point of suffering a disgraceful punishment, made a great noise in the world; we shall therefore briefly state it.—Meeting with Sir Thomas F——, they agreed to repair to a tavern, to play at cribbage: they played very deep, and Mr. Lookup won between three and four hundred pounds, which he received; but it having been hinted to Sir Thomas, that Lookup must have had a pull upon him, the baronet commenced an action to recover double damages, according to the statute. In defending this action, by the blunder of Lookup's attorney, he swore to a circumstance which was proved to be false. Lookup was hereupon imprisoned and prosecuted for perjury, and would have stood on the pillory if a flaw had not been discovered in the indictment, which opened a door for his escape. Mr. Lookup, upon the whole, was almost as extraordinary a character as has been seen for many years. He possessed a considerable share of good sense, cultivated by a long acquaintance with the world: he had a smattering of learning, a retentive memory, a fluency of words, and a vivacity of imagination. We cannot add that he was generous, grateful, or courageous. He ended his days in Holland, whither he went to settle some commercial affairs. We cannot positively ascertain his age, but we think he must have been bordering upon seventy.

ANTHONY MAGLIABECHI.

ANTHONY MAGLIABECHI,

A LEARNED Florentine, and librarian to the grand duke of Tuscany, was born in Florence October 29, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were very well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold herbs and fruit. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighborhood, who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day, "What he meant by staring so much on printed papers?" He said, "that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him." The bookseller was astonished, and yet pleased with his answer; and at last told him, that he should not be disinclined to take him into his shop, if his master would be willing to part with him. Magliabechi thanked him with tears of joy in his eyes; and his happiness was highly increased, when his master, on the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go where he pleased. He went, therefore, directly to

edge of books, that induced the great duke. Cosmo the Third, to do him the honor of making him his librarian : and what a happiness must it have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as in reading, to have the supreme command and use of such a collection of books as that in the great duke's palace ! He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library ; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany ; and yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite. To read such vast numbers as he did, he latterly made use of a method as extraordinary as any thing hitherto mentioned of him. When a book first came into his hands, he would look the title page all over, and then dip here and there in the preface, and advertisements if there were any, and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, the different sections, or chapters, and then he would be able forever to know what that book contained ; for he remembered as steadily as he conceived rapidly. It was after he had taken to this way of reading, that a priest who had composed a panegyric on one of his favorite saints, brought it to Magliabechi, as a present. He read it over the very way above mentioned, and then thanked him very kindly for his excellent treatise. The author in some pain asked him, "Whether that was all he intended to read of his book ?" Magliabechi coolly answered, "Yes, for I know very

well every thing that is in it." Magliabechi had a local memory too of the places where every book stood, and seems to have carried this further than only in relation to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the great duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him, whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible, for there is but one in the world; that is in the grand seignor's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in." Though Magliabechi must have lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain over, to the poor. He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly, in his dress. His appearance was such, as must have been far from engaging the affection of a lady, had he addressed himself to any; and his face in particular, as appears by the several representations of him, whether in his busts, medals, pictures, or prints, would rather have prejudiced his suit, than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him in

any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner, though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it, together with a cynical, or contemptuous smile, which scarce rendered his look the more agreeable. In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs and a draught or two of water was his usual repast. When any one went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all around him: and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books, by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance he commonly used to call out to them, "not to hurt his spiders." An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night: he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, in which he continued fixed among his books till he was overpowered by sleep.

GEORGE MANLY,

A MURDERER, who was executed at Wicklow, in Ireland, 1738; and, having behaved in a strange and undaunted manner, made the following curious speech at the tree: "My friends, you assemble to see—What? A man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf to save his country from destruction. What then will you see of me? You say, that no man without virtue can be courageous. You see I am courageous. You'll say I have killed a man; Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history for great men; but I killed one solitary man! ay, that's the case; one solitary man! I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries; they were great men. I ran in debt with the ale wife; I must be hanged! Now, my friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived and myself; but these were men of former days. Now I'll speak a word of some of the present days. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for setting a king in Poland! But both sides

ould not be in the right: they are great men; but I killed a solitary man, I'm a ~~single~~ fellow. The king of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men; but what of all that? What he does is good; he's a great man; he is clothed in purple; his instruments of murder are bright and shining, mine was but a rusty gun; and so much for comparison. Now I would fain know what authority there is in scripture, for a rich man to murder, to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole countries; and what law it is that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep to feed his family. But bring the matter closer to our own country: what is the difference between running in a poor man's debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right, and clapping a pistol to a man's breast, and taking from him his purse? yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach, and honors, and titles, &c., the other—what? a cart and a rope. From what I have said, my brethren, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened; but believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge the just judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes but from the merits of my Redeemer, who I hope will have mercy on me, as he knows that murder was far from my heart, what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto by the doers

Take warning, my dear comrades: think! O think!—What would I now give that I had lived another life!"

HON. WILLIAM MONTAGUE.

WAS the second son of Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbrooke, who was eldest son to Edward, third earl of Sandwich. Having betaken himself to the sea service, he was appointed a lieutenant in the navy, under Captain Long. This gentleman observing in him a too gallant spirit, which at times rose to an appearance rather romantic for a moderate and prudent man to display, distinguished him on all occasions by the familiar appellation of his dragon. He was successively promoted to be captain of the *Mermaid*, the *Prince Edward*, and the *Bristol*. Hitherto he does not appear to have had any opportunity of manifesting that natural intrepidity which all who knew him admit him to have possessed; but in the following year he commanded the *Bristol*, as indeed he continued to do during the remainder of the war. He was present with Mr. Anson at the defeat and capture of De la Jonquire's squadron, and contributed all that was possible for him towards the glorious success then obtained. He after-

wards, on the 27th of February, 1747, captured a very valuable French register ship, having on board 360,000 dollars, beside a valuable cargo of cochineal, cocoa, and other commodities. He was snatched from the service at a very early period of his life, on the 10th of February, 1757. The whimsical eccentricities which pervaded the general conduct of this gentleman, procured him, both in and out of service, the familiar appellation of *Mad Montague*. Some of these anecdotes are almost too extravagant for belief, one or two of which we shall venture to relate. In coming up the Channel, during the time he commanded the Bristol, he fell in with a very numerous fleet of outward bound Dutch merchantmen: he fired at several, in order to compel them to bring to, a measure authorized by custom and his general instructions. The Dutch, aided by a fair wind, hoped by its assistance to escape the disagreeable delay of being searched or overhauled, and held on their way. Captain Montague pursued, but, on overtaking them, took no other satisfaction, than that of manning and sending out his two cutters, with a carpenter's mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those with which they are accustomed to ornament the extremity of the rudders. When these were brought on board he caused them to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the m

ludicrous manner his vein of humor could invent, and writing under them the names of the twelve Cæsars. Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and having got into a night affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle what is usually termed a black eye. On the following day, previous to his going on shore, he compelled each of his boats' crew to black, with cork, one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury; the starboard rowers the right eye, the larboard rowers the left, and the cockswain both: the whimsical effect may be easily conceived. When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to repair to town. The admiral informed him, that "the complexion of affairs was so serious, that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge could carry him." Mr. Montague is said to have immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn with horses, on which he meant to row his barge, having previously stored it with provisions and necessaries requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew was instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had actually been coming into the harbor from Spithead. Sir Edward, it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent

him his permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper. A variety of well authenticated anecdotes equally ludicrous might be adduced, but the foregoing specimen may perhaps be deemed sufficient.

JOHN OVERS.

BEFORE there was any bridge built over the Thames, the conveyance was by a ferry, which used to carry passengers, &c. from Southwark to the city by boats; which ferry was rented of the city by John Overs, who enjoyed it for many years. This man, though he kept many servants, was of so covetous a mind, that he would not, even in his old age, spare his own weak body, nor abate any thing of his unnecessary labor, only to save expenses. From his first increase of wealth, he always put his money out to use, which in time grew to such a mighty increase, that it was almost equal to the first nobleman's in the land; notwithstanding, in his habit, housekeeping, and expense he expressed nothing so much as miserable poverty. This Charon had one daughter, beautiful and beautiful; and he took care enough to see her liberally educated; but when she grew up and fit for marriage, he would su

no man (by his good will) to have any access to her. However, a young gentleman took the opportunity, when he was picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well, the second better, and the third concluded the match. In all this interim, the silly, rich ferryman, not dreaming but things were as secure by land as they were by water, continued in his former course, which was as follows: He was of so poor and wretched a disposition, that, when he would not be at the charge of a fire, he has roasted, or at least heated, a black pudding in his bosom, and eat it: and has given his servants some of the pudding out of his bosom, which had been heated by his rowing over the water. Puddings were then a yard for a penny; and whenever he gave them their allowance, he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would scarce afford a poor neighbor the lighting of a candle, lest they should in some part impoverish him by taking some of the light. He has also in the night gone to scrape upon the dunghill, and if he could find any bones, he would bring them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage; and, instead of oatmeal, he would buy the siftings of coarse meal, and with this make the poor servants their broth. He bought his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into

slices, and laid it in the sun, that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it were tainted, and, therefore, would go further in the family; and when his dog has refused it, he said, he was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and then ate it himself. He needed no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left his house, as there were no crumbs left by his servants to feed them. It is further reported of him, that, to save one day's expenses, he first counterfeited himself sick, and the next day to die, and his body to be laid out, for no other purpose, than to save one day's provisions; apprehending that, whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had seen him in the earth, purposing to recover the next morning after the charge was saved; and with this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her own will, consented to satisfy his humor. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet (for he would not be at the expense of a coffin); he was laid out in his chamber, with one candle set burning at his head, and another at his feet, which was the custom of the time. His apprentice, hearing of the glad tidings, hoping to be rid of their penurious servitude, came to see the joyful spectacle, and, supposing him really dead, began to dance and skip about the corpse. (C ran into the kitchen, and, breaking open cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; and

fetch'd out the cheese; and a third drew a flagon of beer, and began filling their empty bellies (being almost starved), and rejoicing among themselves, thinking they were in expectation of future help and comfort, and to be freed from the hard usage they had endured. The old man lay quaking all this while to see the waste, and, thinking he should be undone, he could endure it no longer, but stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost, and taking a candle in each hand, was going to route them for their boldness, when one of them, thinking it was the devil, in his likeness, in amazement caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains. Thus he, who thought only to counterfeit death, occasioned his own death in earnest; and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as he was the prime occasion of his own death. The daughter's lover, hearing of her father's death, made all possible haste up to London; but, alas! with more haste than good speed, for, in riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just at his entrance into London, and broke his neck. This, and her father's death, had such an effect on her spirits, as bereaved her of her senses. The father, who, for his usury, extortion, and the sordidness of his life, had been excommunicated, therefore was not allowed Christian burial; but the daughter, for money, prevailed on the friars of Bermondsey Abbey, in the absence of the abbot, to get

him buried. When the abbot came home, seeing a new grave, he inquired who, in his absence, had been buried there. On being truly informed, he caused the body to be taken up and commanded it to be laid on his own ass's back (for it was the custom of the times for the heads of religious houses to ride upon asses); then making a short prayer, he turned the beast, with his burden, out at the abbey gates, desiring of God, that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went, with a solemn pace, unguided by any, through Kent Street, till he came to St. Thomas-a-watering, which was then the common execution place, and there shook him off, just under the gallows; where a grave was instantly made, and, without any ceremony, he was tumbled in, and covered with earth. This was the remarkable end of his infamous and abominable avarice. These disasters on the daughter coming one upon another, and being troubled with a number of new suitors, she resolved to retire into a cloister of religious nuns; and determined, whatever her father had left her by his death, she would dispose of as near as she could to the honor of her Creator, and the encouragement of his religious service; and caused, to the place where her father lived, and was born, the foundation of a famous church

Mary ; in memory of which pious act, and that her name might live to all posterity, the people added her name also to that given by her, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it in general bears even to this day. London Bridge originated from the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs. Before, there had been a ferry, left by her parents to their only daughter, Mary, who founded a nunnery, and endowed it with the money received from the profits of the boats. This house was afterwards converted into a college of priests, who not only built the bridge, but kept it in repair: but it must be understood, that the first bridge was of timber, the materials at hand, and, most probably, rudely put together.

EDWARD PRATT.

THE hero of these memoirs was an officer in the service of the East India Company, and half brother to a late venerable and illustrious peer of the same name. This singular character is introduced as a remarkable instance of unconquerable taciturnity, and tenacious accuracy of memory. Though by no means an avaricious man, he always preferred the upper floor of a house for his residence, on account

of its tranquillity; and regularly, while on shore, dined in a room by himself at a tavern, where he daily drank a solitary bottle of wine, without intoxication. He seldom was heard to speak, but no circumstance, however urgent, could prevail on him to *break silence at whist*, the favorite amusement, or rather occupation, of his life; and, at the conclusion of each rubber, he could correctly call over the cards in the exact order in which they were played, and enumerate various instances of error or dexterity in his associates, with practical remarks. But taciturnity was the favorite, the habitual, or the affected pleasure of his life; he chose to forego many little satisfactions and comforts, rather than be at the trouble of asking for them. The endearing chit chat of friendship or affection, the familiar small talk of domestic life, the lively intercourse and spirited conversation of polished circles, which the sons of solitude sometimes relish, he sedulously avoided. In his voyages to the east, he often doubled the Cape without opening his lips. On a certain occasion, the ship had been detained by a long and troublesome calm, more distressing to a British sailor than a tempestuous sea. The anxious and dispirited crew were at last revived by the wished-for breeze springing up; a shabby seaman at last proclaimed the welcome tidings of land, for



the approaching comforts of *terra firma*, the features of Mr. Pratt were observed somewhat to alter and unbend. "I knew," said he, "you would enjoy the sight of land; I saw it an hour before the careless ragamuffin aloft." And these were the first, the last, and the only words he uttered during the voyage. This unsocial and reserved behavior probably originated from ill treatment on his first voyage, a hasty, unfavorable opinion of his associates, the boisterousness of the waves, or an ill-founded and ungenerous prejudice, in which he was supported by a learned writer. "I prefer a prison to a ship," said Dr. Johnson, "for you have always more room, and generally better company." This illiberal sarcasm, from a man who knew and taught better things, seems highly reprehensible.

JAMELJAN PUGATSCHEW,

A RUSSIAN rebel, who assumed the title of Peter the Third, in 1774. This extraordinary man was the son of Ismailow Pugatschew, a chief of the Cossacks, on the banks of the river Don, who was remarkable for his bravery and conduct between the wars of Peter the Great

died, as he had always desired, in the field, covered with wounds, which he received in the battle between the Russians and Turks, near Bucharest, the latter end of the year 1784, leaving Jameljan, his only son, then an infant, under the care of his mother; who, in consequence of a new attachment, neglecting him in a most inhuman manner, he was taken by an uncle to Poland, and lived in the family of a nobleman, where he made himself acquainted with the French, Italian, Polish, and German languages, and was remarkable for the liveliness of his parts. He then returned to his own country with his uncle, and settled among the Cossacks that inhabit the forests of the Ukraine. Jameljan, upon the death of his uncle, became a chieftain among these erratic people, and, from his superior knowledge, established a government which considerably increased the happiness of his dependants, who lived, like most of the Cossacks on the banks of the Don, in continual warfare with the neighboring Tartars. Among the strangers which belonged to the troop Jameljan commanded, were two men of abilities, who, from a spirit of enterprise, had accompanied him from Poland; the one, Boispre, a Norman; and the other, Capelini, a native of Florence. These persons were of considerable use to him in instructing and civilizing his savage associates. In one of their excursions, Pugatschew had destroyed a large settlement of Tartars, and carried off

a considerable booty ; and a great number of prisoners, among whom was a female remarkable for her beauty, called Marvea, whom Jameljan soon after became so fond of, that he married her according to the custom of those people. The charms of this woman made an impression upon our chief's Italian friend, who, not seeing any probability of succeeding to his wishes, from the unaffected virtue of Marvea, determined at any rate to gratify his criminal desires. A fatal opportunity offered some time after, as Pugatschew had determined to extirpate a troop of his enemies who had frequently annoyed him from one of the small islands in the Don ; and, collecting the greatest part of his force together, he proceeded on the expedition, leaving his family in one of the towns on the uncultivated banks of that river. Nagowski, a Polish officer, was left to take care of the settlement, and Capelini, pretending illness, found it easy to excuse himself from the expedition. In the heart of an immense forest, which was near the place of their abode, the Italian had discovered a large cavern almost covered with trees, which he pitched upon as the spot on which he intended to act his future villany. According to a plan settled between them, Nagowski left the settlement, and, not returning for some days, was supposed to have deserted the party. One morning Marvea walked out alone with one of the company, Capelini having refused to be of the party,

under pretence that he was more indisposed than ordinary, and therefore stood in want of repose. Marvea and her companion returned no more. A general alarm took place. Capelini, whose disorder seemed augmented by this accident, acted his part to a miracle; and, in his pretended despair, accused the Polander of having debauched the wife of his friend. The truth is, these two villains had agreed, that, while Capelini should feign an increase of his malady, Nagowski should go to his cavern and wait with precaution for an opportunity of seizing Marvea. This circumstance presently occurred. The sight of the woman who accompanied Marvea a little embarrassed the villain, who, through a thicket, behind which he was posted, observed all their movements; notwithstanding, he determined not to let this occasion escape him. The monster saw them with a barbarous pleasure insensibly advance towards the place which was to secrete the beautiful Tartar. When they had proceeded so far that their cries could not be heard, he came from his post, and walked softly behind the trees; when he arrived within a few paces of the two unfortunate women, with one stroke of the pomel of his sword, he extended at his feet, without motion, and almost without life, the affrighted companion of Marvea, whom he took in his arms, and, without uttering one word, conveyed into the cavern, which was not twenty paces distant. His first care was to recover the

unfortunate lady, who, from her terrors, had fainted away. When she came to herself, he returned to the other woman, and brought her also into the cavern. Marvea, overwhelmed with grief for a considerable time, refused to take any nourishment ; but her companion, who comprehended nothing of what she had seen, and had a soul less elevated than the wife of Pugatschew, consoled herself in her misfortunes, and readily refreshed herself with the provisions the Polander presented to her. At length Capelini arrived, and threw this unfortunate victim into such a situation as is not easy to describe ; in short, he immediately proceeded to violence, and endeavored to intimidate the object of his wishes by threats of the cruelest kind ; but, despairing to triumph over the virtue of his prisoner, he lost all sense of shame and decency, and enjoyed his prize in the most brutal manner. The time for Pugatschew's return now approached, and Capelini, who had occasionally attended his duty at the settlement, began to feel the severest apprehensions of his villany being discovered. As one crime leads to another, this inhuman wretch, for fear of detection, was impelled to destroy the companion of his wickedness, Nagowski, by a stroke of his sabre, and soon after murdered the unhappy woman who accompanied her mistress to this dreary place. Marvea, who was witness of this dreadful scene, prepared herself with joy to submit to the same fate ; but

Capelini, still finding her necessary to his happiness, determined to quit the forest, and find some method of conveying this unhappy lady to Poland. Pugatschew at this period returned from his expedition, crowned with victory, when the hypocritical Italian, like a second Iago, after many entreaties, and with an appearance of the utmost sensibility, informed him, that, during his absence, his wife had eloped with Nagowski, and that he had made the strictest search after them to no purpose. Penetrated with grief at this piece of information, the gallant Cossack burst into tears, which, at the same time, were also plentifully shed by his perfidious associate. Two days elapsed before Capelini found an opportunity of repairing to the cavern, where he was cautiously followed by Boispre, who had for some time suspected his criminal passion for Marvea, and disbelieved the plausible tale he had recited to Pugatschew. On entering this dreary abode, Boispre and his two attendants, with some difficulty, discovered the unfortunate victim, who had just life enough to implore their assistance. The Italian, confounded at this detection, fell at the feet of this brave man, who had formerly been his friend, confessed his crimes, and requested immediate death from his hand, liberty to make his escape. Without deigning him an answer, Boispre ordered his servants to secure him, and immediately despatched of them to Pugatschew, with the news that

had discovered Marvea, whom he continued with, and endeavored to administer comfort to her expiring moments. The chief of the Cossacks immediately repaired to the melancholy place, followed by several of his troop, when Boispre, taking him by the hand, and pointing to Capelini, "See there," says he, "the ravisher of thy wife." Pugatschew, astonished at these words, was going to wreak his vengeance on the Italian, but was restrained by Boispre and his followers, who conducted him to his faithful consort, who no sooner saw him approach, than she pronounced his name with enthusiastic rapture, and expired in his arms. This affecting scene filled the hearts of these unpolished people with grief and horror. Our gallant Cossack, unable to sustain the shock, fell senseless upon the ground, and was carried by his friends to the settlement, where he continued some time oppressed with a melancholy, which would probably have terminated fatally, but from the strength of his constitution and the cares of his friends. The odious Capelini was condemned by the Cossacks to a singular punishment for his atrocious offences. He was adjudged to be fastened to the dead body of the infamous Nagowski, and suspended by the arms till he was starved to death. The generosity of Pugatschew, however, felt for human nature, under this dreadful circumstance, and he directed that the wretch should be put out of his misery with a sabre, the day after he had

been suspended according to his sentence. We have no further account of this extraordinary man till he entered into the Russian service some time after, where he gave many proofs of his courage and conduct. He was at the siege of Berlin, which was taken by the Generals Tottleben, Czernichew, and Lascy, in the month of October, 1760, and was the first man that mounted the ramparts, at the head of a party of Cossacks. His behavior during the siege recommended him so much to the favor of General Tottleben, that he frequently conversed with him. The notice this eminent commander took of Pugatschew, singular as it may appear, was the first cause of his, some years after, assuming the title of Peter the III., and of the rebellion of Orenburgh. The anecdote is as follows: When Tottleben sent for this brave Cossack to his tent, in order to thank him for the example of intrepidity which he had shown, he was suddenly struck with the similarity which his person bore to that of the emperor, and expressed his surprise upon that occasion to all the officers about him. After having learnt Pugatschew's parentage, the general, remarking he might be taken for the emperor's brother from the extraordinary likeness of their faces and make, jocosely asked him whether "his mother was ever at the court of Holstein" (the birth-place of Peter the Third). "No, and please your excellency," returned Pugatschew with great readi-

ness, "but my father has often been there." The adroitness of this reply gave the company no indifferent opinion of his talents for a repartee. Tottleben, addressing himself to Count Lascy, thus proceeded: "But, raillery apart, I have never seen any one who resembled another so much as this young fellow does our sovereign; and if, by an unfortunate event (which Heaven forbid!), we should lose our monarch, as the Portuguese formerly did their king, Don Sebastian, this Jameljan would not find it very difficult to impose upon the ignorant part of mankind, who would doubtless readily believe him to be the first personage in the empire." This conversation, which Tottleben was far from regarding as a presage of the part which would be played some years after by Pugatschew, made a deep impression upon the mind of the latter, who solemnly declared, previous to his execution, that he never ceased thinking on the above declaration, and that, when he heard of the death of the unfortunate Peter the III., he looked upon the words of General Tottleben, to make use of his own emphatic expression, as the voice of an oracle which called him to empire and to glory. While this singular character was in the Russian service, he lived in a strict intimacy with his old friend Boispre, who had left the Ukraine with him, and been employed as an engineer against the Prussians. Soon after the siege of Berlin, Pugatschew, accompanied by this

friend, left the army, in consequence of having wounded a Russian officer of superior rank. They passed with the utmost expedition to Vienna, where our Cossack assumed the character of a noble Venetian, and played his cards so well, that he was received, without suspicion, into the first families in that capital. His company was particularly agreeable to the ladies, and the young countess of C—— showed him so much partiality, that Boispre encouraged him to ask her in marriage of her father. This lady was descended from a very distinguished family, and was so far imposed upon as to believe an alliance with Count Zanardi, as Pugatschew then called himself, would be a very advantageous one. In short, after some time this adventurer had address enough to persuade the father of the lady that he was really the nobleman he pretended to be, and the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp. Upon a dispute occasioned by the Venetians, supposing their rights infringed by the imperial court, the former sent an envoy to Vienna, in order to settle the matter amicably. This minister was not a little surprised at hearing Count Zanardi had been lately married to a lady of distinction in that city, when he well knew that family had been long extinct. Suspicions now began to be entertained that our count was an impostor; and it was, no doubt, lucky for him, that, at the time of the ambassador's arrival, he had been some day

with the old count, at the castle near Neuhausel. Boispre immediately posted to the last mentioned place, and acquainted his friend with the dangerous ground he stood upon. Without seeming alarmed, the pretended Zanardi told his wife and the count, that one of his particular friends had, in an affair of honor, dangerously wounded his adversary, and taken refuge in the hotel of the Venetian ambassador; "I must depart immediately," said he, "for the metropolis, in order to thank that minister for his kindness, and conduct my friend hither, as to a place of greater security." This reason satisfied the count and his daughter, and our two adventurers directly departed for Vienna, which was several leagues from the count's estate: when they reached the capital, Zanardi privately entered his father-in-law's palace, and possessed himself of a considerable quantity of jewels and plate, which they immediately sold to some Jews, and, quitting Vienna, took their route for the borders of Poland, where they soon after arrived, having eluded the search of the count, who had become outrageous at discovering the base trick which had been played him. The particulars of the rebellion fomented by Pugatschew near Orenburgh, with the signal exploits of that distinguished impostor, his defeat and apprehension, far exceed the limits of this book; suffice it to say, that, at Moscow, January, 23, 1775, he and four of his accomplices were executed according

to their sentences. Pugatschew and his principal associate, named Perfilieff, were beheaded; the three others were hanged; eighteen were knouted and sent to Siberia, amongst whom was an officer who had been instrumental in fomenting the rebellion. As soon as Pugatschew was brought upon the scaffold, the detail of his crimes and his condemnation were twice deliberately read; he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and declared to the people, in a short speech, that he was not the person he had given himself out to be, but that he was a Don Cossack, by name Pugatschew. His head was fixed on an iron spike over a wheel, on which his body and Perfilieff's were placed; and his limbs were exposed in four different parts of the town, where they remained till the next day; when all the bodies were burnt, together with the scaffold.

JONATHAN WILD.

OR, as his biographer, Henry Fielding, very properly styles him, JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT, possessed a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance; qualifications that were admirably adapted to facilitate his huge and wonderful undertakings. In cir-

cumstances that required coloring, Wild always kept as nearly to truth as possible; and that, as he used to observe in private, was turning the cannon of the enemy against themselves! "Permit me to assure you," said he to a friend, "although the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill, than at the bottom of a hill in paradise: for did not the devil declare, it was better to reign in hell, than be a valet de chambre in heaven?" Jonathan, at an early period of his calling, laid down several maxims, as certain methods of obtaining greatness; among which are the following: 1. Never do more mischief to another than is necessary to effect your purposes, for mischief is too precious a thing to be thrown away. 2. To know no distinction of men from affection, but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to your interest. 3. Never communicate more of an affair than is necessary to the person who is to execute it. 4. To forgive no enemy, but be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge. 5. To shun poverty and distress. 6. To foment eternal jealousies in the gang, one of another. 7. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, to bring the owner any advantage. 8. That virtue, like precious stones, is easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits, in both cases, adorn the wearer equally, and that very few have the discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real one.

9. Men should proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them. 10. That the heart is the proper seat of hatred; and the countenance of affection and friendship. Mr. Wild was born at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, about the year 1682, his father being an honest and laborious carpenter; who, after bestowing a tolerable education on Jonathan, apprenticed him to a buckle maker, at Birmingham. Here he deserted a distressed wife and infant, and repaired to London, where he contracted some debts, for which he was imprisoned in the compters for about four years; and in that learned seminary it was, that he imbibed ideas, and formed connections, which paved the way to his future greatness. On Monday, February 15, 1724-5, Jonathan was apprehended at his house, in the Old Bailey, charged with assisting a highwayman to escape from a constable, at Bow; and this charge being fully substantiated, he was committed to Newgate. Beside this charge, there were several informations filed against him to the following effect: That for many years past, he had been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, house-breakers, shoplifters, and other thieves. That he had formed a kind of thieving corporation, of which he was the director, or commander-in-chief; and that, notwithstanding his pretended services in detecting offenders, he procured such

only to be hanged, as concealed or refused to share their booty with him. That he had divided the town and country into so many districts, and appointed distinct gangs for each, who regularly produced their accounts to him, concealing, even in his own house, those villains who ran a risk of detection. That he had not only been a receiver of stolen goods, and writings of all kinds, for near fifteen years past, but also, occasionally, turned robber himself, in conjunction with his confederates, whom he protected, at such periods, by assuming the functions of a civil officer; carrying for that purpose a short, silver staff, as a badge of authority. That he had, under his care and direction, several warehouses for the reception of stolen goods; and also a ship for conveying jewels, watches, and other valuable goods, to Holland, where he had stationed an old thief as factor. That he kept several artists in pay to new modify rings, watches, seals, and snuff-boxes, &c., that such articles might not be sworn to. That he seldom, or never, helped owners to the notes or papers they had lost, unless he found them able, exactly, to specify and describe them; and then often insisted on more than half their value. And, lastly, that he had often sold human blood, by procuring false witnesses to swear away the lives of those who were obnoxious to him; or otherwise, to obtain the reward given by government on the conviction

of offenders. Some of his old associates were ready to substantiate several of these heavy charges; but, while in Newgate, Jonathan committed the particular fact for which he died. Having, before his apprehension, been concerned in robbing the shop of Catherine Stetham, in Holborn, of fifty yards of lace, value forty pounds, he received ten guineas from that lady, while under confinement, for the recovery of her property, but without discovering the persons who committed the fact. In order to magnify his public services, and make a favorable impression on the minds of the jury, he distributed a printed paper, just before the trial commenced, stating the number of unfortunate wretches whom he had *legally* murdered: thirty-five were for robbing on the highway; twenty-two for house-breaking; and ten for returning from transportation. Mrs. Stetham's evidence, however, very clearly developed the hero's villany, with respect to his ostensible occupation. After having paid him for the recovery of the box, which did not contain *all* the lace, "Now, Mr. Wild," said she, "what must I give you for your trouble?" "Not a farthing (answered Jonathan), not a single farthing. I don't do these things for worldly interest, but alone for the benefit of poor persons who have met with misfortunes. And, as you are a widow, and a good Christian, I desire nothing but your prayers; for I have many enemies; and God

only knows what will be the consequence of this imprisonment!" Fortunately for mankind, Jonathan's prophetic fears were realized by a public execution at Tyburn, amidst the execrations of an enraged populace, who pelted him with stones, to the last moment of his existence. Fielding says, that Jonathan Wild picked the ordinary's pocket of a cork-screw, at the gallows, and died with it in his hand; but, perhaps, this is an exaggeration. Jonathan's ruin could by no means be attributed to his want of depth in the ocean of villany. His body was covered with wounds and scars; his throat had been cut, and his skull fractured in two places; accidents which happened in various heroic contests between this great man and his pupils, nearly one hundred of whom, he not only trained for, but personally arrested, convicted on his own oath, and, as it were, led to the gallows. Perjury was an undertaking which he considered as innocent; whether directed to the ruin of an industrious tradesman, or to save, or to take away, the life of a friend and coadjutor. Insolent and haughty in prosperity, he became dejected and timid in adversity: for, unable either to bear the stings of conscience, or the approach of dissolution, he had recourse to intoxicating liquors, which deadened, without dispelling, his fears. Jonathan, as the awful period drew near, delighted in talking of the glorious acts of suicide, which the Greeks and Romans had

performed ; and, in order to imitate such great examples, or rather to procure an easy and tranquil death, he swallowed an immoderate dose of laudanum ; but the quantity proving antidotal, by rising again from his stomach, our wretched hero was compelled to accept the honor only of the intention ; while a second hero, Mr. Executioner, obtained the real credit of exterminating the greatest miscreant that nature ever produced ; for, reader, we have not presented thee with a perfect catalogue of his public enormities.

THOMAS TOPHAM.

"It is curious," observes the venerable and ingenious Mr. William Hutton, in his account of the extraordinary subject of this article, "to observe nature set out of the common road and enter the precincts of the marvellous. To march in her usual tracts excites no admiration ; but when, in her wanton moods, she forms an O'Brien of eight feet, and a Boruwlas-ki of three, an admirable Crichton with every accomplishment, and a thousand other men with none, 'tis by these deviations that she raises astonishment."

Thomas Topham, a man whose feats of

strength might have figured beside those of Homer's heroes, was born in London about 1710. His father, who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same profession. Though his stature was not remarkable, being, at his full growth, five feet ten inches in height, yet he was endowed by nature with muscular powers so extraordinary as to exceed any thing of the kind on record.

He followed the profession of his father till he had attained the age of twenty-four years, when he exchanged it for the less laborious employment of a publican. That Topham was fond of athletic exercises, and that the practice of them contributed to give him that superior strength for which he was so remarkable, can scarcely be doubted, for we find the house he first took was the Red Lion, at the corner of the City Road, nearly opposite St. Luke's hospital, in order that he might be near the ring in Moorfields, at that time the theatre of gymnastic exhibitions, such as cudgelling, wrestling, backsword and boxing.

It was here that he gave the first public display of his astonishing corporeal powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed against a low wall, which divided upper and lower Moorfields. He next tried his strength against two horses, but his legs not being properly placed, he received an injury in one of his knees from a jerk. But the most extraordinary feat in point of magnitude was that which

he performed in Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, when he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of spectators, assembled to witness this uncommon exertion.

The various performances of this prodigy of strength are of such a nature as almost to exceed credibility, were they not attested by persons of undoubted veracity, and who were themselves eye-witnesses of the facts they relate. Dr. Desaguliers assures us, that he saw him perform the following feats: With his fingers he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke another bowl of the same kind between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundred weight fastened to the end of it, he lifted with his teeth, and held a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker a yard long, and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to

exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a strong roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, and standing on a frame above it.

These exhibitions probably took up Topham's time, and drew his attention from his business, for we find that he failed at the Golden Lion; after which he took another house in the same line at Islington. His fame for strength now began to spread all over the country, and he visited various provincial towns for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful feats. His performances at Derby are thus described by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who, at that time, was an inhabitant of the former place.

"We learnt," says he, "from private accounts, well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength, such as breaking a broom-stick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over a turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock; and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubts was soon removed when this second Samson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to

Alderman Coe for mission to examine the magistrate, and at the same time proposed, and as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to wait that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him.

"He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well made, but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he should clasp with his feet: but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

"The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arm's length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight, lifted an eight feet long, with his teeth, though

weight was hung to the extremity ; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand ; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people of fourteen stone each sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

“ Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh’s church, then the only one in Derby ; but, though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more horrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin’s Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief ; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the hostler’s bosom, the cumbersome ornament excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good na-

ture, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could constantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza."

These, however, were only the usual performances of Topham, when he went about for the purpose of showing his powers. Many other occasional demonstrations of them are related by persons who knew him. One night, perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the wooden tenement with its inhabitant over the wall of Tindall's burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman, on awaking from his nap, may be more easily conceived than described.

Sitting one day at the window of a low public house in Chiswell Street, a butcher passed by tottering under the burden of nearly half an ox. Of this Topham relieved him with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load.

On another occasion having gone on board a West Indiaman lying in the river, he was presented with a cocoa-nut, which, to the no small astonishment of the crew, he cracked close to the ear of one of the sailors, with the same

facility as an ordinary person would crack an egg-shell. The mate having made some remark displeasing to Topham, the latter observed, that, if he had pleased, he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head.

Topham having one day gone to witness a race that was run on the Hackney Road, the spectators were greatly annoyed by a man in a cart, who endeavored to keep close to the contending parties. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder, and, laying hold of the tail of the cart, drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance. The rage of the latter was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the beholders; while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

Notwithstanding his superiority, Topham seems to have been a man of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and never to have made a wanton or improper use of his extraordinary strength, to the detriment of his fellow-creatures. He even possessed a greater share of patience than falls to the lot of the generality of people. While he kept a public house he was visited by two men who were so exceedingly quarrelsome, that, though Topham quietly put up with their humor for a considerable time, yet, at last, nothing would satisfy them

but fighting the landlord. They probably mistook his forbearance for cowardice, but they were soon undeceived: for Topham, finding it impossible to appease them in any other way, seized them both by the neck as if they had been children, and knocked their heads together, till they asked pardon with as much abject submission as they had before shown of insolence in giving offence.

Topham, however, was not endued with fortitude of mind equal to his strength of body. A faithless woman embittered the concluding portion of his life, as it did that of his prototype of old. Unable to endure the reflections occasioned by his wife's inconstancy, Topham at length embraced the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life, in the flower of his age.

JEFFERY HUDSON.

THIS celebrated dwarf was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and, about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh-on-the-Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up at table

in a cold pie, which, when cut open, presented, to the astonished royal visitors, the diminutive Jeffery armed cap-a-pee. This pie was purposely constructed to hold our little hero, who, when the duchess made an incision in his castle of paste, shifted his situation until sufficient room was made for his appearance. The queen expressing herself greatly pleased with his person and manners, the duchess presented him to her majesty, who afterwards kept him as her dwarf. From the age of seven years till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court, and Sir William Davenport wrote a poem on a battle between him and a turkey-cock, which took place at Dunkirk, where a woman rescued him from the fury of his antagonist. In 1638, was published a very small and curious book, called "The New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus (commonly called Little Jeffery), her majesty's servant, &c., written by Microphius, with a portrait of Jeffery prefixed.

Before this period, our hero was employed in a negotiation of great importance. This was, to procure a midwife for the queen, but on his return with a lady of that profession, and her majesty's dancing master, with many rich presents from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dankirkers; and

RICHARD NASH.

RICHARD NASH, Esq., to whom the city of Bath owes so much of its present prosperity and importance, was born at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, in 1674. His father, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house, sent him for education to Carmarthen school, and thence to Jesus College, Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law.

The first method he took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by his assiduity in gallantry. Before he was seventeen he went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue; he offered marriage, which was accepted; but the affair coming to the knowledge of his tutors, he was sent home from the university, with necessary advice to him and proper instructions to his father.

The army appearing the most suitable profession for displaying his inclination for gallantry, he purchased a pair of colors, and dressed to the utmost extent of his finances. Finding, however, that the company of the fair was not to be procured without expense, that his scanty commission could never provide him the means of defraying it, he quitted the army, entered his name as a student of Temple, and there went to the very of second rate luxury.

It had long been customary for the inns of court to entertain the monarch, on his accession to the crown, or on some such remarkable occasion, with a revel and a pageant. This ceremony was last exhibited in honor of King William, and Nash was chosen to conduct it. This he did so much to the satisfaction of the king that he made him an offer of knighthood. Nash, however, refused the honor, which, considering his excessive vanity, appears somewhat extraordinary. "Please your majesty," replied he, "if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least competent to the support of my title."

Though Nash acquired no riches by his office, yet he gained many friends, or, what are more easily obtained, many acquaintances, who often answer the end as well. Besides his assurance, he had in reality some merit and some virtues. An instance of his humanity is related in the Spectator, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his account to the masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged, for making one man happy, ten pounds. Being questioned as to the meaning of so strange an item, he acknowledged that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that if they did not choose to acquiesce

in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The master, struck with such an uncommon instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled as a proof of their satisfaction.

Nash, as he often played tricks with others, received occasionally very severe retaliations. Being at York, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, provided he would stand at the great door of the minster in a blanket as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed, but the dean, passing by, unfortunately knew him. "What!" cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in masquerade!" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," replied Nash, pointing to his companions. Some time afterwards he won a wager of still greater consequence by riding naked through a village upon a cow.

Nash was now thirty years old, without fortune or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto led a life of expedients, and was by profession a gamester, alternately exposed to the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish. About this time the city of Bath became frequented by people of distinction. Several physicians of eminence had praised the salubrity of the wells, and the amusements were put under the direction of a master of the ceremonies. Still the amusements of the place were neither

elegant nor conducted with delicacy. The city was mean and contemptible, the pump-house was without a director, and to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of the age, in resentment of some affronts he had received there, conceived a design of ruining the city by writing against the efficacy of its waters. He accordingly published a pamphlet by which he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

Such was the state of things when Nash first visited Bath; and hearing of the threat of the physician, he humorously assured the people that he would charm away the poison of the doctor's toad, as the venom of the tarantula was usually charmed, that is, by music. He was, therefore, immediately empowered to set up the force of a band of music against the poison of the doctor's reptile; the concourse of people very sensibly increased, Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed him by all ranks.

After his appointment to be master of the ceremonies, an office for which nature seemed to have particularly qualified him, we behold him directing pleasures which none had better learned to share. We see a kingdom beginning with him, and sending off Tunbridge as one of its colonies. He established regulations for the balls, which he would not suffer to continue a moment after eleven o'clock, lest invalids might commit irregularities which

would counteract the effect of the water. Even the royal family had not influence enough to make him deviate from any of his rules. The princess Amelia, once applying to him for one dance more after he had given the signal to withdraw, he assured her royal highness that the established rules of Bath resembled the rules of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration, without an utter subversion of all his authority.

He was not less strict with regard to the dresses in which ladies and gentlemen were to appear. He had the strongest aversion to a white apron, and absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner. But he found more difficulty in attacking the irregularities of the gentlemen; and, for some time, strove but in vain to prohibit the use of swords. At length, a duel, which took place between two gamesters, in which one of them was run through the body, helped to promote his peaceable intentions. He undertook to prohibit the wearing of swords at Bath; and, whenever he heard of a challenge given, he instantly had both parties arrested. The gentlemen's boots also made a desperate stand against him. The country squires were by no means submissive to his usurpations; and probably, his authority alone would never have carried him through, had he not enforced it with ridicule. In a short time, few ventured to appear at the assemblies at Bath in a riding

dress ; and, whenever any gentleman, through ignorance or haste, appeared in the room in boots, Nash would make up to him, and bowing in an arch manner, would tell him he had forgotten his horse. By such means he at length obtained a complete victory.

Nash's equipage was sumptuous. He usually travelled to Tunbridge in a post chariot and six grays, with out-riders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat, and assigned as a reason for this singularity, that he did it purely to secure it from being stolen. His dress was tawdry, though not perfectly genteel : he might be considered as a beau of several generations ; and, in his appearance, he in some measure mixed the fashions of the preceding age with those of the period in which he lived.

It may be asked, what finances were to support all this finery, and whence he procured the treasures that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence or his vanity ? For these he was indebted to his talents as a gamester, which alone enabled him, at this period, to keep up so genteel an appearance. When he first figured at Bath, there were few laws against this destructive amusement. The gaming table was the constant resource of despair and indigence, and frequently the ruin of affluent fortunes. Whithersoever people of fashion resorted, needy

adventurers were generally found in waiting. With these, Bath swarmed; and, among this class, was Nash in the beginning, only with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart too commonly attending a life of expedients; for he was generous, humane and honorable, even though by profession a gamester.

When the earl of Townshend, the father of the present marquis, was a youth, he was passionately fond of play, and was never better pleased than in having Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw, with concern, his lordship's foible, and undertook to cure him, though by a very painful remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship, in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too; and, as he approached the gulf, seemed more eager for ruin. He lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But when the generous gamester found his imprudent antagonist sufficiently punished for his temerity, he returned the whole, only stipulating that he should be paid five thousand pounds, whenever he thought proper to make the demand. He never made any such demand during his lordship's life; but, some time afterwards, his affairs being on the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, by whom it was paid without hesitation.

Though gaming first introduced Nash into polite company, this alone could scarcely have carried him forward without the assistance of a genteel address, much vivacity, some humor, and some wit. In the early part of his life he had professedly enlisted himself into the service of the fair sex. Nature had by no means formed Nash for a *beau gascon*; his person was clumsy, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with those disadvantages, he made love, became an universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. But Nash did not long continue an universal gallant. In the earlier years of his reign, he entirely desisted from his attempts to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, a guardian of their reputation, and a friend to their virtue. This character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity and success.

Whatever might have been Nash's excellencies or failings, there was one quality in which few surpassed him. This was his excessive humanity. None felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. Before gaming was suppressed, and while he was in the meridian of his life and fortune, his benefactions were generally found to equal his other expenses. The money he acquired without pain he gave away without reluctance; and, when unable to relieve a wretch who sued for assistance, he was often

seen to shed tears. A gentleman, of broken fortune, one day standing behind his chair, as he was playing a game at picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not forbear whispering to another, who stood by, "Heaven, how happy would all that money make me!"—Nash, overhearing him, clapped the money into his hand, and cried, "Go, and be happy."

About this period, every season brought some accession of honor to Mr. Nash, and the corporation of Bath found that he was absolutely necessary for promoting the welfare of the city. They erected a full length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Pope and Newton. It was on this occasion, that the earl of Chesterfield wrote that severe but witty epigram, the last lines of which were so deservedly admired, and ran thus :

The statue placed the busts between,
Adds to the satire strength ;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.

The example of the corporation was followed by all his acquaintance of inferior rank. He was treated, in every respect, like a great man : he had his levee, his flatterers, his buffoons, his good-natured creatures, and even his dedicators. A trifling, ill-supported vanity was his foible ; and, while he enjoyed the homage of

the vulgar, and the familiarity of the great, he felt no pain for the unpromising view of poverty that lay before him. If a cringing wretch called him "his honor," he was pleased ; internally conscious that he had the justest pretensions to the title. If a beggar called him "my lord," he was happy ; and generally sent the flatterer away happy too.

The success Nash sometimes met with led him, when late in life, to mistake his true character. He was really agreeable, but he chose to be thought a wit : he therefore indulged his inclination, and never cared how rude he was, provided he was thought comical. His usual way, when he said any thing clever, was to strengthen it with an oath ; and to make up its want of sentiment by asseveration and grimace. He used to tell surprising stories of his activity when young. "Here I stand, gentlemen," he would say, "that could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing jumps, backward or forward. One, two, three, dart like an arrow out of a bow. But I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas, with Count Klopstock, the great leaper, leaping master to the prince of Passau ; you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running jump, and a most damnable bounce it was, that's certain. Every body concluded that he had the match ; when, only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes nor stockings,

mind me, I fetched a run, and went beyond him, one foot, three inches and three quarters, measured, upon my soul, by Captain Pateley's own standard."

In the torrent of insipidity, which he was in the habit of uttering, there were sometimes found very severe satire, strokes of true wit, and lines of humor. He rallied very successfully; for he never felt the joke of another, and drove home his own without pity. With his superiors he was familiar and blunt; the inferiority of his station secured him from their resentment; but the same bluntness, which they laughed at, was, by his equals, regarded as insolence. Though no great wit, he had the art of sometimes saying rude things with decency, and of rendering them pleasing by an uncommon turn. Most of them, however, were of a contrary description.

One day in the Grove, at Bath, he joined some ladies, and asked one of them, who was crooked, whence she came. "Straight from London," replied she; "Confound me, madam," exclaimed Nash, "then you must have been damnably warped by the way." She had soon, however, an opportunity to be revenged. Sitting, the following evening, in one of the rooms, he once more joined her company, and, with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was." This

anecdote is introduced into a celebrated romance; and the reader may be assured that the fact happened as recorded.

Being once asked by queen Anne, why he would not accept the honor of knighthood, he replied, "Lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who had just been knighted, should call him brother."

Nash used sometimes to visit the great Dr. Clarke. The divine was one day conversing with Locke and two or three more of his learned and intimate companions, with that freedom, gaiety and cheerfulness which is ever the result of innocence. In the midst of their mirth and laughter, the doctor, looking out of the window, saw Nash's chariot stop at the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher to his friends, "let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming."

He was one day complaining to the earl of Chesterfield of his bad luck at play, in the following manner: "would you thing it, my lord, that d—d bitch, fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of five hundred. Is it not surprising that my luck should never turn, that I should thus eternally be mauled?"—"I don't wonder at your losing money," returned his lordship, "but all the world is surprised where you get it to lose."

Doctor Cheyne, when Nash was once ill, wrote a prescription for him, which was made up accordingly. The next day the doctor

calling to see his patient, found him up, and well ; on which he asked, if he had followed his prescription ? " Followed your prescription ? " cried Nash, " no : Egad, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of a two pair of stairs' window."

It would have been well, had he confined himself to such sallies ; but as he grew old, he grew insolent, and seemed in some measure insensible of the pain his attempts at wit gave others. On asking a lady to dance a minuet, if she refused, he would often demand if she had bandy legs. He would endeavor to ridicule natural defects ; he forgot the deference due to birth and quality, and mistook the manner of settling rank and precedence on many occasions.

The evening of his life began to grow cloudy, and Nash was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious creature he had once been. His fortune was gone, and he had nothing but poverty in prospect. To embitter his hopes, he found himself abandoned by the great, whom he had long endeavored to serve ; and was obliged to fly for protection to those of humbler stations, whom he had once affected to despise. He now began to want that charity he never refused to any, and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret.

The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature ; the admonitions of the grave, who

aggravated his follies into vices; the ingratitude of his dependants, who had formerly flattered his fortunes; but, particularly, the contempt of the great, who quite forgot him in his wants, all concurred to prey upon his spirits, and sour his temper; and the poor man of pleasure might have terminated his life very tragically, had not the corporation of Bath resolved to grant him an allowance of ten guineas a month. This bounty served to keep him from actual necessity; though far too inconsiderable to enable him to support the character of a gentleman: so that he, who had been accustomed in the early part of his life to affluence and prodigality, must comparatively have pined on this pittance in actual indigence.

In this variety of uneasiness his health began to fail. He had received from nature a robust constitution, which even intemperance could scarcely impair. His aversion to physic was frequently a subject of raillery between him and Dr. Cheyne, who was a man of some wit. When Cheyne recommended his vegetable diet, Nash would swear, that his design was to send half the world grazing, like Nebuchadnezzar. "Aye," the doctor would reply, "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as thou art. It was but last week, gentlemen, that I attended this fellow in a fit of sickness; there I found him rolling up his eyes to heaven, and crying for mercy. He would then

swallow my drugs like breast milk: yet you now hear how the old dog blasphemes the faculty." What Cheyne said in jest was strictly true. Nash dreaded the approach of death more than the generality of mankind; and was generally very devout while it threatened him. Though he was somewhat the libertine in action, none believed and trembled more than he: for a mind, neither schooled by philosophy, nor encouraged by conscious innocence, is ever timid at the appearance of danger. At length, on the 31 of February, 1761, he expired at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, aged upwards of 87 years; and was interred, at the expense of the corporation, in the abbey church of that city.

DANIEL DANCER, ESQ.,

LATE of Pinner, Middlesex, a man not more remarkable for his worldly riches, than for his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. He was born, about the year 1716, near Harrow on the Hill, in the county of Middlesex. His father had three sons and one daughter, each of whom was distinguished for certain peculiarities, either of mind or body. A penurious disposition was a common trait

amongst them ; indeed, it seems to have borne along with it a kind of infection, for it ran through the family. It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that Mr. Dancer did not in his early years betray that excessive love of money for which he became afterwards celebrated. This disclosure of his soul was reserved for maturer years. When his father died he became independent, and then he began to act the part of the miser. So true, in some cases, is the observation of Burns, the poet, in his letters, "Wealth imparts a bird-line quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted." Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessities of life, he left property to the amount of 3000*l.* a year to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. So perfectly penurious was he in his disposition, that, rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourse to the pot liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen ; of which he would swill so enormously as to be obliged to roll himself on the floor to sleep. He generally had his body girt by a hay band, to keep together his tattered garments ; and the stockings he usually wore had been so frequently darned and patched, that hardly any of the original could be seen. In cold and dirty weather, however, they were thickly covered with ropes of hay, which served as substitutes for boots. His whole garb, indeed, resembled

that of a miserable mendicant. He had an old horse, but never would allow more than two shoes for his fore feet, deeming those for his hind feet an unnecessary expense. Mr. Dancer would never take snuff, conceiving such an indulgence to be extravagant, but he always carried a snuff box : this he would probably fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others : when the box was full, he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighboring chandler's shop : this candle served him till he had time to fill the box again, as he never suffered any light in his house, except while he was going to bed. He seldom washed his face and hands ; but when the sun shone forth he would repair to a neighboring pool, and substitute sand for soap : when he had performed the operation of washing, he would lie on his back and dry himself with the solar beams ; as he never used a towel, because it would wear out, and when dirty the washing would be expensive. Having come to London one day, for the purpose of investing 2000*l.* in the funds, a gentleman near the Royal Exchange observed him, and, taking him for a wretched beggar, humanely slipped a penny into his hand, which the old man received with a degree of surprise ; but instantly recollecting that "every little helps," he pocketed the affront, and walked on. This parsimonious man never had more than one shirt at a time, which, being purchased at an old clothes shop,

seldom exceeded a crown in price; nor did it ever, after he had purchased it, undergo the operation of washing or mending, but was doomed to perpetual slavery, till it literally dropped in pieces from his back. Hence, it may naturally be supposed, that though Mr. Dancer seldom associated with his neighbors, he was nevertheless attended by a very numerous crowd, whose personal attachment rendered him extremely cautious of approaching him. In the purchase of an old shirt, he once supposed himself cheated by a woman of the vast sum of three pence; in consequence of which, he commenced a suit against her in the Court of Conscience; the poor old man was, however, nonsuited: And, beside the original debt of three pence, he incurred the expense of near five shillings for costs. To add to his distress, he expended on the road from Pinner to London, and back again, three halfpence more. Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate miser; and, though she knew that she should share the bulk of his fortune with Captain Holmes, she endeavored to persuade him to enjoy the good things of this life, but in vain. Once, indeed, she prevailed upon him to purchase an old hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew for a shilling; but, to her great astonishment, when she called the next day, she beheld the old chapeau on his head. On inquiry, it appeared, that he had

prevailed on old Griffiths his servant, to purchase the hat of him, at the advanced price of eighteen pence, and congratulated himself on his dexterity in clearing sixpence by the transaction. One day, Lady Tempest sent him a present of trout, stewed in claret, of which he was extremely fond; it was frosty weather, and the whole, from being kept all night, was frozen almost into ice: being much afflicted with the toothache, he could not touch it, and to light a fire he thought expensive; therefore, as he generally lay in bed to keep himself warm in cold weather, he caused the fish and sauce to be put between two pewter plates, on which he sat till the rich repast was tolerably warm. Of lawyers and physicians he entertained a very unfavorable opinion. Sooner than have any connection with a lawyer, he said, he would deal with the devil; and, to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavoring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, never fail to make ten." He seemed to have had something of the leaven of predestination in his composition, for, while his sister lay upon her death-bed, being importuned to call in medical assistance, he sternly replied, "Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavoring to counteract the will of Providence?" Perhaps, the dread of expense operated more powerfully upon him than his religious tenets. During his last illness, Lady Tempest accidentally called

upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt, remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation; when he replied, that, "having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner." She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant, Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Mr. Dancer's house, which is now in the possession of Captain Holmes, is a most miserable building, and has not been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently discovered to be very rich within; Captain Holmes having, at different times, found large bowls filled with guineas and half guineas, and parcels of bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. This singular man died in October, 1794. Since his death, large jugs of dollars and shillings have been found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose even old Griffiths could not tell. It now appears, however, that he used to rob one jug, to add to the bowl, which was, since his death, found buried in the kitchen.

BENJAMIN POPE.

THIS gentleman was nearly as remarkable a character as that of Mr. Elwes, of usurious and penurious memory. He was originally a tanner in Southwark, and dealt so extensively in this branch, that his stock in trade was, for many years, supposed to be worth sixty or seventy thousand pounds. He had long been in business, and was reputed to be worth a *plum*. He at length became a money lender, and launched into discounting and buying annuities, &c. He was not, however, so successful in this branch of business as he had been in his former dealings; for the name of POPE, the *Usurer*, frequently appears in the proceedings of our courts of law, when the venerable sages on the bench thought very differently from Mr. Pope, in their opinion of his practices in this line of business. The most remarkable, and the last instance of this sort was, when he was cast in 10,000*l.* damages for some usurious or illegal practices, in some money transactions with Sir Alexander Leith. This was generally thought a severe sentence, and, perhaps, the well known character of the man contributed not a little towards it. Mr. Pope himself thought it so oppressive and unjust, that he complained of it without ceasing, and even printed a case, setting forth the particulars of

his grievance. To be even with his plaintiff, Mr. Pope went abroad to France with all his effects and property ; where a man of his advanced age, ample fortune, without any family but his wife, who was a most worthy woman, might certainly have lived very comfortably ; but Mr. Pope, abroad, was removed from his friends and customers ; and his money being idle, which was always considered by him as a great misfortune, he resolved to return home ; and, to show his resentment to his oppressors, he preferred a prison, to the payment of the money. This he performed most heroically and actually suffered confinement for eleven years and a quarter. He died in the Fleet prison in July, 1794, in the 67th year of his age. Mr. Pope, at one time, might have got his liberty for a thousand pounds, but he remained inflexible, and said, that would be acknowledging the justice of the debt, sooner than do which, he would forfeit his life ; and he resolutely kept his word. Mr. Pope, in prison, had many opportunities of indulging those propensities he had ever been remarkable for ; he looked always at the pint pot of small beer, before he paid for it, to see that it was full : for this he was in some degree excusable, as the pint generally lasted him two days, water being his constant beverage. He has indeed been known to drink a little strong beer, with some of his fellow prisoners at their apartments, but this was very rarely practised, and he never ordered

any for himself. He purchased his three farthing candle by weight, and chose the heaviest of six, eight, or ten for his money. During the whole of this time (upwards of eleven years) he never had a joint of meat on his table; a fourpenny plate of meat from a cook's shop, was his greatest luxury, and that generally served him for two meals. But his family, though living at a distance, frequently sent him a comfortable and proper supply; and on these occasions, Mr. Pope, sometimes, gave some leavings to his errand girl, or some distressed object. It must, indeed, be admitted, that Mr. Pope, upon some occasions, sometimes so far departed from himself, as to be liberal. When young in trade, he gave away upwards of a stone of meat every week, among his workmen and poor neighbors; and this practice he never discontinued, not even when he was every day weighing his candle, or looking after the measure of his small beer. In money transactions he suffered great frauds and impositions in prison; as he had not that scope of customers in his confined state, and always endeavored to make the most of his money, he was more easily imposed upon. By such means he is supposed to have lost more money than would have paid his whole damages and costs.

JEMMY TAYLOR,

CALLED the Southwark miser, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver, and afterwards became a stock broker. At this *trade* he wove a *web* worth 200,000*l.*, a proof that the shuttle of politics, and the *silk* of usury, had produced a sum far exceeding the value of the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern monarch from a Persian loom. Yet this sum never adorned him or kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well. He fared worse than the meanest mechanic. His raiment was ragged, his food indifferent and scanty, and his bed hard; for he lay upon nothing but rags and straw on the bare floor, and in a house which was hardly habitable. Gold was all his desire. His constant prayers were, Oh, Mammon, grant me more money! Two banker's clerks once called upon Jemmy, at his earnest invitation, to take *pot luck* with him. They found the old boy boiling a solitary mutton chop; in an ocean of water, to make what he called some *comfortable* broth, for himself, and for his old friend Mr. Daniel Dancer, whom he hourly expected. After some complimentary solicitations, they prevailed upon him to fetch a pot of porter, and while he was gone, they threw three halfpenny candles and two pieces into

JEMMY TAYLOR.

his cookery ; which, no doubt, ameliorated the culinary mess, and made it more delectable to these old hunks, who, from the sequel, devoured it with keen appetites. But the next time Jemmy Taylor met them upon the 'Change, he accused them of theft and robbery, in stealing his candles. But of this they cleared themselves, by solemnly declaring, they had only committed them to the pot, at the bottom of which he would find the wicks, if his hunger had not swallowed them. *Old Mappa*, the itinerant quill and pen merchant, of *Stepney Green*, shared also the friendship of these saving wights, who were not a little edified with each other's experience and refinements in the art of living cheap. Jemmy Taylor always appeared in the streets with a long stick and clouted shoes, and innumerable darns and patches in his clothes. He never went to market for more than a twopenny steak at a time, and this he generally chose for its savoriness ; an outside piece, grown black by the wind, and mostly flyblown, was his choice ; for he thriftily observed, "that meat was nothing, unless it smelt as well as tasted." The people at the Black Horse, in the borough, used often to represent to him his folly in being so parsimonious and self-denying ; and as he was fast growing old, observed to him the propriety of indulging himself a little in comfortable things : but to all idea of expense, Jemmy Taylor was deaf :

his reply used always to be, "that if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property, as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their lot in the world." By this observation verifying the old adage, that says, "there is a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know." If parity of years is the first step to friendship, parity of pursuits may be said to be the second. Mr. James Taylor knew all the miseries of the metropolis; among the most conspicuous of whom he ranked his quondam friends, the two brothers F——l's of Spitalfields. These were likewise weavers; and in their time had accumulated, by usury and speculation, the enormous sum of 300,000*l.* which they kept at interest in the funds, and thereby were always able to oblige a friend with any sum at a moment's warning. These worthies are lately dead. Previous to the tax upon legacies, they had made wills; but upon the necessity of using stamps, they made over their property to their nephews and nieces, in order to evade the duty, and thereby saved from government, into their own pockets, upwards of 3000*l.* The eldest of these saving ones ordered a very old shirt to be put on him but a day before he departed the world, in order to disappoint the nurse of a good one; it being customary to give the things the deceased has on to those who have the care of them in their last moments. Had Jammy

Taylor lived to have heard of the deaths of these friends of his, he, no doubt, would have very much approved of these saving contrivances. A short time after the conclusion of the American war, the earl of Northumberland, having occasion for 74,000*l.* to make a purchase, applied to his broker, and appointed a certain day to do the transfer. At the time and place of meeting, which was the round room in the bank, there was posted in waiting Mr. Taylor, whose appearance was exactly that of a coachman's watering man. Upon the duke's appearance, the broker brought Jemmy forward to his grace; who, not knowing him, thought he was a beggar, that wanted alms; but being assured by Mr. Consols, that he was a *warm man*, his grace at last shook hands with him, and Jemmy accommodated the peer with the 74,000*l.* out of one stock, in the 4 per cents., where Jemmy usually kept his largest bulk of cash, and from whence it appeared by the books, he could have sold out as much more, and yet have had as much left, as would have made him comfortable all the rest of his days. One day, observing some ladies, near the bank, buying some very fine fruit, he kept his eyes so wishfully fixed upon them, that one, thinking him in great want, sent him out sixpence, which he received with a low bow, and immediately set off, and bought a twopenny steak, which he brought past the ladies, to let them

see he had not misapplied their bounty. This anecdote need not be doubted, as it appeared in the papers at the time, and all his acquaintance talked of the fact. Jemmy, though an inhabitant of a populous city, sometimes exercised the severe virtue of self-denial, in circumstances which might have shown his readiness to accommodate the parties that called upon his probity to pay his assessment of the parish rates. When the officers waited at the door of his house, in King Street, and inquired for Mr. Taylor, they were told, "there was not a *soul* in the house." The collector, perceiving Old Hunks peeping between the balusters, replied to the girl, who answered, "that she was quite right, as he could only perceive her master, who was notoriously well known to be no *soul* at all!" In his last testament he forgot all his London relations. His cousin Taylor, of the borough, and his nephew, of the Marlborough, in Bishopsgate Street, were equally unremembered in his will. These can say with truth, "He is gone a long journey: he has taken away the bags of money, and the devil knows what has become of them." Though Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet towards his latter end he discovered some thoughts of an hereafter. Finding himself ill, and fearing his illness might finish his days, he sent for the parish officers, the parson, clerk, and curate, and, after intimating his intention of making a *will* me

bequest, paid them down twelve hundred pounds for their prayers for the rest of his soul; but this bargain was not entirely settled until the gentlemen had returned him twelve months interest by way of discount; his usual demand for prompt payment! It appears that his enormous fortune devolved to two relatives in the country; whilst those of his kindred in London, in consequence of being cut off, have altered the tenor of their prayers, in one article at least, by praying for their deceased uncle, as the papists pray for the souls of Luther and Calvin. His name now adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Savior, in the borough. He died in 1793.

WILLIAM TELL.

AN illustrious Swiss patriot, and the chief instrument of the revolution which delivered the Swiss cantons from the German yoke in 1307. Geisler, the governor of these provinces for the emperor Albert, ordered him, on pain of death, to shoot an apple placed on the head of his son. Having fortunately succeeded in the task imposed upon him, without hurting the child, he told the tyrant, that, had he been

less fortunate, he had another arrow in reserve, which he should have directed to his heart. Animated by his courage and example, the Swiss flew to arms, when Geisler was killed by Tell, and the Austrians completely expelled from the country.

PETER ISAAC THELLUSON,

A NATIVE of France, though many years resident as a merchant in England, died in 1798. Having acquired a vast fortune, he disposed of it by will, in the following extraordinary manner. Having a property of 700,000*l.*, he left in legacies to his wife and children not quite 100,000*l.* The residue he left to trustees to accumulate and be laid out in the purchase of estates in England, till all the male children of his sons and grandsons are dead. But all who may take under this will, must adopt the name of Thelluson. The term of accumulation cannot be less than from 90 to 120 years. If it should terminate at the first period, the property would amount to 35,000,000*l.* and if at the latter to 140,000,000*l.* And if, at that remote period, he should have no lineal descendants, the estates are to be sold, and the money applied

to the sinking fund, under the direction of parliament. The heirs at law have since applied to the Court of Chancery to set aside the will; but, after long and learned arguments, it was fully established.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

THIS great and original genius was descended from a family settled in Westmoreland. His grandfather, a plain yeoman, had three sons, the youngest of whom, after keeping a school in the country, went at an early age to London, where he resumed his former occupation. He married in London, and one of the fruits of this union, was the celebrated William Hogarth, who was born in 1698.

Though the father was a man of some learning himself, he does not seem to have been anxious to give his son the same qualification. His outset in life was not the most promising. He was bound apprentice to a silversmith, to learn the single branch of engraving arms and ciphers on metal, but before his time was expired, he felt that the impulse of his genius directed him to painting. This was manifested on various occasions. One Sunday, he set out with two or three compan-

ions on an excursion to Highgate, and the weather being hot, they went into a public house, where they had not been long, before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room. One of the disputants struck the other on the head with a quart-pot, and cut him very much. The blood running down the man's face, together with the agony of the wound, which had distorted his features into a most hideous grin, presented Hogarth, who seemed thus early to be apprized of the path which nature intended him to pursue, with too laughable a subject to be overlooked. He took out his pencil, and, on the spot, produced a most ludicrous figure. This piece was the more valuable, as it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the principal persons collected round them.

His apprenticeship had no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life, "in which," as Mr. Walpole observes, "he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In coloring he proved no greater master; his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaro scuro."

At this period of his life Hogarth was doomed to experience the distresses which never fail to result from the union of indigence and ambition. While he was laying the founda-

tion of his future celebrity, he was exposed to all the contempt that penury can produce. It is said that being one day at a loss for so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged of his landlady, who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius. Unlike many who are desirous of burying in oblivion, the scantiness of their early fortunes, Hogarth was always fond of contrasting the necessities of his youth, with the affluence of his maturer age. "I remember the time," he would say, "when I have gone moping in the city without a shilling in my pocket: but as soon as I had received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had ten thousand pounds in his pocket."

Hogarth began business on his own account about 1720. His first employment appears to have been the engraving of arms and shop bills. He next agreed to design and furnish plates for booksellers, but, except a set of plates, executed in 1726, for a duodecimo edition of Hudibras, none of his early productions could claim the least notice.

On the success of those plates, however, Hogarth commenced painter, and a painter of portraits—the most ill-suited employment for a man whose turn certainly was not flat-

tery, and whose talents were not adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversation pieces in small, then a novelty, drew to him a prodigious business for some time. This, however, did not continue, either because he resolved to follow the real bent of his disposition, or his customers apprehended that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the votaries of self-love.

It was his custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman being once in his company at the Bedford Coffee-house, Covent Garden, observed him drawing something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been the artist's employment, he was shown a whimsical miniature of the countenance of a person who was then at a small distance.

In the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, it happened that a nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honor to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the slightest attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never entertained an idea of sending for a reflector, that would only insult him with his

deformities. The artist suffered some time to elapse before he applied for his money ; but afterwards made many unsuccessful applications for payment. At length he contrived an expedient, which alarmed the nobleman's pride, and thus answered his purpose. He sent him the following card ;—" Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord —— ; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money ; if, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man ; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordship's refusal."—This intimation produced the desired effect. His lordship sent for the obnoxious picture and committed it to the flames.

On another occasion a nobleman, not remarkable for generosity, sent for Hogarth and desired that he would represent, on one of the compartments on a stair-case, Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea. At the same time he hinted that no great price would be given for the performance. Hogarth, however, agreed. Soon afterwards he applied for payment to his employer, who seeing that the space allotted for the picture had only been daubed over with red, declared he had

no idea of paying a painter when he had proceeded no further than to lay his ground. "*Ground!*" exclaimed Hogarth, "there is no ground in the case, my lord. The red you perceive is the Red Sea. Pharaoh and his host are drowned as you desired, and cannot be made objects of sight, for the sea covers them all."

In 1730, Hogarth formed a matrimonial connection with the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, himself an artist of considerable eminence. This union was a stolen one, and, consequently, without the approbation of the father, who, considering the youth of his child, then barely eighteen, and the slender finances of her husband, who had not emerged from obscurity, was not easily reconciled to the match. Our artist about this time began his series of prints entitled the *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised by Lady Thornhill to have some of the scenes in it placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly Mrs. Hogarth undertook early one morning to convey some of them into his dining room. On his rising, he inquired whence they came, and being told by whom they were introduced, he observed: "Very well; the man who can furnish representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." This remark was designed as an excuse for keeping his own purse-strings close, but it was not long before he became both reconciled

enerous to the young couple. Another more beneficial effect of this exercise of his talents, was, that it introduced him to the notice of the public, and laid a solid foundation for his future fame.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth had sumptuous lodgings at South Lambeth; and being acquainted with Mr. Tyers, the proprietor of the Mall Gardens, he contributed to the improvement of that agreeable place, by the embellishing it with paintings, some of which were sketched by his own truly masterly pencil. A gold ticket of admission for himself and his friends, bespoke the gratitude of the proprietor for his assistance.

His *Harlot's Progress* was succeeded by *Wake's Progress*, and other performances of the same description, which must be too well known to every reader to render any character of them necessary in this place. These were followed by him at his house in Leicester Fields, where his wealth and reputation rewarded his labours.

Soon after the conclusion of the peace of 1763, Hogarth availed himself of the opportunity to visit France. In that country he manifested a narrowness of sentiment which frequently adheres to persons whose prejudices have not been removed by education or travel. He was dissatisfied with everything he saw. If an elegant circumstance, either in the furniture or ornaments

of a room, was pointed out as deserving approbation, his constant reply was ; "What then? But it is French! Their houses are all gilt and b——t." In the street he was often rudely clamorous. A tattered bag, or a pair of silk stockings with holes in them, drew from him a torrent of imprudent language. In vain was he advised to be more cautious in his public remarks, as many Scotch and Irish refugees were often within hearing of these reproaches, and would rejoice at least in the opportunity of getting the painter mobbed. He laughed at the admonition, abused the person who offered it, as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of living in a free country, and made him the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards. This unseasonable pleasantry was, however, completely extinguished by an unexpected event.

Hogarth was taking a sketch of the gate of Calais, when he was seized and carried as a spy before the governor of the town. After a rigorous examination, the innocence of his designs was rendered perfectly apparent, by the other sketches that he had about him, and which were, by no means, such as could serve the purpose of an engineer. He was, nevertheless, told by the commandant, that, had not the peace been actually signed, he should have been obliged to hang him up immediately, on the ramparts. Two guards were then provided to convey him on ship-

board, nor did they quit him till he was three miles from the shore. They then spun him round like a top on the deck ; and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without further attendance and molestation. Hogarth was far from being pleased with the slightest allusion to this affair, but the leading circumstance of it his own pencil has recorded in his picture, entitled "*Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!*"

In 1753, our artist appeared to the world in the character of an author, and published a quarto volume under the title of "*The Analysis of Beauty*," in the composition of which he was assisted by Dr. Hoadly, Mr. Ralph, and Dr. Morrel. This book, Mr. Walpole remarks, had many sensible hints and observations, but it did not carry the conviction, nor meet with the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over his publication, and irritated for the purpose of exposing him.

Hogarth certainly had one failing in common with most people who attain to wealth and eminence, without the aid of a liberal education. He affected to despise every kind of knowledge which he did not possess, and having established his fame, with little or no obligations to literature, he either conceived it to be needless, or decried it because it lay out of his reach. Till this celebrated artist commenced author, he did not seem to have discovered that

even spelling was a necessary qualification, though he had ventured in one of his pieces to ridicule the deficiency of Rich in that particular.

With respect to flattery, no one could be more open to illusion than Hogarth. The following anecdote will evince how much easier it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolic adulation when applied to others than to ourselves. Being at dinner with the celebrated Cheselden, he was informed that Mr. Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's hospital, asserted, that Greene was as eminent in musical composition as Handel. "That fellow Freke," exclaimed Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly in one way or the other; Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer."—"Ay," rejoined the artist's informant, "but at the same time Mr. Freke declared that you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke."—"There he was in the right," replied Hogarth; "and so I am, give me my time, and let me choose my subject!"

With Dr. Hoadly, chancellor of Winchester, Hogarth was always on terms of the strictest friendship, and frequently visited him at his various residences in Hampshire. The doctor's fondness for theatrical exhibitions was so great, that few visitors could remain long in his house, before they were solicited to accept a part in some interlude or other. He himself,

with Garrick and Hogarth, once performed a ludicrous parody on the scene in Julius Cæsar, in which the ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre, but so unretentive was his memory, that, though his speech consisted only of two lines, he was unable to get them by heart. At length they adopted the following expedient. The words he was to pronounce, were inscribed on the outside of an illuminated paper lanthorn, in such large letters, that he could read them when he entered with it in his hand on the stage. On this occasion, Hogarth painted a scene representing a sutling booth with the *duck* (duke) of Cumberland's head by way of sign, and also prepared the play-bill, with characteristic ornaments.

Our artist was one of the most absent of men. At table he would sometimes turn round his chair as if he had finished eating, and as suddenly return it and fall to his meal again. He once directed a letter to Dr. Hoadiy, thus—"To the Doctor at Chelsea." This epistle fortunately did not miscarry, and it was preserved by the divine, as a pleasant memorial of his friend's extraordinary inattention.

Another no less remarkable instance of Hogarth's absence is on record. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on.

Being let out of the house by a different door from that which he had entered, and seeing the rain, immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not one could be procured at any of the neighboring stands, on which our artist was forth to brave the storm, and at last reached his house in Leicester Fields without giving a thought on his own carriage, till Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and shivering, asked where he had left it.

The indulgence of Hogarth's satirical talent, at length began to involve him in disagreeable circumstances. In a picture called the *Miser's Feast*, he thought proper to pillory Sir Isaac Shard, a gentleman proverbially avaricious. His son, a high-spirited young man, just returned from his travels, hearing of this, called at the painter's to see the picture, and among other questions asked the *cicerone*, if that odd figure was intended for any particular person. On his replying that it was thought to be very much like one Sir Isaac Shard, the gentleman immediately drew his sword, and slashed the canvass. Hogarth immediately appeared in the most violent passion; but Mr. Shard calmly justified what he had done, saying, that it was a very unwarrantable license; that he was the son of the injured party, and was ready to defend any suit at law which the artist might think fit to institute. No such measures were, however, adopted by Hogarth, who might, per-

ps, have experienced from it a loss still more pleasant than that of his picture.

This inclination to satire is said to have cost him a legacy. It seems that the picture of the old maid, in his print of *Morning*, is taken either from an acquaintance, or a relation of the painter. At first she was well enough satisfied with the resemblance; but some designing people teaching her to be wary, she struck the painter out of her will, which had been made considerably in his favor.

Hogarth used to boast, that he could take a likeness in three minutes; but the most extraordinary effort of his genius in this line, was, perhaps, his drawing of Henry Fielding, made with a pen some time after the death of that celebrated writer. He often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth, for whose good qualities and superior genius, he always entertained so high an esteem, that he has left in his works many beautiful memorials of his affection. It

happened, however, that no picture of Fielding was ever drawn; but yet, as if it was intended that some traces of his countenance should be perpetuated, and that, too, by the very artist whom he himself preferred to all others, Hogarth had long tried to produce a likeness of him from memory, and just as he was despairing of success for want of some rules to go by in the dimensions and outlines of the face, chance threw the grand desideratum in

the way. A lady, with a pair of scissors, had cut a profile, which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Delighted with an opportunity of paying this last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Hogarth caught at this outline with pleasure, and worked with all the attachment of friendship, till he finished the drawing placed at the head of Fielding's works, and which was acknowledged by all who had ever seen the original, to present a corresponding image of the man.

This is the authentic relation of Mr. Murphy, but a different account of this portrait has been given. Mr. Garrick, it is said, dressed himself in a suit of his old friend's clothes, and presented himself to the painter in the attitude, and with the features of Fielding. Garrick, however, interfered no further in this business than by urging Hogarth to attempt the likeness as a necessary accompaniment to Fielding's works. The artist began and finished the head in the presence of his wife and another lady, having no assistance but from his own memory, which, on such occasion, was remarkably tenacious.

About the year 1757, Hogarth's brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill, resigned his place of serjeant-painter to the king, in favor of our artist, who soon afterwards ventured upon an experiment, which involved him in some disgrace. "From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of

the age," says Mr. Walpole, "and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture dealers, whom he continually saw recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen but few good pictures of the Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works, were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having often heard it asserted, as is true, that time gives a mellowness to colors, and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the propositions may be true or false. He went further. He determined to rival the ancients, and, unfortunately, chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismunda of Sir Luke Schaub, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth at last produced his Sigismunda, but no more like Sigismunda, than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the coloring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper

had given her. No dignity of suppression, no tear, no settled melancholy meant to meet, but a holy by despair; as if all should have been there; all was there that such a story would have been banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woes; so sternly felt and yet so tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had ever ridiculed. He set the price of four hundred pounds on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense, at last, to suppress it."

From this failure of Hogarth, may be deduced this useful lesson; that men, even of superlative genius, cannot step beyond the bounds in which nature designed them to move, without betraying the weakness of their understanding, and covering themselves with confusion, ridicule and contempt.

The last memorable event in the life of our artist, was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes. Though Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on that gentleman, he, at least, gave the first offence by an attack on his party and friends. This conduct was the more surprising, as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to

engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court party. It has, however, been surmised, that his conduct on this occasion, was guided by the expectation of obtaining an addition to his salary as serjeant-painter. Be this as it may, in September, 1762, Hogarth published his print of *The Times*, which satirized Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham. This called forth the pen of Mr. Wilkes, who, in the next number of the *North Briton*, in vindicating his friends, made a direct attack on the king's serjeant-painter.

Wilkes, Churchill and Hogarth had been intimate friends, and such they might have continued, had not the demon of politics and party sown discord among them, and dissolved their union. No enemies are so inveterate as those who have once been united in the bonds of friendship. So it proved in this case; the breach once made, daily grew wider and wider. In revenge for the animadversions of Mr. Wilkes in the *North Briton*, Hogarth exhibited a caricature of the writer. Churchill then engaged in the war, and published an epistle to Hogarth, in which the severest strokes fell on a defect which the painter had neither caused nor could amend—his age, though it was neither remarkable nor decrepit. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter. "Never," says Mr. Wal-

pole, "did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity."

At the time these hostilities were carrying on in a manner so virulent and so disgraceful to all the parties, the health of Hogarth was visibly declining. In 1762, he complained of an inward pain, which brought on a general decay that proved incurable. The last year of his life he employed in retouching his plates, with the assistance of several engravers whom he took with him to his house at Chiswick, where he for many years resided during the summer.

In 1764, a few months before he was seized with the malady which was the immediate cause of his death, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled *Finis* or the *Tail-Piece*, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth with a deep sigh, "and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better." He accordingly began the next day, and prosecuted his design with a diligence which seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did with the utmost ingenuity, grasp-

ing every object which could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the *World's End*, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book opened, with *Exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. “So far, so good,” exclaimed Hogarth. “Nothing remains but this,”—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter’s pallet broken—“*Finis*,” cried he, “the deed is done—all is over!”—It is remarkable that he died about a month after the completion of this tail-piece, and it is also well known that he never afterwards took a pencil in his hand.

It is worth observing, that in “Independence,” a poem which was not published by Churchill till the last week in September, 1764, he considers his antagonist as a departed genius :

Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
E’en to the life, was *Hogarth living now*.

The sporting satirist little imagined that the power of pleasing was so soon to cease in both. Hogarth died within four weeks after the publication of this poem, and Churchill survived him only nine days.

On the 25th of October, our artist was conveyed from Chiswick to Leicester Fields, in a very weak condition, but remarkably cheerful. On retiring to bed the same night, he was suddenly taken ill, and expired in the space of two hours. His body was interred at Chiswick, where a monument is erected to his memory.

JOSEPH CLARK.

A VERY extraordinary posture master of Pall Mall. Though a well made man, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have an immoderate rising in one of his shoulders: when the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garments as expeditiously as possible:

but, upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short, this wandering tumor puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of his body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth grimaces that he saw at a Quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign. A more full account of this extraordinary person is given in the Philosophical Transactions for July, 1698.

HENRY JENKINS

FEW countries can produce such numerous instances of extraordinary longevity as the British Islands, which afford incontestable proof of the healthiness of their climate. Among these examples, the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of Henry Jenkins, who attained the patriarchal age of 169 years. The only account now extant of this venerable man is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him.

"When I came to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he, coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said that, to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 3; and I asked, what kings he remembered; he said, Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said, Flowden Field. I asked whether the king was there; he said, No; he was in France, and the earl of Surry was general. I asked him how old he might be then; he said, I believe I might be between 10 and 12, for, says he I was sent to Northallerton with a

horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the abbot of Fountains abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life December 8, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale in Yorkshire. The battle of Flowden Field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was 12 years old when Flowden Field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, viz. 16 years longer than old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of the postdiluvian world.

"In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams; his diet was coarse and sour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has sworn in Chancery, and other courts, to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, whither he generally went

n foot ; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, laborer, aged 157 years, was produced and deposed as a witness."

About seventy years after his death a monument was erected at Bolton by a subscription of the parishioners to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved this inscription :

" Blush not, marble, to rescue from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a person of obscure birth, but of a life truly memorable : for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety, of his enjoyments ; and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence held and blessed it with a patriarchal health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labor and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169. Was interred here, Dec. 16, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory, 1743."

CHEVALIER DESSEASAU.

AMONG the eccentric characters who, about half a century ago, attracted public notice in the British metropolis, was the Chevalier Desseasau. He was a native of Prussia, of French extraction, and early in life bore a commission in the Prussian service. This he found himself under the necessity of quitting abruptly. A disagreement between him and a brother officer was carried to such a height that a duel ensued, in which his antagonist was dangerously wounded. Uncertain of the event, and dreading the consequences should the wound prove fatal, he ensured his safety by flight.

The chevalier sought a refuge in England, and contracted so great a partiality for this country, that he resolved to pass in it the remainder of his days. The singularity of his dress and character soon drew the attention of the curious. He was well acquainted with Foote, Murphy, Goldsmith, Johnson, and most of their contemporaries, eminent for genius and talents in the walks of literature and the drama: nor was there a bookseller of any note who did not know the Chevalier Desseasau. His chief places of resort were Old Anderton's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, the Barn, in St. Martin's Lane, and various coffee-houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden. His originality and

good nature caused his company to be much courted.

He either had, or fancied that he possessed a talent for poetry, and used to recite his compositions among his friends. On these occasions his vanity often got the better of his good sense, and led him to make himself the hero of his story. As an instance of this he frequently repeated the following lines with an emphasis which indicated the most self-complacent satisfaction :

*Il n'y a au monde que deux héros,
Le roi de Prusse et Chevalier Desscauu :*

which may be thus rendered :—

*In all the world but heroes two I know,
Prussia's famed King and Chevalier Desscauu.*

He never submitted any of his performances to public view, but confined them to the circle of his friends. He would often rehearse them himself before select company, and, during the last years of his life, he derived his principal means of subsistence from the presents made him in return.

At this period he was reduced by misfortunes, and perhaps also by the infirmities of age, to a residence within the rules of the Fleet Prison ; but such was the confidence placed in his honor, that he was suffered to go wherever he pleased. His clothes were black, and

shion had all the stiff formality of those ancient buck. In his hand he generally carried a gold-headed cane, a roll of his poetry, a sword, or sometimes two. The reason of his singularity was, according to his own professions, that he might afford an opportunity to his antagonist, whom he wounded in the service to revenge his cause, should he again be obliged to meet with him. This trait would seem to imply a belief that his misfortunes had occasioned a partial derangement of the chevalier's intellects.

With respect to his figure, he was short in stature, slender in the lower extremities, and very unlike the lady who was said to be a daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia, as well known in London, where she appeared in male attire, by the name of the Chevalier Verdion.

Desseasau died at his lodgings in Fleet Street, aged upwards of 70, in February, 1775, and was interred in St. Bride's Church-yard; the Gentleman's Magazine of that month containing the following notice concerning him: "Died, the Chevalier Desseasau, commonly called the French poet; he has left a personage, a curious sword, a gold medal and a curious picture." Whether these articles have ever been disposed of conformably to his bequest is not informed.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

A MOST extraordinary instance of native genius was afforded by this man, who was born, 1705, at Elmeton in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster, and yet, from some strange neglect or infatuation, Jedediah was taught neither to write nor read. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he was remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects, and when he did take notice of them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes, and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even though no question were asked him.

Being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which

produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained therefore to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280, or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5, by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which gave 171,000, being the amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operations, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and being added to 171,000 yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two ciphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these astonishing efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating powers. If a field be 423 yards long and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by his watch how

long each operation took him. The same person asked, how many acres the said field measured, and in eleven minutes he replied 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 acres, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would fill it eight miles. In a minute and a half he answered 1,520,640. The next question was: Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes he answered 59,840 times.

On another occasion a person proposed to him this question: In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,780 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by more than a hundred laborers.

Though these instances, which are well authenticated, are sufficient proofs of Jedediah's strength of mind, yet, for the further satisfaction of the curious, the following facts are subjoined. Being asked how long after the firing of one of the cannons at Retford, the report might be heard at Houghton Park, the distance being five miles, and supposing the sound to move at the rate of 1142 feet in one second? In a quarter of an hour he replied—in 23 seconds 7 thirds, and that 48

remained. He was then asked: Admit that 584 broccoli-plants are set in rows, four feet under, and the plants 7 feet apart, in a rectangular plot of ground, how much land would these plants occupy? In nearly half an hour he said: 2 acres, 1 rood, 8 perches and a half.

This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, or a field, and tell the contents of it as accurately as if he had measured it with the chain. In this manner he had measured the whole lordship of Elmeton, consisting of some thousand of acres, belonging to Sir John Hodes, and brought him the contents not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even square inches. After this he reduced them, for his own amusement, into square hair-breadths, computing about 48 to each side of an inch, which produced such an astonishing number as appeared almost incomprehensible.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that, in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington just as he had arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Society court*. The gentlemen present asked him several questions in arithmetic to try his

abilities, and dismissed him with a
present.

During his residence in the metropolis he was taken to see the tomb of King Richard the Third, performed by Lane. It was expected that the splendor of the surrounding objects, which would have filled him with astonishment; or his passions would have been roused in some degree by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This certainly was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure, but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment, and declared that in this part of the business he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labor of his hands. His talents had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he, nevertheless, pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, &

procure a daily sustenance for himself and family.

When he was asked to calculate a question, he would sit down, take off his old brown hat, and resting upon his stick, which was generally a very crooked one, in that attitude he would fall to work. He commonly wore on his head a linen or woollen cap, and had a handkerchief carelessly thrown round his neck.

If the enjoyments of this singular man were few, they seem at least to have been fully equivalent to his desires. Though the powers of his mind raised him far above his humble companions, who earned their bread in like manner by the sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repose, nor did he, on his return from London, regret the loss of any of the pleasures he had left behind him.

Buxton was married and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged seventy years.

THOMAS MILBOURNE.

THIS man, during the early part of his life, was a farmer's servant, in which honest and laborious vocation he contrived to save 200*l*.

With this and a purchased a berland, and little estate. He n- servant into his h- principally cultivated hands.

His great to that end, ne conveniences. but wha sidered the r e of the most the contents sufficient to cl hide his nakedness; dirt and vermin, were

immediately after his death. A razor had not been applied to his face for many years, nor a brush nor broom to his house. His bed was half filled with chaff and straw, and a fleece of wool supplied the place of a pillow. This, with a few other miserable articles of household furniture, when drawn from the wilderness of streaming cobwebs, which had been accumulating for the last twenty years, were sold at a public sale for less than ten shillings.

By a continued observance of the most rigid parsimony, Milbourne soon cleared himself of his pecuniary incumbrances, and, in the end, had scraped together property in land, money and cattle, to the amount of near 1000*l*. His love of money did not desert him. *even on his*

h he borrowed he arnbridge in Cum- resided upon his married, nor hired a t lived alone, and and with his own

save money; and, himself not only the y most, are con- life. His food was nd used sparingly; be were scarcely vering limbs, or to eing covered with gned to the flames

death-bed ; lying in a very languid state, his friends, by his desire, were searching for some concealed treasure. They drew forth a large bunch of promissory notes, on which he exerted his remaining strength in a loud exclamation of "There you see, now !" But, although Thomas was the great banker of the neighboring villages, he had no idea of usury ; and few of his neighbors, who deserved any credit, asked his assistance in pecuniary matters in vain ; sometimes even his too great confidence in the honesty of others was imposed on by artful knaves. He died at Carnbridge, in the parish of Cumwhitton, near Carlisle, in 1800, aged between 70 and 80.

M. OSTERVOLD, AND M. FOSCUE. .

Mr. Ostervold, a well-known French banker, died at Paris in 1790, literally of want. This man, originally of Neufchatel, felt the violence of the disease of avarice (for avarice surely is rather a disease than a passion of the mind) so strongly, that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making a little soup. "'Tis true," said he, "I should

the meat; what is then to become of that?" At the time that he this nourishment, for fear of being ob- give away two or three pounds of meat, was tied round his neck a silken bag, which contained 800 assignats of 1000 livres each. At his outset in life, he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper every night: at a time when he frequented, from which he obtained all the bottle-corks he could come at. Of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for a sum that laid the foundation of a fortune, the superstructure of which was raised by his uncommon success in stock-jobbing. He died possessed of three millions of livres, or 125,000*l.* sterling.

Another extraordinary instance of avarice, and of a still more miserable death, was exhibited in the same country in the person of M. Foscue. This man, one of the farmers-general of Languedoc, under the former government, had amassed considerable wealth by grinding the poor within his province, and every other means, however low, base or cruel; by which he rendered himself universally hated. He was one day ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum: on which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Lan-

guedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved to hide his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most rigid examination. He dug a kind of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which, on shutting, would fasten of itself. Soon afterwards, M. Foscue was missing; diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method which human imagination could suggest was taken to find him, but in vain. In a short time after his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild, or to make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened. On going down they found M. Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him; but the candle he had eaten; and, on searching further, they discovered the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is supposed, that when M. Foscue went into his cave, the door, by some accident, shut after him, and being out of call of any person, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed, for subsistence. Thus did this miser die of want, in the midst of his useless heaps of hoarded treasure!

ISAAC

THIS eminent mathematician and divine was born in 1633. He was educated at Charter-house, and then at a school at Felsted, in Essex; whence he was sent to Cambridge, where he entered of Trinity College. When he was promoted to him to the dignity of Master, he was pleased to say, "He was the greatest scholar in England:" and from report, but from report, but from report. The doctor being then frequently to converse with him, and in his humorous way, to call him "an unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1662, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, in 1663. He resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670, and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice-chancellor. He died in 1677, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

He was a man of considerable courage, and

ISAAC BARROW.

eccentric humor, as the following anecdotes will illustrate : Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where he was walking in the day, before day-light (for he was an early riser), a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day, and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury. The doctor caught him by the throat, and, throwing him down, lay upon him ; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty ; at length he called so loud, that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation.

As a proof of his wit, the following is recorded. Meeting Lord Rochester one day at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with "My lord, I'm yours to the ground." Rochester improving his blow, quickly returned it, with, "Doctor, I'm yours to the centre :" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I'm yours to the antipodes ;" upon which Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him), exclaimed, "Doctor, I'm yours to the lowest pit of hell !" on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered, "*There*, my lord, I leave you."

Dr. Barrow was not only remarkable for the

excellence, but also for the extraordinary length, of his sermons, which he always transcribed three or four times, finding it extremely difficult to please himself. Dr. Pope gives us the following instances. He was once requested by the bishop of Rochester, who was also dean of Westminster, to preach at the abbey, and was at the same time desired not to be long, for the auditory loved short sermons, and were used to them. He replied, that he would show his lordship his sermon; and, taking it from his pocket, put it into the bishop's hands. The text was, "He that uttereth slander is a liar;" and the sermon was divided into two parts, one treating of slander, the other of lies. The bishop desired him to content himself with preaching only the first part, to which he consented not without some reluctance, and that alone took up an hour and a half. On another occasion he preached, upon the invitation of the same prelate, at the abbey on a holyday. The servants of the church, who on all holydays, Sundays excepted, were used to show the tombs and effigies in wax of the kings and queens, fearing lest they should lose that time in hearing, which they thought they could more profitably employ in receiving, became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him; nor would they suffer it to cease till they had obliged him to dismount from the pulpit. But the longest sermon he was known to have preach-

ed, was one on the subject of charity, before the lord mayor and aldermen, at the Spital, in speaking which he spent three hours and a half. Being asked, when he had finished, if he was not tired, he replied, "Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long."

In person, Dr. Barrow was of low stature, of a pale complexion, and extremely negligent in dress; which inattention exposed him to some inconveniences, and was apt to prejudice his hearers against him, where he was not known. Of this, Dr. Pope gives a remarkable instance, in the following words: "Dr. Wilkins, then minister of St. Lawrence Jewry, being forced by some indisposition to keep his chamber, desired Dr. Barrow to give him a sermon the next Sunday, which he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at the time appointed, he came, with an aspect pale and meagre, and unpromising, slovenly and carelessly dressed, his collar unbuttoned, his hair uncombed, &c. Thus accoutred, he mounts the pulpit, and begins his prayer. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation. There was such a noise of pattens of serving-maids and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews and cracking of seats, caused by the younger sort hastily climbing over them, that I confess, I thought all the congregation were mad; but the good

doctor, seeming not to take notice of this disturbance, proceeds, names his text, and preached his sermon to two or three gathered or rather left together, of which number, as it fortunately happened, Mr. Baxter, the eminent non-conformist, was one. He afterwards paid Dr. Wilkins a visit, and commended the sermon, saying, he had never heard a better discourse. I asked the doctor what he thought when he saw the congregation running away from him. 'I thought,' said he, 'they did not like me or my sermon, and I have no reason to be angry with them for that.'

"There were then in the parish a company of formal, grave and wealthy citizens, who, having been many years under celebrated ministers, had a great opinion of their own skill in divinity and their ability to judge of the quality of a sermon. Many of these went to Dr. Wilkins, to expostulate with him for suffering such an ignorant, scandalous fellow, meaning Dr. Barrow, to have the use of his pulpit. Mr. Baxter just then happened to be with Dr. Wilkins, who suffered his parishioners to run themselves out in their abuse of Dr. Barrow, and, when they had done speaking, he replied; 'The person that you thus despise is a pious man, an eminent scholar, and an excellent preacher; for the truth of the last, I appeal to Mr. Baxter, who heard the sermon you so vilify. I am sure you believe Mr. Baxter a competent judge, and that he will pro-

nounce according to truth.' Mr. Baxter very candidly gave the sermon the praise it deserved, and said that Dr. Barrow preached so well, that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long. On hearing this high encomium pronounced by such a person, they became ashamed, confounded and speechless. At length, after some pause, they confessed, one after another, they did not hear one word of the sermon, but were led to dislike the preacher by his unpromising garb and appearance. After they had recovered a little from their shame, they earnestly desired Dr. Wilkins to prevail on Dr. Barrow to preach again, engaging him to make amends by bringing their wives and children, their man-servants and maid-servants, in a word, their whole families to hear him, and to enjoin them not to leave the church till the blessing was pronounced. Dr. Wilkins promised to use his utmost endeavor for their satisfaction, and accordingly solicited Dr. Barrow to appear once more in his pulpit, but in vain; for no persuasion could induce him to comply with the requests of such conceited, hypocritical coxcombs."

GEORGE HANGER.

Few characters better deserve a place in a collection like the present than the honorable George Hanger. Though the subjoined particulars of his life may not exhibit so many or so extraordinary traits of eccentricity as we have already had occasion to introduce in some of our narratives, yet it should be recollected that there are singularities which it is as impossible to describe, as it is for the painter to transfer to his canvass the rolling of the eyes, the play of the muscles, or the sudden changes which take place in the human countenance under the influence of pain or passion. With these deductions the life of George Hanger may perhaps appear more strongly marked with profligacy and improvidence than with eccentricity; but, at least, his example may afford a useful lesson to others, to avoid the rocks of dissipation on which his fortunes were wrecked.

Scarcely any private individual of his day was more universally known than George Hanger; nor can this be wondered at, for he himself informs us that "he was early introduced into life, and often kept both good and bad company, associating with men and women of every description and of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, from St. James's to

Giles's ; in palaces and night-cellars, from drawing-room to the dust-cart."

George Hanger was the third son of Gabriel, who succeeded to the honors of the barony of Coleraine. Speaking of his family, in the eccentric account of his life and adventures, he says, it may be well to mention by what means his father obtained a peerage. His sister was Anne Hanger was married to Hare, Lord Coleraine. "But my father was not in the most direct degree related to him, except by marriage. Lord Coleraine, however, dying without issue, or heir to the title, my father claimed with just as much right as the clerk or sexton of the parish. After the same manner as Peter overcame the beautiful Danae did he prove an undoubted right to the title, and was created a peer of Ireland. A lady of high rank, and of no inconsiderable influence in the court of that excellent king, George the Second, was supposed to have been benefited by one of the glistening showers."

Our hero was born at his father's seat in the country, and was first sent to school at Reading in Berkshire. Here no persuasions could induce him to apply to his studies, and the consequence was that his master had recourse to severe methods. This gentleman, whose discipline was far from agreeable to young Hanger, was stigmatized by him—with what justice cannot pretend to say—with the epithets of tyrant and savage. The following cir-

cumstances are adduced to prove that he deserved them. Whenever he found out that two of the bigger boys had been fighting, he caused them to strip to their shirts in the public school-room. He then gave to each a ratan cane about three feet long, and ordered them to strike at each other with all their force, when he presided with a similar weapon, and whenever there appeared to be a relaxation of activity in either of the unwilling combatants, he compelled them by his own violent strokes to renew theirs. Again, if a boy had not washed his face very clean, he used to have it rubbed with the coarsest hair-cloth that could be made.

There is often a greater portion of eccentricity in a man's opinions and way of thinking than in his actions. By way of illustrating those of George Hanger, we shall quote his observations on the mode of treatment described above.—“A child of mine!” says he, “yes—a child of mine shall be treated in a different manner. Instead of correcting him when he fights, his tutor shall be ordered to give him a crown every battle he delivers, and half-a-guinea if he is victorious in the combat; and should he beat a boy much bigger and older than himself, he shall receive a guinea. Yet at the same time he shall not be encouraged to fight for the sake of money to be awarded him, but only to resent injuries. Such principles, instilled into him at an early

GEORGE HANGER.

age, I am convinced, will teach him, in maturer life, to resent insults with a proper spirit, but will not by any means dispose him to be quarrelsome. Take two boys of equal age and equal dispositions; let the one be kept under the master's eye and never out of his sight; forbid him positively to fight, and let all those who strike or insult him be punished severely; let the other mix with his school-fellows, and, if struck or insulted, resent the injury by instantly delivering battle—the former will contract tyrannical and cowardly habits, which will accompany and disgrace him through life; and the latter will be bold and liberal, but by no means more quarrelsome than his neighbors."

From Reading, young Hanger was removed, on the representation of his brothers, and was then sent to the Rev. Mr. Fountain's, at Marylebone, where he was treated with great kindness and attention. At this early age his mischievous disposition began to display itself. A dentist used to attend at certain times to examine the children's teeth. He had drawn one of Hanger's which gave him great pain, and proposed to repeat the operation on another, which the owner was far from approving. Finding persuasion ineffectual, he endeavored to effect his purpose by artifice. Concealing his instrument in his handkerchief, he prevailed on the boy to open his mouth, and permit him just to feel whether the tooth was loose or not. No sooner had he placed his thumb on George's



lower jaw than he attempted to hold his mouth open by force, and had nearly fixed the instrument on his tooth, when the youngster gave him a violent kick on the shins, which somewhat deranged him, and at the same instant caught his thumb fast between his teeth, and gave the operator a small item to remember him by as long as he lived.

Eton was the next theatre of George Hanger's studies. Here he made considerable progress in the Latin tongue, but to Greek he took such a decided aversion, that he never would learn it. From the moment he entered the fifth form, however, he studied every thing but his books. His vacant hours in the day were employed in the sports of the field, being already very fond of his dog and gun. By night game of a different kind engrossed his whole attention. Ovid's Epistles were totally laid aside, for his Art of Love, in which our student made considerable progress; and frequently did he risk his neck in getting over the roof of his boarding-house, to pass a few hours with some favorite grisette of Windsor.

On leaving Eton, young Hanger resolved to embrace the military profession, to which a German education was thought best adapted. He was accordingly sent to perfect himself in those acquirements necessary for the career he had chosen at the celebrated university of Gottingen in Germany. After a year's application to mathematics, fortification and the

language of the country, he quitted Gottinge for Hanover and Hesse Cassel, where he spent the remaining two years which he passed on the continent, and formed an acquaintance with many distinguished characters. During his residence abroad, he held a commission as ensign in the foot-guards, and manifested the strongest attachment to the profession.

Soon after his return to England, our hero was engaged in an adventure which had well nigh been productive of fatal circumstances, and the very thought of which, he tells us, still fills him with alarm. It would considerably diminish the interest of the narrative, were we to relate it in any other words than his own.

"It was very much the fashion in those days," says he, "to walk on Sunday evenings, during the summer, in Kensington Gardens. They were much crowded and frequented by well dressed persons of all ranks and descriptions. A particular friend of mine came to me in the morning, and desired that I would be in the garden that evening, as he had something particular to mention to me, which he could impart when we met. I was there to my appointment, and joined him on the promenade. He then told me his reason for asking me to accompany him was, that he was desirous to have some conversation with a lady, who would be in company with a female friend, and to draw my attention to what might pass between

them he wished me to divert by my attention to her. We did not join them till near dusk, when, drawing off from the public-walk, we passed to that part of the garden, near to the palace, where formerly many of the walks were bordered with very thick and high yew-hedges, which, from the trees and shrubbery behind them, were rendered impervious to the view. It was almost dark, the night being much overcast. We were sitting on one of the garden seats, when, at some distance, we saw a man coming down the gravel walk. The women proposed getting up and retiring by one of the small passages between the yew-hedges into the shrubbery, lest the person approaching us might know them. It was now half past nine at night; and my friend and the two ladies retired into the shrubbery. I stood before the opening of the yew-hedge, as this man came opposite to me on the gravel walk; and when he was at the distance of six or seven paces, he made a dead halt, and faced about towards me. I spoke not a word for at least two or three minutes, while he kept walking, a few paces backwards and forwards, viewing me, and seeming as if he wished to see what was behind me. At length, quitting the centre of the gravel-walk, he advanced two or three paces nearer to me. It was then high time to decide what I should do. But before I proceed, it is necessary to mention, that I had

rudently put my glove in my mouth
se my voice ; for, had I spoken to him
tural tone, on perceiving I could not
erson he sought after, he might have
y. On his advancing, I again said :
cannot pass this way' — upon which he
ely put his hand to his sword, nor did
o draw mine ; when I retired within
ow passage of the hedge, to make
e was determined to force an entry,
ould have the advantage of parrying
from him, when he could not prevent
g against him. He immediately
close to the hedge, with his sword
ugh it ; at the same time grumbling
and absolutely snorting and blowing
er. I could have run him through
with the greatest facility, in the
ageous situation in which he was ;
ead of acting, I said ; ' For God's
do not advance. You cannot want
g of me. It is impossible that I
e the person you are looking for ;
ear, if you advance one step farther,
ll you.' At this moment my friend
on one side of me, and, in a low
d : ' My dear George, for God's sake
him.' In those days I was much in
of fencing, and being very strong
n and wrist, I was ever prepossessed
idea, that if I could, unobserved,
om one side of my adversary's blade

to the other, and beat on it, I should be certain of hitting the very best fencer. This was a favorite *coup* of mine; and I now put it in practice, with such velocity, force and success, that if it had not been for the hedge, into which I drove his sword, and in which it was for a moment entangled, I believe sincerely I should have forced it out of his hand. At the instant I beat upon his blade, I made a gentle bolt at him, slightly opposing my sword to his body, and just pricked him, at which he started back a couple of paces. I never advanced, but kept my position within the hedge, knowing that, from the advantage of it, I could do any thing with him I chose; and had he advanced again, I was resolved not to attempt to run him through the body, but to gather his blade and attempt to disarm him. Notwithstanding my having made him lightly feel the point of my sword, he never spoke one word, but stood snorting and puffing with rage. I then said: 'Sir, for God's sake, go away; I do not wish to hurt you. You must be conscious that I could have run you through the body if I had been so disposed; let me therefore entreat you to go away; I know you not; nor can you want any thing of me or of any person with me.'—At my solicitations and entreaties, he put up his sword, and walked back the same way he came; I watched him out of sight; but it may well be credited I did not follow him. Judge, reader, what pleas-

re I must have felt when he was gone! Reflect only on my horrid situation! Had I killed this man, one half at least of the censorious world, would have believed that my friend and I had assassinated him. If he had killed me, the consequences would have been very disagreeable to all parties; the women and my friend, at all events, must have come forward. During the conflict, a thousand horrors and fears rushed into my mind and unstrung my soul. As to the matter of a duel, had it been a day-light, with a second, I should not have thought more than others on such an occasion, having fought three duels before I was twenty years old. I solemnly declare I was so dismayed, that, had it not been for discovering the women, and had I been there alone expecting to meet some kind fair one, I should have taken to my heels and have run away as fast as my legs would have carried me. I have certainly been in some disagreeable situations in life since that period, but never in my days have I been so alarmed: it is not possible for me to describe what I suffered. To end this narrative—my carriage was waiting at the palace gate, and we walked down to the gardener's house, and prevailed on him to let us out, for it was then past ten. We put the women into the carriage; they were set down in London, not at their own house, as may be well imagined; and my friend and

I walked home rejoicing on having escaped so well out of so ticklish a situation."

After a few years' enjoyment of every gratification which a life of pleasure, dissipation and extravagance could afford, Mr. Hanger, conceiving himself unjustly treated relative to a promotion, resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, to quit the guards. He then solicited an appointment in one of the Hessian corps, that were raising for the British service in America, where the war of the revolution was commencing. His application was successful; the landgrave of Hesse sending him a captain's commission in his corps of Jagers:

Previous to his setting out for America, the extravagance of our captain had involved him in difficulties. His dress-clothes in one winter cost him, as he informs us, nine hundred pounds, and for the same article only for one birth-day, he put himself to an expense of two hundred and sixty pounds. He never was fond of play, but in the pleasures of the turf he indulged to a very great extent. He accordingly found himself under the necessity of mortgaging an estate of about eleven hundred pounds per annuum left him by his aunt, Lady Coleraine, and soon after his departure for America, the mortgagee procured it to be sold before a master in chancery by public auction, but the produce of it was not sufficient to discharge all his debts.

In America Captain Hanger was employed in various critical services, in which he displayed great courage and address. By General Sir Henry Clinton he was appointed major in the British Legion; but in the progress of the army under Lord Cornwallis to the upper parts of North Carolina, he had the misfortune to sicken of the yellow fever. This disease, added to the fatigue of travelling, reduced him to a perfect skeleton. He was so weak as to be unable to turn himself, but was forced to be moved by his attendants when he wanted, for ease, to change his posture. In this miserable situation he lay so long, first on one side, then on the other, and then on his back, that, as he assures us, the bones of his back and each hip came fairly through the skin. He had then no posture to lie in but on his stomach, with pillows to support him. The disorder at length fell into his legs, on which he began to recover, though it was a considerable time before he could dispense with the assistance of crutches.

On the conclusion of the peace, Major Hanger returned to Europe, and arrived in the Downs after an absence of nearly seven years. Previous to his leaving America, he had empowered Colonels Tarleton and Mac Mahon to attempt an arrangement of his affairs, as it was agreed that he should wait at Calais till he should hear how matters stood in England.

particular friendship from Mr. Richard Tattersall, who not only invited him to make his house his home, but promised to discharge any debts which he himself might be unable to pay.

He now determined to return to England. The prince of Wales had by this time launched into public life, and Major Hanger was one of the jovial characters whom he selected for his associates. He also conferred on him the appointment of equerry, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year, which, however, Hanger lost on the retrenchments that were afterwards made in the household of his royal highness.

We shall subjoin, principally in his own words, an account of the remainder of the chequered career of George Hanger. The mixture of singularity and good sense that prevails in many of his ideas and expressions cannot fail to strike the reader.

"The year I came to England," says he, "the contested election for Westminster (Fox, Hood and Wray candidates) took place. The walking travellers Spillard and Stewart; the Abyssinian Bruce, who has feasted on steaks cut from the rump of a living ox; and various others, who, in their extensive travels, have encountered wild beasts, serpents, and crocodiles; breakfasted and toasted muffins at the mouth of a volcano—whom hunger has compelled to banquet with joy on the leavings

lion or tiger or the carcass of a dead ally—who can boast of smoking the pipe of peace with the *Little Carpenter* and the *Mad*—on having lived in terms of the strictest intimacy with the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, Chocktaws, and with all the *aws* and *ees* of that immense continent—who from the temperate shore of the Mississippi have added their course to the burning soil of Egypt, and to the banks of the Ganges, from the Frozen Ocean to the banks of the more arid Po,—may boast their experience of the world and their knowledge of human life; but none, in my opinion, has seen *real* life, or can know it, unless he has taken an active part in a contested election for Westminster. No school can a man be taught a better lesson of human life. There can he view poverty in nature in her basest attire; riot, murder and drunkenness are the order of the day, perjury, walk hand in hand; for men who have no pretensions to vote, were to be found in the Garden in as great plenty as turnips, and at a very moderate rate, were induced to

A gentleman, to make himself of any considerable use to either party, must possess a number of engaging, familiar, and condescending qualities: he must help a porter up with his load, shake hands with a fish-woman, take his hat off to an oyster wench, kiss a balldigger, and be familiar with a beggar. In addition to these amiable qualities, he is a

tolerably good boxer, can play a good stick, and in the evening drink a pailful of all sorts of liquors in going the rounds to solicit voters at their various clubs, then, indeed, he is a most highly finished and useful agent. In all the above accomplishments and sciences, except drinking, which I never was fond of, I have the vanity to believe that I arrived nearer to perfection than any of my rivals.

"I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not testify my thanks to those gallant troops of high rank and distinguished fame, the knights of the strap, and the black-diamond knights (the Irish chairmen and coal-heavers), who displayed so much bravery and attachment to our cause. At that time I formed a great intimacy with them, which has continued to this day between us; for I never forget my old acquaintances whenever I meet them, or look upon my old friends with a new face, which is too much, in general, the custom of the world."

For some years Major Hanger was employed in raising recruits for the East India Company; an occupation the annual profits of which he states at six hundred pounds. About the same time that he lost his salary as equerry to the prince, he was also deprived of this source of income, in consequence of a change which the government thought fit to make in the whole system of recruiting for the company's army in India.

By the sudden privation of these resources,

the major was reduced to the greatest distress. He now began gradually to measure his steps towards the King's Bench. In June, 1791, he surrendered at that prison, where he remained till April, the year following, when a considerable sum of money, gained by a lawsuit, enabled him to come to a composition with his creditors.

He also proposed to form a corps from the convicts, showing how they might be provided for after the war, without being turned adrift again in the world. He suggested the permission for the militia to enlist into the regiments of the line two years before the act for that purpose took place; and likewise presented a proposal for drafting one thousand volunteers, at a small bounty, from the militia, and training them in the use of the rifle gun.

After having applied himself to trade, as a coal-merchant, and experienced a great vicissitude of fortune, he lived to enjoy the title and estate of Lord Coleraine.

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